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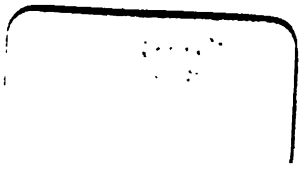

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CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

BISHOP OF LINCOLN

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Yours faithfully,
Chas. Wordsworth

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CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

BISHOP OF LINCOLN

1807—1885

BY

JOHN HENRY OVERTON

CANON OF LINCOLN AND RECTOR OF EPWORTH

AND

ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH

PRINCIPAL OF LADY MARGARET HALL, OXFORD

Veritas in Caritate

With Portraits

RIVINGTONS

WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON

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PREFACE

THE late Bishop of Lincoln once expressed a wish that his eldest daughter should write his life,—should such a life be called for. As she felt, however, her own incompetence for such a task on a variety of grounds, and also the drawbacks which must attend on a memoir written exclusively by near relations, aid was called in from outside the family circle. It has been thought best not to attempt to draw a hard and fast line between the portions of the work which to a certain extent were the production of different hands. The difference of style will probably in many cases speak for itself; but the whole volume has been carefully gone over by both of those who are mainly responsible for its contents. The book has also had the inestimable advantage of being revised by the late Bishop's elder and only-surviving brother, the venerable Bishop of S. Andrew's, and very valuable aid has been given by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop's two sons, the Bishop of Salisbury and the Rev. Canon Wordsworth, and by other members of the Wordsworth family. The chapter on Con-

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vocation is due to the kindness of the Rev. Canon Perry, of whose work as an English Church historian the late Bishop often expressed the highest opinion; and that on Foreign Churches is to a great extent the production of his old and valued friend and examining chaplain, the Rev. Canon Meyrick. The names of the Dean of Chichester and of many other friends, to one and all of whom the warmest thanks are tendered, present themselves in due course.

It may seem to some that a comparatively small space has been allotted to some very important subjects; but the work has not been intended to supersede, but to supplement that which the Bishop has himself left behind him in his various publications. To go thoroughly into all the events in which he took a leading part would practically be to write the history of the Church of England for the last fifty years.

It has not been attempted to give the history of the Bishop's life year by year, as it was thought better to group the various subjects together under specific heads. In a life so varied, a mere narration of events would have given a very inadequate picture of the man, and been very perplexing to the reader. A table of the principal dates in the Bishop's life will, however, be found at the commencement of the book.

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH'S LIFE.

1804. Oct. 6. Chr. Wordsworth married Priscilla Lloyd.
1805. July 1. John Wordsworth born.
1806. Aug. 22. Charles Wordsworth born.
1807. Oct. 30. Christopher Wordsworth born.
1811. April 11. Susanna Hatley Frere born.
1815. Oct. 7. Priscilla Wordsworth died at Bocking.
1820. Dr. Wordsworth Master of Trinity. John and Christopher to Commoners, Winchester.
1825. First Winchester and Harrow match.
1827. Christopher W. First Class Freshman's Coll. Exam. First Latin Verse Prize (*Iphigenia in Aulide*), Trinity.
1828. C. W.[1] wins First Eng. Declamation (Hooper's). First Latin Declamation (Trinity). First Latin Verse Prize (Trinity).
1829. Craven Scholar. First Reading Prize, Trinity.
1830. Fourteenth Senior Optime. Math. Tripos. Senior Classic. B.A.
1832. Travels in Italy and Greece.
1833. Ordained Deacon, by Bp. Kaye, at Buckden. M.A.
1834. Classical Lecturer at Trinity. Examiner in Classical Tripos.
1835. Ordained Priest by Bp. Percy of Carlisle.
1836. Public Orator.
Master of Harrow.
Athens and Attica.

[1] Unless otherwise specified, all subsequent notices refer to Christopher Wordsworth. All his publications are in italics.

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1837. *Pompeian Inscriptions.*
1838. April 17. Spital Sermon on *Heathen and Christian Philanthropy.*
Dec. 6. Married S. H. Frere.
1839. B.D., and D.D., per litt. regias.
Greece, Pictorial and Descriptive.
Dec. 31. John W. died at Trinity Lodge.
1841. *Preces Selectæ* for Harrow. *Sermons. King Edward VI. Latin Grammar.* Dr. C. W. resigns Mastership of Trinity.
1842. Candidate for Regius Professorship of Divinity. *Bentley's Correspondence.*
1843. Sept. 21. John Wordsworth born.
Oct. 3. *Theophilus Anglicanus.*
1844. Canon of Westminster. *Theocritus. Discourses on Public Education.*
1845. *Maynooth* Pamphlets. *Diary in France.*
1846. Feb. 2. Dr. C. W. dies at Buxted.
1847. Hulsean Lecturer. *Letters to Gondon. National Education.*
1848. Christopher Wordsworth born. Sermon on *Righteousness exalteth a Nation.* Hulsean *Lectures* on *Canon of Scripture. Report of West. Sp. Aid Fund.*
1849. Hulsean *Lectures on Apocalypse*, on the *Man of Sin. Funeral Sermon on Queen Adelaide. Elements of Instruction concerning the Church.*
1850. Vicar of Stanford. William Wordsworth dies (April 23). *Occasional Sermons;* First Series chiefly on *Gorham Controversy. Is the Church of Rome Babylon? Beautiful Scenery. The Prelude*, by W. W., first published.
1851. *Memoirs of W. Wordsworth. Occasional Sermons*, Second Series.
1852. Proctor in Convocation for the Chapter. Charles W., Bishop of S. Andrew's. *Occ. S.*, Third Series. *Occ. S.*, Fourth Series. *Sermons on the Irish Church.*

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Oct. 7. *Two Lectures on Millennium.*

1853. At Paris, Aug., Sept. *S. Hippolytus, &c.*

1854. Boyle Lecturer. Founding of Anglo-Continental Society. *Notes at Paris. Boyle Lectures* on *Religious Restoration* (Fifth Series of *Occasional Sermons*).

1855. Dorothy Wordsworth died at Rydal, Jan. 25. *Funeral Sermon* on Joshua Watson. *Remarks on M. Bunsen's Hippolytus.* Restoration of Stanford Church.

1856. *Tracts on Increase of Episcopate.* THE FOUR GOSPELS, Oct. 22.

1857. Sermons on *Divorce. A Plea for India. Occasional Sermons,* Sixth Series. THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, May 24.

1858. *What mean ye by this Service?* (Nave Services, West. Abbey.)

1859. Feb. 25. S. PAUL'S EPISTLES. *Occasional S.,* Seventh Series. (Deceased Wife's Sister, &c.)

1860. *On 29th Canon.* GENERAL EPISTLES AND REVELATION, Oct. 25. *Letter to Viscount Dungannon,* on Subdivision of Dioceses.

1861. *Lectures on Inspiration;* and *Interpretation. Is Convocation a Court of Heresy? A Reply to Prof. Jowett's Essay.*

1862. Visits Italy, May 13—July 8. *Tre Lettere. The Holy Year. Bicentenary Common Prayer Book.*

1863. *Journal of Tour in Italy. Twenty Reasons for Incr. of Episcopate. Remarks on Proposed Admission of Dean Stanley. The Two Tercentenaries. "Son of God." "Son of Man."* (Articles in Smith's Dict. of the Bible.)

1864. Oct. 10. GENESIS AND EXODUS. *Synodical Judgments.*

1865. Archdeacon of Westminster.
June 1. LEVITICUS—DEUTERONOMY. *On the Lord's Day. On the Judicial Functions of Metropolitans.* (Colenso Appeal.) *The Morians' Land.* (Cent. African Mission.)

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Oct. 16. JOSHUA, JUDGES, RUTH.

1866. May 22. BOOKS OF SAMUEL.

Dec. 6. BOOKS OF KINGS.

Letter to *Times* on Apocalyptic frescoes found in West. Chapter-house.

1867. Sermon on the Lambeth Conference.

May 1. BOOK OF JOB.

Oct. 15. THE PSALMS.

Nov. 28. *Epistola encyclica*, Ἐπιστολὴ συνοδικὴ. Gr. Lat.

1868. April 28. PROVERBS AND SONG OF SOLOMON.

Oct. 2. ISAIAH.

Sept. 20. *On proposed Council at Rome.*

Oct. 28. *Responsio Anglicana.*

Nov. 14. Nominated Bishop of Lincoln.

1869. Feb. 24. Consecration in Westminster Abbey. First Confirmation Tour.

July 28. JEREMIAH AND EZEKIEL. *Letters on Dr. Temple and See of Exeter.*

1870. Feb. 1. DANIEL.

Feb. 2. Henry Mackenzie, Bp. Suffragan of Nottingham. Visit of Bp. Lycurgus.

June 6. MINOR PROPHETS.

June 21. D.C.L. Oxon., honoris causâ. *The Vatican Council.*

Aug. 5. Association for Small Benefices.

Aug. 13. *Prayers in Time of War.*

Oct. 3—31. *Primary Visitation Charge.*

Nov. 10. *Three Letters on Purchas Judgment.*

1871. Feb. 26. *Sermons on Maccabees* at Cambridge. *Pastoral on Ascension Day.*

Sept. 20. DIOCESAN SYNOD.

Oct. 10—13. Nottingham Church Congress. *Hymn for Unity.*

1872. Feb. 8. *Speech on Athanasian Creed. Ethica.*

Sept. 8—22. Present at Cologne Congress.

Oct. 25. First Diocesan Conference.

1873. April 29. Visitation of Cathedral. *Pastorals to Wesleyans. Twelve Diocesan Addresses.*

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1874. Jan. 6. *On Confession and Absolution.*
Jan. 26. *On Vacant Benefice of Great Coates.*
April. *Sale of Church Patronage.*
April 20. Public Worship Regulation Bill.
May 4. *Plea for Toleration.*
June 4. Speech. Scholæ Cancellarii Revived.
June 20. *Senates and Synods.*
Sept. 21. *On New Lectionary.*

1875. *Pastoral to Wesleyans.* Owston Epitaph.
Oct. 26. *Christian Art in Cemetery Chapels.*
Nov. 23. *On Proposed Mission. On Church Temperance Society.*

1876. Jan. 28. *Novate Novale* founded.
Lincoln Mission (February).
Feb. 24. Restoration of Bishop Ainwick's Tower.
June 4. *Irenicum Wesleyanum.*
July 27. Foundation of New County Hospital.
Sept. 28. *The Mohammedan Woe.*
Nov. *Diocesan Addresses* (Third Visitation).

1877. Jan. 6. *Theocritus.*
Jan. 10. *Letter to Canon Hole* (Lord Penzance).
Oct. 5. Diocesan Conference (The Burials Bill). *The Newtonian System* (at Colsterworth). *The Intermediate State.*

1878. Jan. 25. Dedication of S. Paul's Mission House, Burgh.
May 14. Speech on Bishoprics Bill.
July 3. Midland Counties Art Museum, Nottingham.
July 2—27. Lambeth Conference.
Epistola centum Episcoporum. Oct. 1. Consecration of Lincoln Hospital Chapel.
Oct. 15. Bishop Mackenzie died. Succeeded by Dr. Trollope.
Nov. 20. Eliz. Frere died.

1879. Letter to Univ. Comm. on B. N. C. and Lincoln Coll. Statutes.
Miscellanies, 3 vols.
October. *Ten Addresses.*
On Sisterhoods, &c.

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1880. *A.D.* 1640—1660 (at Southwell). Reply to Clerical Address on Burials Bill. Special Form for Burial.
July. Royal Archæological Institute at Lincoln.
Sept. 22. Diocesan Conf. on Burial Laws.
Oct. 1. Openings of Bishop's Hostel.
1881. Jan. 19. *On Present Disquietude in Church.*
Feb. *Church History*, Vol. I.
Petition of Visitor of Lincoln College to the Queen in Council.
June 1. Speech at Foundation of Selwyn College.
Diocesan Conference on Revised Version of N.T.
Nov. Visits of Bps. Reinkens and Herzog.
1882. Jan. *Church History*, Vol. II.
May 21. *The Future of our Universities.*
June 14. *Where was Dodona?*
Derby Church Congress.
Triennial Addresses. Fifth Series.
1883. Jan. 3. *Church History*, Vol. III.
July 11. *Southwell. Appeal to Clergy and Laity.*
Sept. 4. *Conjectural Emendations.*
Nov. 5. Speech at Lincoln (S.P.G.) on Luther Commemoration.
Dec. 15. Speech on Mahommedanism.
Church History, Vol. IV.
1884. Jan. 22. Nottingham Spiritual Aid Fund founded.
March 27. "Disabled by work of Confirmation."
May 1. Bp. of Southwell consecrated.
May 9. *Christian Womanhood, &c.*
July 7. Letter to "Guardian." 2nd Reading D. W. Sister's Bill.
Oct. 16. *John Wiclif.*
Oct. 28. Death of S. H. Wordsworth.
Dec. 12. *Letter* on proposed resignation.
1885. *How to Read the Old Testament.*
Feb. 9. Resigns Diocese.
March 20. Bp. King elected.
March 21. Death of C. Wordsworth.
March 25. Funeral at Lincoln.

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CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH was born at Lambeth, on October 30th, 1807, and was the third son of Christopher Wordsworth, afterwards Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of his wife Priscilla, daughter of C. Lloyd, of Bingley Hall, Birmingham. The family of Wordsworth had been settled in the West Riding of Yorkshire since about 1379;[1] but John Words-

[1] An old oak awmry, dated 1525, and recording the names of some generations of the family, was among the treasures preserved at Rydal Mount. Bishop Percy has handed down the name of Wordsworth of Penistone as first cousin to Sir E. Wortley (the "Dragon of Wantley," of church-devouring fame). The name *Wordsworth* or *Wadsworth* is clearly in its origin a place-name—the *worth* or manor of a man called *Word* or *Ord* (cf. *Ordsal*) or *Wad*. It is found as a family name with a great variety of spelling, and sometimes with, sometimes without, the *de*, from the beginning of the thirteenth century onwards, in the southern part of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and chiefly about the course of the rivers Dove and Don. *Wadsworth*, which is apparently the oldest attested form, is perhaps also the original, and has been preserved in the second name of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the illustrious American poet, whose mother's family are from the same stock; but the English branch of the poet's family, which spelt the name generally, if not always, with the letter *r*, is traceable from 1379 onwards. Their happily characteristic family motto *Veritas* is of course merely a play upon the meaning of the name, as now commonly spelt, and has nothing to do with its derivation.

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worth, grandfather of the subject of this memoir, was an attorney at Cockermouth, and there his five children were born. He died in considerable pecuniary difficulties, in consequence of a heavy unpaid debt which the then Earl of Lonsdale, whose agent he had been, had incurred to the family;[1] but his two sons, William and Christopher, through the assistance of their uncles, Richard Wordsworth and Christopher Crackanthorpe, were educated at Cambridge. The story of the poet's life has been written elsewhere; of Christopher, the father of the late Bishop, it will be sufficient in this place to say that his industry, uprightness, and ability eventually raised him to the high position which he held in the University. "That same industry," says William Wordsworth in an early letter, referring to his brother's career, "is a good old Roman quality, and nothing is to be done without it." And he was not only capable of earning academic distinctions, but, what is perhaps much rarer, of laying them down. After conscientiously discharging the duties of Master of Trinity for many years, in the course of which he proved himself a most generous benefactor to the college, he resigned that post in favour of Dr. Whewell, for whose appointment he stipulated as deeming him the fittest and worthiest to succeed him.

But any biography of the Bishop of Lincoln would

[1] This debt was in course of time repaid with interest by the next Earl; but, as may be seen in the case of William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, not before causing years of privation and the practice of the severest thrift.

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be very inadequate which did not also take into account the qualities which he derived from his mother and her family. This is all the more necessary because, owing to the celebrity of William Wordsworth, the characteristics of the Bishop's paternal ancestors are tolerably well known. Intense truthfulness, exceptional tenacity of purpose and power of work, a certain homeliness and simplicity side by side with the strong philosophic and poetical instincts which mark the northern races, an independence of character which at times was capable of becoming aggressive in its self-reliance, and habits of thrift (which are the inevitable result of a protracted struggle with somewhat stern domestic conditions), were the most conspicuous of these qualities. He of whom this memoir is written was endowed with many of them; but others which he had, and those, perhaps, which gave a special charm to his presence and a special influence to his life, came to him from the mother's side. It will therefore be well to devote a short space to an account of her.

Priscilla Lloyd belonged to an old family of that name which was directly descended from King Edward I. and Eleanor, through their daughter Joanna, and which had possessed estates in Wales for many generations. Charles Lloyd, of Dolobran, born December 9th, 1637, adopted (about 1662) the opinions of the celebrated George Fox, and suffered for them, his possessions being put under præmunire in consequence of his refusal to take the oaths of

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allegiance and supremacy in the reign of Charles II. He suffered ten years' imprisonment in Welshpool goal and much loss of property.

Owing to their having joined the Society of Friends the Lloyds underwent the usual disqualifications of Nonconformists in those days, and, like many others similarly circumstanced, took to the business of banking as an occupation in which those disqualifications were likely to be least felt. In 1748 was born Charles Lloyd, grandfather of the Bishop of Lincoln, whose marriage with Mary Farmer, of Bingley Hall, was followed by the birth of a large family of sons and daughters. Of these, Priscilla was the eldest girl. The site of Bingley Hall is now in the heart of Birmingham; but in those days it was a handsome family mansion surrounded with trees, with a master who was not only a shrewd man of business, but an able preacher in the Society,[3] and so ardent a lover of Homer and Horace that he wrote and published poetical translations of large portions of the works of both. Some of the sons were men of brilliant abilities; the eldest, Charles, is well known as the friend and literary colleague of Charles Lamb. The daughters were possessed of considerable personal attractions. The portrait of Priscilla Lloyd represents a young woman simply dressed in white, with clear-cut features, bright complexion, fine dark-brown eyes, and the dark eyebrows so characteristic of her youngest son.

[3] Some of his MS. sermons are still preserved.

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With the orderly habits of a man of business, the Bishop's grandfather has preserved his correspondence with his daughters from the year 1790 onwards. An extract from one of these letters will give some idea of the "interior" of Quaker life in those days :—

London, 16, 2 *mo.*, 1790.

DEAR PRISCILLA,—I was very glad to receive thy pretty letter, and to read thy account of what is going forward at home. I hope thy cold will soon be better and that thou wilt behave so well at Bingley as to induce grandma to wish for thy company again. I dined on first day at Coz. Barclay's, and saw all their ten good children, they write very prettily and don't blot their books, they put one word regularly under the other, so that all their lines appear of the same length, which makes their books look very neat. They were much pleased with James's picture of the Vicar and Moses. They have lately begun to draw themselves, and make a proficiency, but I hope my children will exert themselves, and not let anybody get before them. . . . I hope Brothers are good boys, and attend to the advice of their mamma and master, and that they are kind to their sisters. Agatha Barclay rides very well, and I hope Priscy will soon learn to ride, for it is very ornamental and useful for a woman to be skilful in riding. . . . Give my love to uncle Nehemiah, and if he invites thee to drink tea, be sure and use no more sugar when his eyes are shut than when they are open. I love you all dearly, I hope you will all be good and love one another.

I am my dear Priscilla's very affectionate father,

CHARLES LLOYD.

From her letters at about the age of sixteen, it is obvious that Priscilla Lloyd was already begin-

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ning to feel the limits of the "Society" somewhat oppressive, and to long for a more unconfined atmosphere. Her brother Charles had been to Cambridge and had made a college friendship with Christopher Wordsworth, who, having like his three brothers, Richard, William, and John, been at school at Hawkshead, was now working hard at Trinity. This introduction to a circle which included William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Charles Lamb,[4] and his friend Manning, not only gave a great stimulus to the literary tastes of Charles, but produced a lasting effect on the fortunes of his sister, to whom Christopher Wordsworth soon formed a deep attachment. A passage in a letter from him to his life-long friend, Jonathan Walton, will give an idea of the situation of the two young lovers:—

Birmingham, Jan. 30th, 1799.

Nor is it with Lloyd only that I have to dread a parting. I have to leave a future wife behind me. I will not now tell you the history of our love, but to his

[4] We insert a passage from C. Lamb to Manning in the spring of 1800, March 17th. "My dear love to Lloyd and Sophia. . . They are my oldest friends. Tell Charles I have seen his mamma, and have almost fallen in love with *her*, since I mayn't with Olivia. She is so fine and graceful, a complete matron-lady-quaker. She has given me two little books. Olivia grows a charming girl—full of feeling, and thinner than she was; but I have not time to fall in love." And in his next letter to Manning: "Robert Lloyd is come to town. Priscilla meditates going to see Pizarro at Drury Lane to-night (from her uncle's), under cover of coming to dine with me—heu! tempora! heu! mores!—I have barely time to finish, as I expect her and Robin every minute."

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eldest sister I have opened my heart, and she is to be mine for ever. You know that her father is a Quaker. To look, therefore, for his consent, would be idle. I am to exert myself to get some small thing as soon as possible; a very little will content us, and for the rest we must trust to the future. . . . My Priscilla is now a little more than seventeen, not under the middle size of women, not slender, not handsome, but what at times you would, I think, call a fine woman. Charles told her one day that she was something like Mrs. Siddons. . . . Her understanding is exceedingly good. Quakers, you know, do not admit of fashionable accomplishments, and therefore, except drawing, she has none of them. . . . All her feelings are deep, severe, and profound.

On October 6th, 1804, at S. Martin's, Birmingham, Christopher Wordsworth was united to Priscilla Lloyd. The bride had been baptized on the same day, her twenty-third birthday. The bridegroom was at this time thirty years of age, and had lately been appointed to the livings of Ashby and Oby-cum-Thyrne, in the diocese of Norwich, by Bishop Manners Sutton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who had made him his chaplain in 1802, and whose son (afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and Viscount Canterbury) had been his pupil at Cambridge. On the 1st of July, 1805, their eldest son John was born; on August 22nd, 1806, their second son Charles, and on October 30th, 1807, their third son Christopher.

The letters of Mrs. Wordsworth really give the best account that could be given of the earliest years of Christopher Wordsworth. There is some-

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thing very touching in the artless details which the young mother poured forth from the fulness of her heart, of the baby-life of those three brilliant sons who afterwards almost swept the Universities of their highest distinctions. It will not therefore, we trust, be considered beneath the dignity of our subject if we make one or two extracts from these simple letters, which derive an additional pathos from the fact that the mother was so soon to be parted from her boys.

In a letter written in the autumn of 1805, from Lambeth, where the family had to reside in order to be in attendance on the new Archbishop (Manners Sutton), Mrs. Wordsworth writes:—

Next week we propose to have our dear little John christened. We have deferred it till our brother Richard's return, as he stands sponsor. My sister Dorothy has offered herself as godmother. Friday is the day fixed, if it can be accomplished, being a prayer-day, as Wordsworth wishes to have the ceremony performed in the church."

Baptisms in those days were not unfrequently performed in private houses.

To her sister Olivia (1808):—

I have great comfort in my little Christopher, who thrives finely. I seem to love every infant more than the former. A young infant is one of the chiefest delights of married life,—nothing can, I think, surpass the endearment and tenderness they inspire; though such are my feelings, few, I fancy, would sympathize with them at sight of my little Christopher. Wordsworth says he is *remarkably plain*—and I cannot discover any beauty of feature or complexion.

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In May, 1808, Dr. Wordsworth was offered the valuable living and Deanery of Bocking, in Essex. He had resigned Ashby in 1806. His wife writes to her father:—

February 17th, 1809.

As to poor Christy, his attractions are but small, for he wants most of the *graces* of mind and body. He is quite an oddity, but I find enough to love in him. He is a great darling with his parents.

TO THE SAME.

June 14th, 1812.

My dear boys have just been reading to me, and are now gone to bed. Little Christy (4½) discovers a great fondness for learning. Yesterday I could not get him from his book all day, indeed he keeps quite separate from his brothers, and never would leave my side if he can be with me.

The following letter to her mother has an interest of its own, as showing her power of estimating character. It was evidently written from Bocking, while her husband was in attendance at Lambeth:—

June 21st, 1812.

Together with thy letter, the post brought an affecting one from W. Wordsworth to his brother, containing a very poor account of his wife, who has been completely overset by the sad loss of her dear little girl [see the dedication to the "White Doe of Rylstone"], and her health is so much affected that at present she is not able to travel. I was much struck with the dignified, yet acute sensibility with which he sustained the shock, but there is a constitutional philosophy in the whole family which is, I think, rarely to be met with. Their view of life is so dispassionate and just, that whatever happens, they are not overthrown, or cast down with dismay. . . . My dear little Christy is

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just putting in his little intelligent face, to beg his hymn-book, a present from his god-papa, Mr. Walton. He reads very nicely and promises fair to be a scholar, as books are at present his great delight. He is only four years old, and yet reads and understands books which appear to me considerably beyond his years. We have the music of the groves here in great perfection. I long for some one to share in the fresh beauties that are blooming around me, for if they cannot inspire gladness, at least they fill the heart with peace and thankfulness.

TO HER FATHER.

Bocking, Oct. 1st, 1812.

The dear boys are at school all day [at Braintree]; but of an evening we have nice readings together. They have taken a wonderful fancy to the Book of Judith in the Apocrypha. It is very entertaining to hear their various comments. Christy's eyes glisten with interest. "Me do think she is a cunning woman," he exclaimed with great animation. Charley was very grave, and was concerned that the Israelites did not place more trust in God, and pray to Him for deliverance. John takes upon him to explain all difficulties, by quotations from Scripture, and enlarged upon God's frequent trial of the faith of those He intended to deliver, by bringing them into great straits and difficulties.

Christy has quite a warlike spirit—nothing he delights in so much as Chevy Chase, or anything about war and fighting. It is curious to observe the very different tastes of children as their minds open,—and very interesting to listen to their different views of the same subject.

It is still more interesting to read the above extract half a century afterwards, especially to those who remember the little eager "Christy" as a scarcely less eager old man talking with keen interest over

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the Book of Judith, and discussing the probability of its being an historical romance, "something like the Grand Cyrus," at a period when the captive Jews were careful to write so as to avoid giving offence to their conquerors or political opponents. The "warlike spirit," too, never deserted him, though it took a very different direction from what might in those old days have been anticipated.

In 1814, Dr. Wordsworth was offered the Bishopric of Calcutta, after Bishop Middleton's death, but declined it. Shortly after this Dr. Wordsworth was called upon to preach the consecration sermon of the Hon. H. Ryder, Bishop of Gloucester. His wife writes to her father:—

Bocking, Aug. 7th, 1815.

Wordsworth got through his day at Lambeth I imagine with great credit, though I never can get from him any account of himself, or the commendation he receives. "Decently," or "tolerably," are generally the highest epithets he bestows on his own doings, so that if I get such expressions as these I interpret them accordingly. He is now engaged on two more public occasions in London—one for the London National Schools, and the other for Hackney, so that there is no danger of his talents rusting for want of exercise.

My dear boys Charles and Christy are very good, and great comforts to me. I often miss dear John exceedingly, [He had just gone to school at Woodford.] He was a boy always to keep alive one's hopes and fears. I believe few grown people have reflected more, or more deeply. His conversations in this way have been often surprising. As a scholar Christy will, I think, soon surpass him, and in quickness of reasoning, but in depth of character and

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penetration I never yet saw a child resembling John—so that whilst I have admired his talents it has always been with trembling.

One more letter from Mrs. Wordsworth, to "Christy," on a visit to his godfather, Mr. Walton, at Birdbrook, may be inserted. It is not dated, but evidently belongs to this period.

Wednesday evening.

MY DEAREST CHRISTY,—Yesterday evening John, Charles, and myself tried for some time to send you a letter in rhyme, but we were at length forced to give it up, we got on so slowly. I often think of you, my dear boy, and feel great comfort in knowing that you are among such very kind friends. I hope you are a very good boy, and give as little trouble as possible, but mind everything that you are bid, and that you are careful to learn your lessons perfectly, so as not to have them to say twice over.

After telling how the mare has been stolen, and the gipsies suspected, she goes on :—

Papa is quite well; we often talk of dear Christy, and mamma longs very often to see her little companion. . . . I wish you would write me a nice letter. We should all be glad to hear from you. I think, perhaps, papa will have something to say to your godpapa, so I must leave him a little room, and bid my dear little boy a very kind farewell. He is now, I imagine, fast asleep. . . . I very often think of what you are doing in the course of the day, and it's always a pleasure to me to think of my dear little boy.

These tender words seem like her final farewell to the "dear little boy" who was so soon to be deprived

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of her affectionate care. She died in her confinement, at the early age of thirty-four, October 7th, 1815, about three weeks before his eighth birthday. He too is "now asleep," but who can doubt that if the mother's love and mother's prayers that hovered over the bed of the slumbering child were blessed beyond all her expectation in this life, mother and son may even now be entering together on an intercourse, whose happiness it is not permitted to us as yet to conceive?

Her son Charles, now the Bishop of S. Andrew's, writes:—

> As a proof of the esteem and affection in which she was held for her good works, it may be mentioned that when I visited Bocking, more than forty years after her death, and went to see the churchyard where she was buried, I found her grave strewed with fresh flowers, which I was told had been continually done during all these years by some poor person or persons who cherished her memory.

This loss no doubt made Dr. Wordsworth willing to exchange Bocking for a more laborious charge, and in 1816 he was appointed by the Archbishop to the Rectories of Sundridge and Lambeth, where he appears to have injured his health by his conscientious work in the latter parish, which was then much larger and more unwieldy than it is now, he himself during his four years' tenure of the living, having caused the formation of five new districts, and set on foot the erection of five new churches.

In June, 1820, the same kind patron was the

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medium of offering him, on the part of Lord Liverpool, the post with which his name is generally associated—the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was staying at the time with his friend Mrs. Hoare, at Hampstead, and she and his other constant friend, Joshua Watson, saw that the place was one which he was well fitted to fill, as he did for twenty-one years.

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CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LIFE.

In the autumn of 1820, just after their father's appointment to Trinity College, John and Christopher Wordsworth entered Winchester College as Commoners in the house of Dr. Gabell. Christopher who was nearly thirteen years of age, was placed at the bottom of what is there called Junior Part of Fifth Book. This was two years after the so-called "Second Rebellion," for which many of the most distinguished boys had been expelled, including such men as Lord Hatherley and Sir Alexander Malet. The boys in the upper forms were, on this account, probably rather younger than usual, but they numbered among their ranks such well-known names as those of William Sewell (said to have been the only boy in "Commoners" who refused to join the rebellion), George Moberly (afterwards head-master and Bishop of Salisbury), Edmund Walker Head (Governor of Canada), John Jebb (Canon of Hereford), Henry Miers Elliot (of Indian celebrity), and James Clay (for many years M.P. for Hull). Among other contemporaries may be mentioned Stephen and Binsteed Gazelee, John Floyer, long M.P. for Dorset,

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James Parker Deane, Q.C., James Edwardes Sewell, Warden of New College, John Eardley Wilmot, Nathaniel Merriman, Bishop of Grahamstown, John Griffith, Warden of Wadham College, Charles Raikes, C.S.I., and Reginald Smith, of West Stafford, Dorset, to whose kindness we owe some reminiscences which will be quoted below. Among Christopher Wordsworth's most frequent correspondents were James Fisher and Charles Seagram, of Brasenose College, and Henry Davison, of Trinity College, Oxford, afterwards Chief Justice of Madras. But the letters mention the names of many others as taking an affectionate interest in his school successes and other doings, showing that he had a wide circle of friends.

For two years the school continued to be governed by Dr. Henry Dixon Gabell, who after having been second-master for sixteen years had become head-master in 1809, and was therefore the depositary of many school traditions.

He was a strict disciplinarian, and excessively severe upon small faults. "It was considered an unpardonable offence (equal in enormity to a false concord or a false quantity) if a boy wrote 'Oh!' before a noun in the vocative instead of 'O!'" This rigour characterized the whole system of Winchester under Gabell. But in boys who had any bent for learning, as for instance in the case of John Wordsworth, and, in a different way, Dr. Griffiths of Wadham, as well as in the subject of this memoir and many another

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Wykehamist besides—it produced a most valuable habit of accuracy. Boys learnt under such a master to "speak out," to construe fluently and correctly, and to translate Greek into Latin without a blunder. There was little training except in classics and divinity, and this was somewhat of a disadvantage to one who had no mother or sister to enlarge his sphere of interests. But he was too great a lover of books and of literature of all kinds to suffer so much by it as some perhaps did. The school was in other respects rough, overcrowded, and dangerous to boys of weakly constitution, either physically, mentally, or morally.

How we survived it (he writes) I hardly know. Bishop Merriman, of Grahamstown, the other day reminded me of the Homeric description of Ithaca which Gabell applied to Commoners—

τρηχεῖ', ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος.

And our Ithaca certainly was τρηχεῖα. . . . However we did survive it. And I must say that though we feared Gabell, we loved him too. Whenever he preached to us (it was very seldom), especially before Confirmation, the effect was wonderful. He taught us to regard the Greek Testament as the "best of books," and used to give it as a "leaving book" to pupils who had done their duty. . . . I remember when Gabell left Winchester for the living of Binfield [Dec. 1823], given him by Lord Chancellor Eldon (whose grandson, John Scott, was under him), we were all deeply affected. A memorial was presented to him in Commoners' Hall at a farewell supper, in the shape of a service of plate, which bore a Latin inscription from the pen of his successor, Dr. Williams, then under-master or Ostiarius,

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and he made us an allocution in his grand yet fatherly manner, by which we were all deeply touched, and I remember feeling constrained to write off an account[1] of it to some London paper (I think it was the *Observer*), in which the last sentence was that we were all ready to die for him!

Gabell was succeeded by [Dr. David] Williams [afterwards Warden of New College, Oxford]. It was like Melanchthon coming after Luther, which some have compared to Lité in Homer coming after Até. I will only say that, if Gabell's reign was a reign of fear, that of Williams was one of love. I think that we should have been pleased with a little more strictness; boys like being kept in order, and they do not fully appreciate mildness and gentleness. But we all felt that Williams was a Christian gentleman, that he was thoroughly honest, upright, and just; and we knew him to be a first-rate scholar, not perhaps thoroughly versed in the minutiæ of the classical philology of Bentley and Porson, but in carefulness of observation, in retentiveness of memory, and in exquisite refinement and delicacy of taste, surpassed by none.

The very discomfort of "Commoners' study" drove boys in those days much into the open air, and the Bishop used to describe the great enjoyment he had as a boy in learning the Georgics by heart (and he never forgot them) in the beautiful meadows, watered by clear streams, close by which the school lies. His taste for Theocritus, of which he was in due time

[1] Such an account is still preserved in one of the Bishop's note-books. Dr. Gabell's speech began: "Generous and dear boys, this expression of your feelings fills me with delight. During thirty years I have undergone the toils and anxieties incidental to my office in this college; but for those toils and anxieties I now receive ample amends and recompense," &c.

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to be editor, was stimulated by an unexpected gift of Kiessling's edition from the head-master, as a reward for a successful "Easter-task" on ancient Italian horticulture ("Horticultura apud Italos").

The religious education of the school was more in the system than in the individual. Dr. Williams when he began to give a sermon in school, showed his modest distrust of his own powers by reading the sermons of Dr. Sumner, then a Fellow of Eton, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He was regular in morning chapel, and was known to wish his boys to do right. He encouraged their games, and continued, when they had left, to take an affectionate interest in them. But he seems to have shrunk from touching vice with a firm hand, and from coming to close quarters with his pupils on delicate moral questions. What impressed the better boys in those days was the regularity of certain observances, the daily prayers, the surplice chapel, the observance of the Church's year, the commemorations of the founder, the traditions and associations of the school with the lives of good men such as Bishops Ken and Lowth, and the loyalty to school and Church, which was, and happily still is, traditional at Winchester. At Easter-time special books were read and construed in school, such as Bishop Lowth's Lectures 'De sacra poesi Hebræorum," Burnet's "De fide," and Grotius' "De Veritate Christianæ religionis."

There was one exercise (he writes) which I remember with special gratification. We had each two copies of

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Dr. White's "Diatessaron" (i.e. the Gospel History composed from the four Evangelists), one copy in English and another in Greek, and we were required to come up to the master with the English alone in our hands, and to read it off into Greek. And then we had our "Easter-tasks," and at that season we had to write verses on religious subjects. I have notes of several subjects of this kind on which I had to write, such as Belshazzar's Feast; the cessation of the Oracles at the coming of Christ; the Fall of Man; the combat of David with Goliath; the Crucifixion of Christ; His Resurrection; "Omnia Deo plena sunt;" the Martyrdom of Archbishop Cranmer; the raising of Lazarus.

Wordsworth's Easter-task on the last subject had, as we shall see later on in this chapter, a considerable fame amongst his contemporaries, and lines from it were quoted long after to him, to his surprise, "by one of the Withers."

These details will, we believe, not only be interesting to old Wykehamists who may read this memoir, but will be seen to have a distinct bearing on the after life of the Bishop, as a theologian and commentator, no less than as a scholar and an educator himself, who realized the defects as well as the great possibilities and advantages of the public school system under which he was trained. Those who passed through this Spartan discipline unharmed came out strong men. A short extract from a letter of Canon Reginald Smith will complete the picture. After speaking of the high reputation for scholarship which Winchester enjoyed, and adding some painful details of the morals and discipline prevalent in the

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school, and the extreme privations and discomforts to which the boys were subject, he says :—

Christopher Wordsworth was one of the Prefects in Commoners when I entered as a junior boy, in the year 1823, . . . and I have a feeling recollection of the strength of his arm in chastising my idleness and love of mischief by a well-deserved cut across my back with his cane [or rather "ground-ash"]. It was part of the duty of the prefects to walk up and down the Hall with a long cane, for the purpose of preserving order. I have a fresh recollection of the awe with which we juniors looked up to the prefects. Wordsworth was not one of those who abused his authority by violence or ill-temper, and as a prefect was generally liked and respected. As soon as we juniors began to emerge from the drudge into the scholar, we listened with admiration to his sonorous voice, while he recited his superior compositions. At Easter-tide the upper boys were allowed to select their own subject for a Latin poem, and if it was above the usual order of merit, they had the honour of reciting it before the assembled school. Wordsworth chose for his subject in the year 1824 (at the age of 16½) the Resurrection of Lazarus. Probably he was led to the above by the very fine painting, by Benjamin West, over the communion-table in Winchester Cathedral. [But the Bishop of S. Andrew's informs us that he suggested to his brother this subject, which had been set for a prize at Harrow the year before.] The youthful poet has vividly expressed in classical Latin some of the ideas which seem to have been in the mind of the painter : for instance, the line "Et vacuas palpans manibus liventibus auras." The livid hues of death are seen to be gradually receding from the hands stretched out as if to feel after something more substantial than the empty breeze which is playing around. I ought to add that

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C. W. excelled more in the athletics of the mind than those of the body, but he was by no means deficient in the latter. He was in the cricket eleven, which was thought by his coevals to be no small honour. He carried his head erect, and had something of that eagle eye which (to my fancy) characterized him in after life.

Another schoolfellow, Sir John E. Eardley Wilmot writes:—

I had the honour of being a contemporary of Dr. Wordsworth at Winchester College, although two or three years his junior, and I well recollect his brilliant career there. Not only was he most eminent as a Greek and Latin scholar, but his style of composition in Greek, Latin, and English poetry was always cited as a model by his schoolfellows. He was Gold and Silver Medallist respectively for English verse and for elocution.

Nor were these distinctions the only ones. He was the first in all those athletic exercises which are prized and honoured by schoolboys no less than proficiency in intellectual acquirements. He was the best cricketer, the best football player, the best fives player with both the hand and bat, and the best runner in Winchester School. I well recollect him performing a feat which no other boy at Winchester could accomplish: this was to run from the College over Twyford Down to the Windmill and back—a distance of nine miles, and most of the way up a very steep hill—within the hour allotted for leave out between twelve and one o'clock. So great was the admiration of his young companions for Wordsworth junior (for he had John, an elder brother, in the College, but less distinguished), that they unanimously accorded to him the name of "The Great Christopher."

The following letter from the Master of Trinity

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will happily illustrate the account of Christopher Wordsworth's conduct as a prefect :—

Trinity College, Cambridge,
Sept. 25th, 1823.

MY DEAR CHRIS,—It was quite an unexpected pleasure to me to find that you had been appointed a Commoner Prefect. I am willing to be pleased, because I suppose it may be taken as an indication that Dr. Gabell, upon the whole, is not ill-satisfied with your proficiency and your general conduct. But, at the same time, this, like other unexpected honours, we must not forget, will be attended with its dangers and temptations. Power is a perilous trust. Can one, therefore, be without some share of apprehension when it falls into so juvenile hands as yours? Be *faithful.* Don't be *elevated,* and above all, beware of being a tyrant.

On the subject of your last letter, it is very gratifying to me to find that you feel it so seriously. You are of age and of understanding to be confirmed, and when an opportunity offers, I should wish your mind to be turned seriously to that subject, and that you should appear before the Bishop with a good purpose, through God's help and power, to take upon yourself the vows and engagements, that you may not forfeit your claim and title to the blessings of a Christian. But, till you have been confirmed, it is more correct that you should not receive the sacrament, and I have written therefore to Dr. Gabell, to beg him, if it be not wholly inconsistent with the rules of the school, that he will dispense with your attendance. We are now in the depths of the Fellowship Examination. We have seventeen candidates, five vacancies. . . . I hardly know what to say about grapes: they are but very indifferent, small, and not sweet, from the wetness of the season. However, I will speak to Rowe [the Gardener], and see what he thinks. Ever most affectionately,

C. W.

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The following copy of bright and lively, if somewhat careless verses, written from Cambridge by the schoolboy of fourteen during the Christmas holidays of 1822, to his brother Charles at Harrow (to which he had gone in 1820, when his brothers went to Winchester), will give a good idea of their home life as well as of their proficiency in study :—

Your epistle, dear Charles, gave us all so much pleasure,
So charming the verse, that now I have leisure,
With your letter before me, I sit down to try,
To excel not e'en hoping; but halt! by-the-bye,
Well now I remember an old Roman poet
Says just what I mean, so his words here I quote,
If to see them you wish, pray look in the note.[3]
You desire me to tell what is present and past,
And what is to come; but as for the last,
If prophets there were, is Trumpington Street
A place very likely for prophets to meet?
As for present and past, there's the Senate House. Well!
What of that to a *Cantab*[3] can Christopher tell?
'Tis true we went out (as the clock of St. Mary's
Struck eleven, mark the hour!) from our Trinity Lares,
The Senate House filling, here ladies, here gownsmen,
Here masters and fellows, here farmers and townsmen.
Such a medley of ages and sizes I saw,
Dandies crying "'pon honour," and maidservants "Law."
We entered a seat; after sitting an hour
John departed; I staid; Dad had gone long before.

[3] Non ita *certandi* cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod te *imitari* aveo.
(Lucretius de HOMERO loquens.
Sic ego de TE.)

[3] Here used for one whose home was at Cambridge. [Note by Charles Wordsworth.]

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The place nearly full, another hour past
(And nothing begun) just as dull as the last:
I was wedged in so tight that if I had tried
I could not have stirred, so close every side.
Some people around were beginning to munch,
But I lost my patience, and what's worse, my lunch.
'Twas past three an half-hour, my stomach declared it,
And as for a clock, I, I'm sure, could have spared it.
The Vice-Chancellor seated (he'd been standing before),—
He, poor man, must have thought it a terrible bore.
His seat he has taken, now for the degrees.
Mark! first comes the Senior Wrangler of Caius.
A knocking of feet and clapping of hands
From the galleries heard, as Primus he stands.[4]
The father of Caius, by the right hand he takes him
To the chair of the V.C., then take oath he makes him,
"To keep all the statutes, observances, right,
And not, *sciens*, *volens*, by day or by night,[5]
Break the compact between the college called King's
And our University, and such like things."
But all this you know, and I fear you will scold:
I have nothing to tell but news that is old.
Let me see! Sir P. Malcolm's been here with his brother,
Mr. Turner, to tea, and Mrs. the mother,
Miss Jones, two Miss Blatchleys, of whom one 'tis said
Young Turner at the altar of Hymen will wed.
Now young Turner's a gownsman, the son of the Dean,
The Master of Pembroke, in age just nineteen.
But, cruelty dire! he must single remain
Till A.B. is added at the end of his name.
"Here's a paradox sure, and joke upon joke,"
Says father—I'm sure he's told all the folk

[4] Holditch of Caius, Senior Wrangler, 1822. [Charles Wordsworth.]

[5] Excuse some words dragged in for the sake of the rhymes; (For poets and farmers what terrible times!).

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Of Cambridge twice o'er—"'Tis Munchausen again.
Cataphelto[6] (*sic*) is here, with wonders a train,
You say that married he is not to be
Till a Bachelor, and has obtained his degree.
Sure that's odd; no good reason the young people parts,
For he's shown himself long since a Master of Hearts."
Last Sunday in Hall our dinner we took,
M——s gulphed, when we met him, how downcast his look!
Your racquet we'll look for, but at Cambridge it's not,
So we fear; but one thing I had nearly forgot,
Our books are come home. Very well they are bound,
And Dad pays the bill, just seven shillings one pound.
No *new* books have we bought; but pray let us know
What book Mr. Watson thought fit to bestow.
Write quickly. But now here's an end of this pother,
So believe me, dear Charles, your affectionate brother,
C. W.

Trinity Lodge, Jan. 27.

[Mr. C. Wordsworth,
Mrs. Leith's,
Harrow, Middlesex.]

On October 31st, 1824, the Master of Trinity brought out his work "Who wrote Icon Basiliké?" The following letter announces its reception:—

Commoners, Winchester, Nov. 28th, 1824.

MY DEAR FATHER,—After much anxious expectation your book subjected itself to my critical perusal and to the greedy jaws of my best ivory paper-knife. I read through the preface, and was delighted with the cut upon Gregory Blunt, Esq. I then halted a second to gaze upon the elegance of the exterior, which, methinks, has charms to

[6] See Cowper's "Task," Bk. IV.:—
"And Katterfelto with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

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smooth the ruffled brow of the severest Aristarchus. I thought, however, that it would be a shame to exhaust all my happiness at one draught; an idea therefore suggested itself to me, which every one must allow to have been the height of politeness, inasmuch as I made such an extraordinary sacrifice of my own enjoyment to that of others. Taking, therefore, the volume in my hand, and scrupulously observing Horace's directions in the graceful carriage and delivery of my burden, I hastened to communicate my effusions of happiness with Dr. Williams, most graciously offering him at the same time the accommodation of a prior perusal. He accepted the offer joyfully, and he yesterday informed me that he was engaged in the statement of Dr. Gauden's case, complaining at the same time that his leisure did not admit of his making as much progress as he could wish. Do you intend sending him a copy? The Warden[7] is quite at a loss what to do on these cold, windy, rainy days . . . and would, I am sure, be grateful for any amusement you could afford him. . . . Is not the country in a bad way? I pray most sincerely every day for the good estate of the Catholic Church. I hope John will think it his duty to take orders as soon as possible in her defence. With best love to him,

I remain, your dutiful and affectionate son,

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

Winchester, Wednesday, March 23rd, 1825.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I received your letter yesterday, and I should not mind writing ten pages in reply if I thought I could express half the feeling of pleasure which it gave me. I should have said that your success[8] without the aid

[7] Huntingford, Bishop of Hereford, known as an editor of Pindar and other classical works.

[8] Probably in winning a Bell's Scholarship, which he did this year.

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of squares and circles would be a dangerous precedent. I mean, if your pre-eminence in classic lore was not a powerful check to any one else being so presumptuous as to fling away his shield and fight only with a sword. I ought to tell you that Williams was *almost* as happy as I was. He is an excellent man; and, as it were to reverse the characters in Virgil where Euryalus' affectionate apprehensions for his mother call forth the filial love of Iulus, "Et patriæ mentem strinxit pietatis imago." "How glad I am," says he, "for your father's sake."

I have been engaged during this last ten days in Easter-task, and I have at last comprised my notions of "Horticultura apud Italos Antiquiores" in 185 lines.

By-the-bye, how did a certain head of a college and late chaplain to his Grace of Canterbury, take, Mr. Brougham's civil notice of him in the House some nights ago?[9] How many more freeholds for Westmoreland has he purchased? . . . Williams is convinced that Gauden was a rascal. So is Sir James Mackintosh's son. Not so Sir James Mackintosh.[1]

The following to his brother Charles, giving his recollections of an Easter holiday (1825) in the Isle of Wight, shows that his sensitiveness to natural beauty had kept pace with his literary and scholastic development:—

I have been to the Isle of Wight. I have seen Carisbrook Castle. I have drank water from Carisbrook Well, 360 feet in depth; you know that pebbles cry nickety-nock. . .

[9] My father (says the Bishop of S. Andrew's) had bought small freeholds in Westmoreland for his three sons, in order that they might vote for the Lowthers against Brougham (fagot votes), for which the latter attacked him in the House of Commons.

[1] Who (says the Bishop of S. Andrew's) reviewed my father's book in the "Edinburgh."

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when they arrive at the bottom (*vide* "Rejected Addresses," R.S.). I have seen the Gothic portals through which the unhappy Charles marched with his head uncovered, attended by soldiers, to his dungeon; I have rung the iron-tongued bell of the Castle, whose sound he used to listen to anxiously, if haply it might announce any messenger of joy. I have seen the barred lattice through which he endeavoured to escape, and I have visited the church where his daughter Elizabeth lies with only a plain stone to cover her.

After describing his passage, he adds:—

There was not a wave on the sea. I reckon it one of the great misfortunes of my life that I have never seen a wave of respectability for size. We landed about seven in the evening at Cowes—very hungry—good dinner—whist—went to bed. Next morning up at six—no prospect—thick mist—could not see our noses—biscuit tough—walked to Newport, five miles—large and fair town. Carisbrook Castle on a hill commands a fine view—very old, very large, and in *excellent condition*. Saw sheets of paper flying about. Thought they might be sheets of the *Icôn*—mistaken. Beautiful day—hot walking—country not pretty; excellent breakfast, porter, ale, bacon and eggs, after walk of twelve miles.

On towards the Needles—grievously chagrined at not being able to see them for the mist. This is the extreme point of the island; and as you face it you have on your right and left a coast of more than 600 feet in perpendicular; underneath us we could just see the sea foaming through the mist. Then there were sea-mews screaming around us, and gulls and cormorants startled by our voices from the crannies in the rocks beneath us. We returned along the coast to the right, descended the shore into a most beautiful bay (called Alum Bay). In the middle there was a very clear and cold spring, which gushed out

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of the rocks into a natural basin, the water of which was the best I ever tasted. We walked under the cliffs, which (though there was a thick mist above them) were gleaming in the sun; they were tinged with many hues, blended together in the most beautiful manner. Here a rock of green sand, here a towering pinnacle of red, there an extensive vein of delicate pink, grey, and yellow. It is a most wonderful natural curiosity, and, as our guide told us, is much frequented by geologists. We passed along the coast till we arrived at an inn called Freshwater Gate. Very hungry, having performed thirty miles that day—delightful dinner—rose at 6.30. Bathed in the sea, rather cold, with more sand clinging to my feet than at Cromer. Ross returned to the Needles. We proceeded through a very beautiful country along the coast, seventeen miles before breakfast to Sandrock Hotel. What a breakfast! I see the frothing ale before me, and the chops and cutlets. Fisher's brother having a tight shoe, could not proceed, so we hired a gig for two, and a steed for the other to ride. Drove through the most beautiful country I ever was in—pendent rocks, embowered with woods, rich vales, and the most clear streams I ever saw. The Chine, which looks on the sea, being a deep chasm, wooded on both sides, and a stream running down the midst, I should guess to be something resembling what you described in your letter to Miss Hoare as having seen in the north. . . . Slept that night at Ryde. . . . The next day we finished our circuit of the island, and set sail in the packet for Cowes on our return. Owing to a calm, they were behind time in reaching Winchester. Consequently Williams has to express his regret, but he is very sorry, and he *must* give me a hundred lines of Cicero, or else it will be a precedent for unpunctuality to others at some future time. Will you write to me? How's my bat, &c., &c.? Tell John with best love that I shall write directly. Has he got a *norse* or a *nunter?* Did he see young Mr. Mackintosh's

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speech at (torn) when Sir James was forced to leave the room?

Commoners, Winton, June 29th, 1825.

MY DEAR JOHN.— . . . What do you think of a trip to Winchester? Consider now. Fisher and myself give a dinner on Wednesday after the business of the day is over, to eight or ten particular friends. After which we start by the first conveyance, the night coach, for London. Now could you make one of the number, and return with me to Hampstead[2] in the evening? He really would consider it a particular favour, and so should I. I am afraid there is but little chance of persuading my father to come. Is there, father? But consider what an interesting place it is. You may see the palace which Morley built, and the almshouses which Morley built, and the bridge which Morley built—and all for nothing. Then consider how delighted the Warden would be to see you after what he said of your "Six Letters,"[3] so would Williams, who has a great respect for you, and our distinguished relative, as he calls him. Consider. There's the election, if you like it—Dulce Domum—superannuates' ball—the races, &c., &c. There are, moreover, a great many other reasons why you should both come. Well then, you will come. Pray do. Hankey's uncle, Alexander, and the new judge pay us a visit at Cambridge on the Norfolk circuit? Well then, you will come, and oblige

Your dutiful son, and your affectionate brother,

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

I speak, you know, at twelve on Wednesday, so that you may come in time to laugh at me or not, as you like.

The following letter shows the pride which the

[2] The residence of their kind friends, Mrs. and Miss Hoare.

[3] "Six Letters to Granville Sharp on the Use of the Definite Article in the Greek Testament," published by the Master, when Fellow of Trinity, in 1802.

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Master of Trinity took in the achievements of his three brilliant sons :—

Trinity College, Cambridge,
June 22nd, 1825.

MY DEAREST CHRIS,—We were exceedingly rejoiced to hear of your distinguished success, both in the Latin prose and the English verse ; and I congratulate you upon it very heartily. This I ought to have done sooner, and should have done it, and at the same time have sent you 5*l.* (which I now enclose) as a token of my satisfaction, had you not asked for my opinion of the exercise which you forwarded to John. Having had a number of exercises to look over (Bachelor's Essays, Norrisian's, Porson's, Chancellor's English Poems, &c., &c.), I really could not get time to look at yours till yesterday. I like it very much. The *manner* of Cicero, which is a very great point, you have caught, in very many places, exceedingly well, and I hope you will continue the study of him who is by far the best model of a Latin style. . . . John is well, and desires his love. Charles, no doubt you know, has got the Lyrics.[4]

Ever, &c.,
CHR. WORDSWORTH.

In the summer of 1825 Christopher Wordsworth left Winchester, after having won many distinctions, including the Gold Medal for the English Essay in 1824, and the Gold Medal for the Latin Essay in 1825. But it was not only in the field of intellect that he won his spurs at Winchester ; he was also, as we have seen, distinguished in the domain of cricket. In the first match between Harrow and Winchester, played at Lord's in 1825, Charles

[4] Prize for Latin Ode at Harrow.

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Wordsworth was captain of the Harrow, and Christopher Wordsworth a member of the Winchester eleven. It was on this celebrated occasion that Christopher Wordsworth "caught out" Manning. The Bishop of Lincoln used to refer with great glee in after years to a Wykehamist dinner, at which this fact was asserted, and questioned; whereupon one of the guests verified it by producing the original score, which he had kept in his pocket-book ever since the glorious day when he had himself been the scorer. Generally, as well as in connection with the subject of this memoir, the score of the first of the almost continuous series of matches between these two public schools has an historical interest. We therefore print it *in extenso*:—

[1825.]

WINCHESTER AND HARROW

At Lord's Ground.

WINCHESTER.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Wordsworth, b Wordsworth	3	c Holden	36
Papillon, b Wordsworth	1	not out	10
Templeton, b Wordsworth	0	b Wordsworth	34
Macleane, b Wordsworth	0	b Manning	8
Bayley, b Wordsworth	34	hit his wicket	10
Wright, b Holden	14	c Barclay	8
Elliott, c Gambier	17	c Wordsworth	14
Meyrick, run out	16	c Manning	6
Price, run out	7	hit his wicket	13
Cooke, not out	5	b Wordsworth	2
Knatchbull, b Wordsworth	14	leg before wicket	60
Byes	2	Byes	7
	113		208

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HARROW.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Wordsworth, b Bayley	17	b Price	5
Barclay, b Bayley	16	c Templeton	4
Deffelt, b Wright	33	b Price	6
Lewis, b Bayley	5	b Price	4
Popham, b Price	13	run out	0
Manning, b Price	6	c Wordsworth	0
Davidson, b Price	4	b Price	11
Brand, b Price	0	c Templeton	0
Holden, b Price	2	b Price	8
Grimstone, b Price	4	b Price	18
Gambier, not out	5	not out	13
Byes	6	Byes	4
	111		73

Winchester won by 135 runs.

Apropos of the Cardinal we may mention that many years afterwards, when visiting Lincoln Cathedral, he spoke to the verger of his early friendship with the Bishop, adding, "If we were to meet now, he would call me Henry, and I should call him Christopher." "Christopher" never told this story without adding, with a humorous smile, "But you know *he'd burn me if he could.*" Mr. Manning, the father, was proprietor of Combe Bank, a beautiful residence at Sundridge, Kent, a parish of which Dr. Wordsworth was rector; hence there was an intimate acquaintance between the two families when the boys were young.

In the September of the same year the Master writes:—

Tell John I hope he is reading mathematics. The

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cleverest men, by far, in our present examination (for Fellowships), indeed, the *only* men of *real abilities* (with the exception of Jeremie) are the *Mathematicians*. Besides, now that Dobree is gone, I am far from certain that we can place implicit reliance on the examiners in a *University* Examination. I mean my fear is that he is looking too undividedly to the Craven Scholarships. I am clear that the decision in *them* is a perfect *lottery*, compared with the *certainties* of examinations for *Scholarships*[6] or *Fellowships* in Trinity.

Between Christopher Wordsworth's leaving Winchester in 1825 and formally commencing residence at Cambridge there elapsed about a year, during which time he seems to have lived in Trinity Lodge, his father's house.

The following extracts from his journal not only give us glimpses of the Cambridge of that day from an exceptionally favourable point of view, but show something of the processes by which the writer's mind was being developed and built up, as well as the natural warmth of his heart, and his almost womanly dutifulness. A brilliant young man of remarkable promise is too apt to be led astray by the notice both of his elders and contemporaries; but throughout the journal there will be found no record of a compliment addressed to himself. On the other hand his enthusiasm for learning displays itself in every page, while an undercurrent of deeper and holier thought begins to make itself felt, side

[6] John W. obtained a Trinity Scholarship in 1826, and a Fellowship in 1830.

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by side with the boyish light-heartedness and thorough enjoyment of life, which are after all a valuable part of the stock-in-trade of one whose resources, physical hardly less than mental, were destined in future years to be severely taxed.

After some entries referring to his studies, and to his difficulties in mastering Euclid, he writes:—

Sunday to Sunday, Oct. 16th.—This week I stayed at Hampstead[6] with John. Charles went on to Cambridge, which place he left on Thursday for Christ Church, Oxford, to commence his residence there as a commoner. I met at Hampstead Mr. Crabbe [the poet], who, though old, and altered by illness, retains that cheerfulness and sprightly alacrity which are considered the property and chief recommendations of youth. His memory is excellent, even in the minutest things. He told us that Lord Chesterfield was the first person who introduced the word "unwell" into common use, and, countenanced by his sanction, it was forthwith admitted into the vocabulary of fashion. I met likewise Miss Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, a lady of considerable talent, and fine features, who knows Hebrew, and is an adept in the science of phrenology. She admired John's head, and told me that I was naturally disposed to the study of history, &c., which, as I did not experience any great pleasure in the perusal of Mr. Mitford's details of Hellenic lore, I am more inclined than willing to disbelieve. Read seven cantos of Fairfax's Tasso. More in them of Virgil than of Homer.

Saturday.—I left Hampstead for Cambridge. Found my father in good health. He had examined the candidates for the Greek professorship [vacated by the recent death from cholera morbus, as this journal notes, of Pro-

[6] With Mrs. and Miss Hoare. Mr. Samuel Hoare had died not long before this.

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fessor Dobree] in such questions as "Who were the authors of the Greek Lexicons, and what are they? When did they live? &c., &c." Hare and Rose answered the best.

Sunday, 16th.—I am now settled comfortably in a snug room with 500 volumes of books around me. *Quis me solutis est beatior curis?*

Monday.—Miss Hoare sent me a russia writing-case, a very handsome present.

Tuesday.—Made some excellent resolutions, which I hope more than expect to keep.

The journal then gives an account of the election of the Greek Professor, Scholefield, "præter suam et omnium expectationem;" but the details, mixed up as they were with contemporary politics, may perhaps be allowed to sink into oblivion.

This journal contains several appreciative notices of the sermons of "Mr. Graham, of Christ's College," and "Mr. Le Bas." The latter seems to have been specially admired both as a preacher[7] and conversationalist.

Thursday, Oct. 27th.—I now read between seven and eight hours a day.

Friday.—A letter from Charles at Christ Church, Oxford, to-day. There discipline seems more strictly attended to than here. It seems, however, to make him happy, which is the great point.

Saturday.—Finished the Second Book of Euclid to-day.

Sunday, 30th.—My eighteenth birthday.

[7] "If he were not deaf, he would be the most entertaining man —almost—I ever saw."

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Monday.—My father returned from Sir G. Beaumont's. . . . My uncle is staying there, in high spirits, though his eyes are painful. The first edition of his Miscellaneous Poems being at last sold, after the lapse of five years, he is about to publish a new one in five volumes. His publishers, Messrs. Longman, thinking his volumes rather sedentary articles, do not seem very zealous that their shelves should be again tenanted by such guests, and have therefore offered but 150*l.* for an unlimited impression. This he refused. Messrs. Robinson have entered into a compact to give him 300*l.* for an impression of 1000 copies. My uncle has an income of something more than 600*l.* a year. He gives to the education of his son John at Oxford 400*l.* this year, and has been giving about 300*l.* for three years. Mr. Southey's "Vindiciæ Eccl. Anglicanæ" is to be dedicated to him; it is made up chiefly of his conversation. John got the first prize for Latin verse in Trinity. I had the pleasure of being the first to communicate the news.

Sunday.—A very eloquent sermon from Mr. Le Bas in the afternoon at St. Mary's, a holy life illustrated as being a reasonable sacrifice of every member of the body, and every faculty of the soul to the service of God, in a very forcible and energetic manner. I rarely saw so large, never a more attentive audience.

Monday.—Translated into Latin a passage out of Burnet's translation of Sir T. More's "Utopia." Began to read Hume after dinner to my father, in the reign of James I.

Saturday, Oct. 10th.—Mr. Professor Sedgwick, Mr. Whewell, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Skinner of Jesus College, dined here. Mr. Sedgwick a first-rate man, certainly. So is Mr. Whewell, and particularly entertaining in conversation. Schleiermacher's book on St. Luke, translated by Thirlwall, talked about, the translation much praised. Speaking of the London University, Mr. Whewell said

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that when he was on his travels at Vienna, he met a gentleman in a considerable company of Germans, &c., who, not being a proficient in the language of the country, and seeing that Mr. Whewell was an Englishman, addressed his conversation to him. They mentioned the London University. "And what is your opinion at Cambridge, concerning its chance of success?" "Oh," says Mr. W., "we don't trouble ourselves much about it." "Aye, I suppose you will still have the aristocracy of rank at your University?" "And the aristocracy of talent and science too; but I think the superintendence of Mr. Brougham will not be very beneficial to the institution." "Well," answered the stranger, "but whom could *I* have chosen for the office?" This "I," to the great astonishment and alarm of Mr. W. turned out to be no less a man than Mr. T. Campbell, the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and the organizer of the whole scheme. My father heard likewise from him that Mr. T. De Quincey, the English opium-eater, had undertaken to review his (my father's) book on Eikôn Basiliké in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in decided hostility to the opinions there expressed; but that, having read it, he wrote to the editor to tell him that he would send him a review of the book if he pleased, but it must be now on the other side. To have convinced an enemy is something, but to have convinced such an enemy as De Quincey is most gratifying. . . .

Monday (no date).—The Orestes is a dull play, though there are passages which must have been very interesting to an Athenian audience, especially the Acropolis scene, and the character of Cleophon, which is well drawn. Besides, it abounds with political passages to amuse and instruct the ambassadors at the *Διονύσια τὰ ἐν ἄστει*.

Tuesday.—Mr. Hamilton[6] told me (at dinner) that Cambridge was ten years behind Dublin in science, and a

[6] A Fellow of Trinity; afterwards Dean of Salisbury.

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hundred behind France. It seems our Cotes and our Newtons have lived for very little, if the volatile genius of France is able so far to outstrip our coldness and taciturnity, which one would suppose are so well adapted for mathematical calculation.

Wednesday.—Drank wine with Mr. Sedgwick. Mr. Babbage, who, they say, is a most wonderful man, was there, likewise Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Higman, Mr. Sharp, my brother John, and three other men, whom I knew not. I heard, what I had heard before, that Mr. Arnold of Oriel, Oxon, is writing a history of Rome. He was the author of that review of Niebuhr in the *Quarterly Review*, against which Mr. Rose is so severe in the preface to his Sermons. He is considered a first-rate man.

Saturday.—Archdeacon Bayley, Mr. Le Bas came to us to-day, Mr. Empson (a Winchester man, and a professor at Hertford), who gave us a long and very favourable account of Mr. Brougham's private character, and his filial affection to his mother, now living, to whom he writes three times every week. Mr. J. Williams was the first man who directed his attention to the study of Demosthenes, a little before the Queen's trial, before which time he used to abuse the study of classical authors in the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Brougham says, in his letter of advice to Mr. Macaulay about his son, now a Fellow here, whom he is bringing up to the Bar and the Senate, that he wrote over that celebrated peroration of his speech at the Queen's trial twenty times at the least![9] . . . A very entertaining party. Sir J. Mackintosh wrote two articles in the *Edinburgh Review* about Reform, another on Madame de Staël, and another on Dugald Stewart, and several in the *Monthly* on Burke's speeches.

Tuesday (no date).—Mr. Tindal [afterwards Chief Justice]

[9] The Bishop of S. Andrew's has a copy of this memorable letter in MS. The words are: "I composed it twenty times over at the very least."

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went to London; he is a very kind and agreeable man; he gave me some advice, if my mind was ever bent to pursue the study of the law. By his desire I wrote a *serious* letter to his son at Winchester, a youth of as much talent as his father could wish, but rather more volatility.

Thursday.—Began Thucydides to-day—four chapters.

Friday.—Read Macaulay's article on Milton, *Edinburgh Review*, No. 84. Sir J. Mackintosh says that he abuses King Charles too much, and the Roundheads not enough.

Tuesday.—Charles came from Christ Church, Oxon, to-day. Classical studies at Oxon seem not to be carried on so well as at Cambridge. The Divinity better. The formality of society worse. Dress better (i.e. worse); not so much speculation in things which are too deep for them—few gentlemen set up for blackguards there, and a good many blackguards for gentlemen. Charles went to the Debating Society, *vulgò* Union, in the evening: heard Praed on the "march of intellect," i.e. London University. The Attorney-General was there, and much pleased.

Wednesday.—Mr. Tindal came at two o'clock this morning for "Dies computi;" off at twelve. Mr. Goulburn busy canvassing for the representation of Cambridge University.[1]

Thursday.—Finished Phœnissæ; the beginning glorious, and if 1700 lines was the general length of Greek plays, you would not complain of its prolixity.

Friday.—Began the Medea; Porson's, Elmsley's and Matthiae's Notes. A great sensation created by the state of the banks here, as everywhere else. All the doors of the banking-house crowded with farmers with long faces. The heads, &c., of the Colleges agree to support their respective bankers, and take their notes as usual, which has restored the balance of credit in a great measure.

Sunday.—Heard from Miss Hoare. She mentions the frightful state of the banks in London, notes being circu-

[1] The Bishop of S. Andrew's says he was always a guest at Trinity Lodge when he came for this purpose.

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lated wet from the press, and sovereigns hot from the mint. At the door of one [of the banks] an old woman fell down in a fit. She was conveyed into the house, which occasioned a great concourse, whence arose a report that there was a sharp run upon the bank—a falsehood which the report verified.

Tuesday.—Commemoration; some clapping in the College Hall during the distribution of prizes, upon which my father got up and made a speech of two sentences, which had the desired effect. Mr. Goulburn, Mr. Bankes, the Bishop of Bristol, &c., &c., dined in Hall. I went to chapel in the morning, heard a dull sermon, and the long catalogue read of benefactors.[2] One would almost scruple to be a benefactor to the College, for fear of wearing out the patience of the audience on this day, there being a sufficiency already to require the exercise of that virtue to the greatest degree.

Wednesday.—The panic in the "money-market" seems to have subsided; news of the Emperor of Russia's death arrived yesterday.

I began Algebra last week; received a letter from the secretary stating that I was elected a member of the S.P.C.K. Stupid debates in Parliament about the country bankers. Stocks very low.

Friday.—Finished writing a sermon for Russell Skinner (Dr. Walton's nephew and curate) on Gen. xxvii. 33. My determination to be in the Church is strengthening—this time last year I had almost decided on the Bar. Dr. Walton [his godfather] is an excellent man, tells very good stories, and with a great deal of liveliness and wit. He ought to be brought into a more leading station in the Church.

Wednesday.—Went with Miss Hoare, Mrs. Pryor, and my father to Mr. Marsh's chapel [at Hampstead]; after-

[2] The list of benefactors has been revised and curtailed since this date.

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wards to the workhouse, to see five negroes who had been rescued by an English vessel from a slave-ship.

Finished the Heraclidæ to-day. My wishes for my future life are to study Divinity very hard for my good, and Greek (the Attic theatre particularly) for my amusement.

Friday.—Went to London, to the Diorama; the view of Rosslyn Chapel is the most perfect deception I ever saw.

Heard from John. He got over his English declamation (on Lord Bacon's character) with great satisfaction.

Saturday.—Began the Bacchæ.

Sunday.—Received the Sacrament. God grant that I may become better and better, every time I come to His altar! Heard in the evening an excellent sermon from Mr. Marsh.

* * * * * *

Easter Monday.[3]—Finished the Bacchæ. A fine play—some scenes look as if they had been written (if we could judge from the harmony and equability of the verse, and greater compactness of ideas) at an earlier period than it was acted, or the body of the play was written.

Tuesday.—Began Septem contra Thebas of Æschylus. What a change from Euripides! They seem almost to have written in a different language.

Wednesday.—Looking into Bede's Works, 5 vol. folio., I see there are copious excerpta in the second volume from the De Officiis, De Senectute, and De Amicitiâ of Cicero, with many variations in the reading from the received text. I am going to make a collation of them, for are they not of as much authority as a MS. in the seventh or eighth century?

Friday.—To-day and to-morrow John sits for a Trinity College Scholarship. May he be successful. According to my computation from the 1st September to the end of March, being seven months, I have read twelve Greek

[3] Birdbrook Rectory, Dr. Walton's.

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plays, nearly one book of Thucydides, nearly all the Olympians of Pindar, and four books of Euclid.

Wednesday.—Began the Persæ. . . . Blomfield is happier in his derivations than in his conjectural emendations of the text. The preface is well worth reading. Æschylus is a poet of great zeal and fervour in every subject which he treats; but how must his heart have glowed when writing on a theme in which he himself was not only an eye-witness, but an actor—and that such a glorious theme to a patriotic soul as the battle of Salamis!

Saturday.—Saw in the newspaper to-day that John was elected a scholar of Trinity College.

Monday.—Rode over by Horseheath to Cambridge. My father followed in his carriage.

Wednesday.—Miss Catharine and Miss Rachel Gurney came to-day, very old and esteemed friends of my father. Dr. Walton also came.

Sunday.—My father had a very pleasing letter from my Aunt Braithwaite [a Quakeress], who is now in America, on a mission to the Society of Friends there. A most excellent sermon at St. Mary's in the afternoon, from Mr. Rose, on the duties of a priest, and the preparation necessary for that office. He dined with us after church; he is a very pleasing person, he is a good scholar, and a good man. He is going to undertake the editorship of the *Museum Criticum*, and had been to Oxford to engage contributors for the purpose, but he was disappointed. He does not seem to think very favourably of the system of education pursued there, with a view to the formation of scholars.

Monday.—. . . I find from a conversation with Rowe, our gardener, that Dr. Barrow used to go out of the King's Room, through the little room in which I am now writing, along a picture-gallery which is now the laundry, down some steps into a little building called "Barrow's Study," and there probably his sermons were composed.

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Tuesday.—Mr. Rose . . . drank tea here; he gave an account of an interview he had with Professor Hermann of Leipsic. The professor is a short man; he appeared in large tall boots and spurs,[4] with the keys of all his closets, &c., hanging over his arm. Mr. R. did not speak German, nor the professor English; they conversed in Latin. Mr. R. said that he looked forward with pleasure to the appearance of the professor's edition of Sophocles' Œd. Col., as there were, he was compelled to confess, several passages which he could make no sense of at all. "Nor I either," answered the editor. Mr. Rose likewise told me that the late Professor Dobree had nearly given up reading Sophocles, as there were scarcely ten lines together where he did not meet with some impediment. How imperfect human learning is, which creates often, as much as it removes, difficulties! Sophocles, however, seems to be an author with whom a foreigner may be acquainted, but never intimate; for in confirmation of Hermann's and Dobree's opinion, Dr. Bayley told me that Elmsley had given him a copy of an edition of Sophocles, which he (Dr. E.) had printed, but never published, with the text corrected according to his own notions of the meaning. These corrections were very far removed from the received readings.

* * * * * *

Read Griesbach's Prolegomena (to N.T.), and likewise Knapp's preface. I am commencing an attentive perusal of the New Testament, from which God grant I may rise wiser and better.

* * * * * *

Wednesday.—Mr. Goulburn and Dr. Bayley set off to London at twelve o'clock in the night. The latter is a man

[4] "Nine years afterwards," says the Bishop of S. Andrew's, "I called upon him at Leipsic, and he was dressed in the same way—as if prepared to go out hunting, which, I believe, he frequently did."

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of more brilliancy of wit and fanciful illustration than I have ever seen in any one else. He looked over John's Greek Ode (Delphi), and gave a very gratifying opinion as to its merits.

Friday.— . . . Played at cricket with Thornton and Prendergast. Heard from Charles. He is mentioned as likely to get the Hexameter Verse prize at Oxford. I hope he may. He wishes that Oxford and Cambridge should play a match at cricket.

. . . I am reading the siege of Platæa in the second book of Thucydides. What a minute and interesting description! But it is rather hard to construe.

Sunday.—Read one hundred pages of "Bentley on Freethinking." Very spirited and ingenious. Looked into Carpzovii Critica Sacra. Mr. Brougham in his speech on the abolition of slavery in the House, two or three nights ago, having presented a petition to that effect, which some member affirmed was signed only by Methodists and dissenters, observed that there was one name attached to the petition which he was glad to see, and that of a man who he was sure was no advocate of Methodism—he meant Mr. Wordsworth.[5]

Wednesday.—Busy writing out John's Greek Ode, Latin Ode, and Iambics for the University prize.[6] Took them at eleven o'clock this night to Catharine Hall, the Vice-Chancellor's.

Friday.—Long letter this morning from my uncle [W. W.] about Westmoreland election and Mr. Brougham.

Shortly after this he mentions with great admiration a sermon from "a gentleman of St. John's, Mr.

[5] His brother, the Master of Trinity, had signed the anti-slavery petition some little time before.

[6] The exercises for competition were, of course, not permitted to be sent in in the author's own handwriting.

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Blunt. It was an application of Paley's argument (in the Horæ Paulinæ), of undesigned coincidence, to the Evangelists, and especially for the confirmation of the accounts with respect to . . . . miracles. He pronounced Seleucia with *i* long."

Monday.—All the walls are covered with electioneering placards, and all the shop-windows talk politics. No places to be got in coaches. The Attorney-General has engaged all the Telegraph (coach) for the lawyers, and all the Norwich coaches are to be as heavily laden next week with Mr. Bankes' voters as they are with turkeys at Christmas. Paragraphs and rumours in newspapers, of which Mr. Goulburn has his share. I am afraid that he despises them too much. . . . The exercises written for Porson prize came from the Greek professor to-day to my father. There are some very good indeed, but John's is inferior, I think, to none, except perhaps one, which I take to be Kennedy's.

The next few pages are full of electioneering details:—

A most severe contest contemplated. It will cost even the unsuccessful candidates 1000*l.* The Dean of Peterborough[7] gave us some interesting anecdotes about Bentley, while my father and myself were walking with him in the King's Room [in Trinity Lodge] (the room where James and many of his predecessors and successors had comedies acted by the students, and where Queen Anne knighted Sir I. Newton). The staircase of this house was the principal source of all the feuds between him and the College from 1707 to 1742. It cost 430*l.* He had ordered the workmen to build it without the consent of the College, and after a struggle of two years, in which time he proved himself an adept in the art of tormenting, he compelled them to pay for it. All

[7] Dr. Monk.

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the rooms were hung with tapestry, for which he substituted wainscotting, and he removed an Oriel window near the tower in the State Room, besides changing all the Gothic windows into modern sashes—a most audacious and slashing piece of emendatory criticism.

Friday, July 7th.—Saw in Cambridge paper that John had got second Porson prize.

Sunday, July 9th.—Commencement; a very eloquent sermon from Mr. Rose. The principal topic was the awful consequences attendant on the grasping and speculative genius of the present day, and the influence which it has in directing the powers of the intellect to exclusively scientific objects as the most likely to bring a speedy harvest with less toil to the cultivator, instead of those solid pursuits, the toil of which is greater, the harvest less speedily reaped and not so readily disposed of at the selfish and sordid market of human judgment.

Tuesday.—Selwyn of St. John's has got the prizes for Latin and Greek Odes and Epigram. Went to Senate House, heard them recited. Selwyn read Kennedy's Porson prize, he (K.) being unable to attend.

Thursday.—Charles and I set out on horseback to ride to London.

Friday.—Dined at Lower Edmonton. Put our horses up at "Red Hart," Fetter Lane. Took hackney-coach to Lord's Cricket Ground; played two hours; bought two bats; thence down to Harrow to the "King's Head," seven o'clock evening. Walked down to cricket-ground of the school; received very civilly; played an hour; slept at "King's Head."

Saturday.—Clay came down to breakfast from town. Played a match with school, and dined with them in a marquee on the ground; enjoyed the day very much.

Wednesday.[8]—Found it rather hard work to buckle to to

[8] "At Buxted, my father's living (joined with Uckfield), in

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Euclid again. Began third book. Amused ourselves this rainy day with an endeavour to construct a boat for the pond out of an old barrel. John came to dinner at four from Cambridge; he has got a second Declamation prize.

Friday.—To-day I was confirmed by the Bishop of Chichester in Buxted Church; he gave us a very good charge. At the conclusion of the service 640 were confirmed of all ages.

Saturday.—Made some calls with my father in Uckfield. Read Russel's Tour in Germany. What a delightful residence must the Court of Weimar have been when it embraced in its society at one period Göthe, Wieland, Schiller, and Herder! Were I king of this country, poets, painters, and learned men should soon be seen in palaces again. Were George IV. to write verses, they would sell so prodigiously as to enable him to diminish the taxation of his people in a most agreeable and efficient manner. . . .

Sunday, July 16th.—Went with father to Buxted Church in the morning and Uckfield in afternoon. After church we walked on the hill opposite our house. The evening was a most lovely one, and the prospect, after the dreary flats of Cambridgeshire, was doubly delightful. We talked of the best method of preaching. He recommended that of making a few notes and then entering the pulpit, with no other assistance than the Bible and his own eloquence. This mode he himself practised at Bocking, first in the National Schoolroom when explaining the Scriptures to the children. . . . He used to stroll about the fields on Saturday mornings and speak his sermon to the winds and hedges. . . . He added that he never made such a progress

Sussex, exchanged for Sundridge, when he became Master of Trinity. He wished to retain Sundridge, though far inferior in value, but the Archbishop, who was patron in both cases, would not allow it to be separated from Lambeth, so Dr. Doyly, who had been Rector of Buxted, succeeded to both Lambeth and Sundridge."—Bishop of S. Andrew's.

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in Divinity and knowledge of the Scriptures as at that period. . . . In the evening I read a sermon to the family.

Thursday.—I spend my time pretty much as follows:—

7. Get up. Read Demosthenes till

8.30. Prayers. Breakfast: tea and bread-and-butter and toast.

9.30. Up to my room again. Euclid, ten problems, and algebra till

1. Out cricket or riding till

4. Dine. Leisure. Light reading: Greek Play, Æschylus or Aristophanes, 100 lines, till

8.30. Tea. Thucydides, ten chapters.

10. Prayers.

11. Some Diatessaron. Bed.

I am very happy here, and I hope I am thankful.

On Monday, July 31st, he and his brother went up for Harrow and Winchester and Eton and Winchester matches.

Slept at Ibbotson's Hotel.

Tuesday.—Breakfasted with Papillon at Ibbotson's. Played at Lord's all day.

Wednesday.—Harrow and Winchester came on this morning. Dined with Mr. Ward, M.P. for London, the proprietor of the ground, a Winchester man, and the first cricketer in the world. To Hampstead in the evening.

Thursday.—All day at Hampstead. Quite satisfied that Winchester must beat. They *did* beat by about 400 runs. . . .

Saturday.—Arrived at Buxted. Winchester beat Eton by sixty runs, huzza!

I enjoyed this week very much, meeting so many old faces at Lord's, and such an interesting spectacle it does one's heart good to see it, especially as Charles and I were both engaged on different sides in the similar contest at the same place this time last year.

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After describing a sojourn at Brighton for his father's * health, he says:—

Tuesday, Sept. 19th.—Here I am lying on my sofa, with my drab reading-coat on, in the upper rooms of the Lodge-turret staircase, a freshman of Trinity College. . . . From Friday to this time I have been from the upholsterer to the ironmonger, from the ironmonger to the upholsterer, ordering Pembroke tables, round ditto, small ditto, sofa, chairs, easy ditto, book-shelves, curtains (scarlet), fire-irons, snuffers, tea-pot, coffee-machine, candlesticks, coal-scuttle to fill the coal-scoop, and a coal-scoop to fill the coal-scuttle, and a great many more useless things *quæ nunc præscribere longum est.* . . .

I have now kept journal a year. . . .

Sunday, Oct. 15th.—I went to chapel yesterday, and dined in Hall for first time. I look into my journal with the same feelings as one speaks to an old friend whom one has not seen for a long time. Now, journal, what shall I tell you? My father is gone to Brighton again, and I heard the day before yesterday he was going on well, which I know, journal, you will be glad to hear; and next I have been trying to do the fifth book of Euclid, and I can't succeed, which I know, journal, you will be sorry to hear. I have read the Choëphoræ and Eumenides of Æschylus since I saw you last and some Juvenal and Tacitus, and a little Thucydides. I have been to shoot (*at*) snipes in the fens. I have played at cricket and got beaten by the snobs. I have played at tennis and billiards. Charles has returned to Ch. Ch., and my book-shelf is going to be painted, and I have had some books

* An old servant of the family, Sophia Carter, told one of his daughters in after years that Christopher Wordsworth had sat up day and night for six weeks during the Master's illness, and loved to recall his good-humoured behaviour to the servants, with whom he was a favourite.

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bound. I have written to *St. James's Chronicle* a letter signed *Cantabrigiensis* which they say is too smart and witty to insert, but they will do it if I wish. I have formed two or three acquaintances, Frere, Kemble (the Saxon scholar), Birkbeck, Pickering.

Saturday.—Tennis with Merivale. Rowed to Chesterton.

Tuesday, Oct. 30th.—My nineteenth birthday.

Saturday.—My father, who came from Brighton last night, elected to-day Vice-Chancellor. Sworn in at the Lodge. God grant he may get through the labours of the office prosperously.

At this point Christopher Wordsworth's academic career may be said to have fairly commenced.[1] The

[1] The Bishop of Lincoln's son, Canon Wordsworth, has kindly supplied us with the following details respecting Trinity in his father's time:—

"At the time when Christopher Wordsworth entered at Trinity the 'seniority' which Gunning knew, and of which he gives so dark a picture in his *Reminiscences* (sub anno 1798), had passed away. Mathias, Mark and C. J. Blomfield had long since gone out of residence. Porson and Mansel had been lost to Cambridge for many years. The duller men, who had often afforded them merriment, were all gone excepting J. H. Rénouard, who was now vice-master, the only fellow who attended the late supper in Hall, and detained the scholars-in-waiting to say grace for him. We have his speaking likeness sketched from a silhouette cut out of sticking-plaster by a neat-fingered undergraduate beneath the cover of his gown while the vice-master was pompously explaining *why* he could *not* consent to sit for his portrait. W. Pugh still remained, but his mind soon became a wreck. He was, however, allowed to take part in the college examinations, wherein his judgment was much respected. When we turn to the list of junior fellows, the prospect is more hopeful. Dobree has lived barely long enough to hand on Porson's torch to John Wordsworth—such was Mr. Shilleto's judgment of the succession of Greek scholarship in the college and university. The tutors, until after the brothers had taken their degrees, were Whewell, R. W. Evans, Peacock,

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brilliancy of that career will be sufficiently indicated by the mere list of the distinctions which he won.

and Higman, J. C. Hare (of whose teaching F. D. Maurice spoke so enthusiastically), Fisher, Coddington, and Thorp were their assistants. Also Airy, Thirlwall and F. Martin. Other lecturers were Romilly, J. A. Barnes, C. J. Myers, Jeremie and Challis. Adam Sedgwick (who had seen a man who called Newton 'friend') was *pandoxator*. Scholefield had just been advanced to the Greek professorship. In addition to some of the above-named, H. Venn Elliott was a college-preacher.

"Looking over the list of younger men in the college, and throughout the university, we find among those who went out in 1827, first and foremost, B. H. Kennedy of St. John's (Pitt Scholar and Porson Prizeman, who had won several prizes for Epigrams and Greek and Latin Odes). Hoveden, Carus and Cleasby, Butterton (Master of Uppingham), Jarrett and T. Chatfield also acquired various honours. Passing to the men of 1828-29, who may have come into competition with Christopher Wordsworth in some of the earlier contests of his undergraduate course, we see notably W. Selwyn (Craven Scholar, Classical Medallist, Greek and Latin Ode and Epigrams), T. W. Peile, of Repton, Bishop Perry, J. H. Evans, of Sedbergh, W. B. Tate, *Trin.* (Bell's Scholar.—For *this* Chr. Wordsworth could not compete, as his eldest brother held one); Soames (Craven Scholar and Medallist), T. J. Phillips, Arthur Martineau, Cavendish (Duke of Devonshire) and J. Prince Lee (Craven Scholar) of *Trinity*, Bishop Philpott, H. S. Hildyard (Bell's Scholar and Members' Prize), Capel Lofft (Craven Scholar), T. Scott, and T. Butler. In his own year (1830) the distinguished classical scholars were Steel (of Harrow), Burchan, Wilkinson, and Lord A. Hervey (*Trin.*), C. Merivale (Latin Ode and Epigram, 1829), Tucker (Brown Scholar, *Pet.*).

"The juniors who might have entered into competition with him in their first years were C. R. Kennedy (Pitt Scholar, Porson Prize, Greek and Latin Ode), Blakesley (Classical Medal), Walsh, Lushington; Shilleto, Dobson, Thompson (Members' Prize), Spedding and Alford (ditto), and Heath, *Trin.*; G. Selwyn, *Joh.*, G. S. Venables, *Jesus*; F. Tennyson (Greek Ode), C. Tennyson (Turner), G. P. Cookesley and J. E. Bromby (Pitt Scholars).

"The Kennedys and Selwyns have carried off many distinctions

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It would be difficult to find a parallel instance of three brothers, all within the space of five years, carrying off so many University honours and prizes. The following is the list of them:—

John Wordsworth, the eldest, won at Cambridge a University Bell Scholarship, 1825 (this cannot be held by two brothers at one time); Latin Verse prize at Trinity College, 1825; University Porson prize for Greek Verse, 1826; Second Latin Declamation prize, Trinity College, 1826; Reading prize (for the lessons read as Scholar in Chapel), 1827; a Trinity Scholarship, 1826; a Trinity Fellowship 1830.

Charles Wordsworth, the second, won at Oxford the University Latin Verse prize (on "Mexico"), the Christ Church Latin Verse prize (on "Athenæ"), and a Fell Exhibition, all in 1827, for which distinctions he was named for a Studentship by the Dean (Smith) at the end of the year (one of the first Studentships given away for merit), together with his friends, Walter K. Hamilton (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury) and Henry Denison (brother of Bishop Hamilton's predecessor), named respectively by two of the Canons; a First Class in Litteris Humanioribus in 1830, and the University

at Cambridge; but, so far as we are aware, no instance has occurred where any single scholar has won more numerous considerable honours than Christopher Wordsworth did. The printed compositions of the three brothers make up a volume of respectable bulk, of which a few copies were bound in red and gold with the title 'Tria juncta in uno.'"

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Latin Essay prize in 1831. Besides these intellectual distinctions, he was also, in 1827, one of the Oxford eleven in the first cricket-match between the two Universities, and in 1829 both one of the eight in the first inter-University boat-race, and one of the eleven in the second cricket-match.

Christopher Wordsworth, the youngest, won at Cambridge the First Latin Verse prize at Trinity College, the University Latin Verse prize ("Iphigenia in Aulide"), and the University English Verse prize ("The Druids") in 1827; First English Declamation, Trinity College, First Latin Declamation, Trinity, First Latin Verse prize, Trinity, Tripos Verses, written by request ("Bibliomania"), University Latin Prize ("Hannibal"), University English Verse prize ("Invasion of Russia"), Greek Epigram, Latin Epigram, University Porson prize for Greek Verse (Troil. and Cressid. III. 3). In fact, in 1827 and 1828, he had swept away so many prizes that in 1829 the college tutors dissuaded him from entering the lists again, as hard upon other competitors—probably such a compliment as was never paid before or since to any undergraduate.

"Chris.," writes the master to Joshua Watson, November 11, 1828), "has just got another prize for Latin Verse, which completes the list of all he could possibly have got within the college."

In 1829 only two distinctions are recorded, no doubt for the reason given above, the First Reading prize (Trinity), and the University Craven Scholar-

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ship. In 1830 he took his degree as Senior Classic in the Classical Tripos, 14th Senior Optime in the Mathematical Tripos, won the First Chancellor's Medal for Classical Studies, and was elected Fellow of Trinity College.

The following letter from Christopher Wordsworth's old master at Winchester, shows how deep an interest he took in his distinguished pupil's success:—

Winchester, June 26, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,—I had seen with no small pleasure in the newspapers the account of your having gained the English Verse Prize, but I was not prepared to hear of such an accumulation of honours as has fallen to the lot of your brothers and yourself. From the satisfaction which your success has given me, I can easily imagine how your father must be overjoyed. He knows too well how to chasten his joy, otherwise I should really fear for him the fate of Diagoras. *Tres Olympionicas unâ e domo prodire,* is more than that worthy could have boasted, had he not reckoned himself. Pray give my hearty congratulations to Dr. Wordsworth on what must be so gratifying to him as the proof of the actual merit of his sons, and the earnest of their future distinction. I beg you also to accept for yourself, and to present to your brother, my warmest acknowledgment of the honour you have reflected on the place of your education.

I am glad to hear of your determination to pursue the study of mathematics in the summer, as I should be sorry that you should leave any region of learning unexplored, or your academical fame incomplete.

I request you to give my best compliments to Dr. Bayley. I know the warm interest he takes in your welfare, and how much he will be pleased with your success.

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With every good wish to yourself and your family, believe me, my dear sir,

Yours very sincerely,

D. WILLIAMS.

I hope to hear the result of your annual examination.

All three brothers were soon engaged as official lecturers in their colleges. In estimating the distinctions of the three it is only fair to bear in mind that at Oxford the same University prize can only be obtained once, while at Cambridge there is no such restriction.

This account may fitly close with an anecdote which Mr. Goulburn, M.P. for Cambridge University, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, used to tell of the Duke of Wellington. A copy of Charles Wordsworth's Latin Verse prize poem on "Mexico" was lying on the Duke's library table, and when a friend (perhaps Mr. Goulburn himself) took it up, the Duke said to him, "I consider the father of the young man who wrote that prize poem to be the happiest man in the kingdom;" and being asked why, he answered, "Because each of his three sons has this year (1827) got a University prize:" a remarkable testimony to the value which the Duke set on University distinctions, though himself not a University man.

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CHAPTER III.

EARLY MANHOOD AND EARLY TRAVELS.

We must now turn from Cambridge to Westmoreland, and from the bustling scenes of academic life to influences of a loftier and calmer kind.

The journal already quoted contains an account of a reading-party at Bowness in 1827, and is chiefly valuable for its occasional notices of the Rydal household. So much of it was, however, embodied by its author in his Memoir of William Wordsworth that it need not be reproduced here. It is easy, however, to see how much of the real education of the young and successful Trinity prizeman was carried on by the shores of Windermere, and among the green slopes of Loughrigg and Nab Scar; and it is impossible to over-estimate the gain for such a mind at so critical a period of its development of coming under the influence of one "not of an age but for all time," who, though a fastidious and even severe critic of himself and others, yet soared high above, and dived far below, the mere technicalities of literary art. The grand, broad, simple way of looking at life which, to the last, characterized the subject of this memoir, was no faint reflection of the character of the author of the "Excursion."

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It was a happy thing also for Christopher Wordsworth that at Rydal he came into the society of the poet's wife, sister, and daughter, all of whom felt a warm affection for him, and brought an element into his life of womanly tenderness. His cousin Dora especially, as many bright and playful letters show, was almost like an elder sister to him, and throughout the correspondence there is something very *piquant* in the contrast between her liveliness and the unbroken seriousness of "Daddy," as she called the good old poet, who hung upon her with all a father's love for an only daughter.

One or two specimens of the letters from the Rydal household will illustrate this.

The following, from Dorothy Wordsworth, has no date. It is written in the tremulous hand of a confirmed invalid, and evidently refers to a present from her Cambridge nephews:—

MY GOOD AND DEAR NEPHEWS,—You would be more than recompensed for the sacrifice from your apartment in Trinity College to my quiet prison-house, of the picture of the Virgin and her two lovely babes, if you could form a notion of the deep delight I have in looking upon the placid figure of the mother, and the infantine grace of the children. My first feeling when the box was opened was chiefly of gratitude to you, and a touch, I hope, of innocent pride in the possession of the love and thoughtful friendship of so many nephews, all removed far from me. The picture itself pleased me much, but compared with the feeling which I *now* always have in looking on your precious gift, it was nothing. My admiration grows daily. It hangs opposite to the bottom of

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my bed, and when all the family are gone to rest, is my soothing companion, when lighted up by the temperate blaze of the fire, and my pleasure increases the more it is indulged. But I must cut short. Though I write lying on my back, it wearies me, so in a few words I will entreat you, if possible, to come to Rydal this summer. . . . It would be a great happiness to me to see you once again.

I trust our poor Dora is really improved, and that she may be strong enough to bear the journey to her kind and best of friends, Mrs. and Miss Hoare. Isabella will write the letter, for mine deserves not the name, and will tell you about us, but never can she tell you what delight I should have in seeing your dear father and all of you. Your uncle admonishes me to write no more, so farewell, and may God help and prosper you through life.

Your loving aunt,

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

The following from Dorothy Wordsworth to her brother, the Master of Trinity, is dated Rydal Mount, April 27th, 1830. After pressing him to pay them a summer visit, she continues :—

My first wish is that your dear son John may be elected Fellow of Trinity . . . my next that Chris may also be elected, and thus spared the going through so much as has fallen to his brother's lot. You do not mention Charles' prospects. John told me he was not very hopeful of reaching the First Class,[1] but I do expect to see his name there, and shall be anxious for the Oxford paper. . . . Whatever be his place, I shall have no misgivings, no doubts about his well-doing. . . . Give my kind love to John and Chris, and a thousand good wishes for a happy end of their labours . . .

[1] All these hopes were fulfilled. Charles W. came out First Class (Lit. Hum.) in the same year, 1830, that his brothers obtained Trinity Fellowships.

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and the like to Charles when he is written to, and believe, me, my dear brother,

Your ever affectionate sister,

D. WORDSWORTH.

Her brother adds on the same page:—

MY DEAR BRO.,—With Mr. Burke's colleagues at Bristol, I say ditto to all that she has so ably expressed upon your coming hither. Mary says ditto also. Is it politic for the two brothers to contend at the same time? but you know best. Owen [Lloyd] means to take his Master's degree next Commencement, &c.

This period in Christopher Wordsworth's history was also important as awakening in his mind the first beginnings of what was to be so characteristic of his future life, a keen interest in the Roman controversy. In a journal kept by him while on a first visit to Paris (33, Rue d'Artois), and probably about the year 1828, we find, after the usual remarks about the ordinary sights of Paris, from the king and the Duchesse d'Angoulême to the chiffoniers, "with a basket on their back and a sort of ἰχθύβολος μηχανὴ in their hand, with which they spike every scrap, be it what it may, and waft it over their shoulder into the basket,"—the following thoughtful sentences:—

The Catholic Church here is in its dotage: it is worn out. The priests are hated, the churches are deserted. A change must soon take place. The king supports the clergy, but his support is not worth having. It seems probable that the nation will first become a nation of free-thinkers—will become? it is so already—and then, it is to

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be hoped, we may look for better things. Indeed, if France were a moral and religious nation, it would be the happiest in the world. What a climate it possesses! For this last week we have not had a cloud. But then we must also abolish the thousand cafés and restaurants . . . these estalishments are guilty of all the domestic infelicities of Paris. . . . There is more appearance of happiness in France than reality. They have their griefs, but they try to conceal them. They suffer a good deal, but they never use the passive voice.

The following letter from the poet was written on the occasion of this visit :—

Rydal Mount, November 27th [1828].

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—It gave me much pleasure to learn that your residence in France had answered so well. As I had recommended the step, I felt more especially anxious to be informed of the result. I have only to regret that you do not tell me whether the interests of a foreign country and a brilliant metropolis had encroached more upon the time due to your academic studies than was proper. I ought to have asked this question through your father. There is little or no religion among the male portion of the French people, except a few old men and certain priests who, I doubt not, are sincere. You are therefore probably not mistaken in imputing to that want most of the vices and defects of the French character. As to the Revolution which Mr. Digby calculates upon, I agree with him that a great change must take place, but not altogether, or even mainly, from the cause which he looks to, if I be right in conjecturing that he expects that the Religionists, who have at present such influence over the king's mind, will be predominant. The French Monarchy must undergo a great change, or it will fall altogether. A constitution of government so disproportioned cannot endure.

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A monarchy without a powerful aristocracy or nobility graduating into a gentry, and so downwards, cannot long subsist. This is wanting in France, and must continue to be wanting till the restrictions imposed upon the disposal of property by will through the Code Napoleon are done away with; and it may be observed, by-the-bye, that there is a bareness—some would call it a simplicity—in that code which unfits it for a complex state of society like that of France, so that evasions and stretchings of its provisions are already found necessary to a degree, which will ere long convince the French people of the necessity of disencumbering themselves of it. But to return: my apprehension is, that for the cause assigned, the French monarchy may fall, before an aristocracy can be raised to give it necessary support. The great monarchies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, having not yet been subject to popular revolution, are still able to maintain themselves through the old feudal forms and qualities, with something—not much—of the feudal virtues. This cannot be in France: popular inclinations are much too strong—thanks, I will say so far, to her Revolution. How is a government fit for her condition to be supported, but by religion and a spirit of honour, or refined conscience? Now religion in a widely extended country plentifully peopled cannot be preserved from abuse of priestly influence and from superstition and fanaticism, nor honour be an operating principle upon a large scale except through *property*—that is, such accumulations of it, graduated, as I have mentioned above, through the community. Thus, and thus only, can be had, exemption from temptation to low habits of mind, leisure for solid education, and dislike to innovation, from a sense in the several classes, how much they have to lose; for circumstances often make men wise, or at least discreet, when their individual levity or presumption would dispose them to be much otherwise. To what extent that constitution of character which is produced by property makes up for the decay of chivalrous

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loyalty and strengthens government, may be seen by comparing the officers of the English army with those of Prussia, &c. How far superior are ours as gentlemen! So much so, that British officers can scarcely associate with those of the continent—not from pride, but instinctive aversion to their low propensities.

But I cannot proceed, and ought, my dear Chris, to crave your indulgence for so long a prose.

As we are touching upon the relations which subsisted between the subject of this memoir and his Rydal kinsfolk, it will be well to anticipate dates, and insert some later letters in this place:—

12, *Bryanston Street, Portman Square,*
[Postmark, *May* 14, 1828.]

MY DEAR COUSIN,—Last night Lady Davy took myself and father to the opera, where I saw and heard Madame Sontag. You will smile at your country cousin's bold critique, but bear in mind that it is done at your own request—with a wish to give pleasure; and will at any rate be a proof that my thoughts are with you in this bustling wilderness, and that I am ready to seize the first opportunity of flying back to Cambridge, where I spent such a *sunny* month (I mean heart sunshine), and deeply do I feel all the *affectionate* and *affecting* kindness shown me by yourself and dear John. Now to my story. Madame Sontag is a delicious nightingale! her flexibility of voice perfectly amazing—exceedingly sweet, though not heart-stirring: of this father complains much. Her figure is light and pretty, hand and arm exquisite, foot pretty, but no pretensions to beauty of physiognomy—at least, at the distance I saw her. Her manner is winning and agreeable, and her voice and singing "in perfect unison with the scene" (of figure, &c.); and it appears to me that the world is tolerably justified in bestowing on her its praises. To-

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night we all go to Drury Lane; Mr. Reynolds, the Keepsake Friend, sent us four tickets, and we are to meet him there. This is a tidy man. I have been to the Diorama, but as yet nothing else in the sight-seeing way. Of friends, the most interesting, Sir Walter Scott, Rogers, Mr. Kenyon, and others too numerous to name. Mr. Quillinan has taken my mother to call upon Mrs. Hoare. Father at breakfast with Crabbe Robinson in the Temple, and I alone at home to receive all their visitors. Father dines with Mr. Joshua Watson on Friday. I wonder how dear uncle is. I want to see him, but shall be "fearfully shamed," for I have got such a hat! and had a Frenchman last night to dress my hair for the opera, who cut off all my dangling curls, and made my head precisely like the ladies you see in their windows. Breakfast, dinner, and evening engagements are overwhelming us; *truly*, I am sighing for Rydal rest. I know not how many lords and fine folk were in the box last night, and the grandest of all our sweet cousin ——, who really did me the honour of twice shaking me by the hand. I saw numbers of pretty women, but no man as handsome as my Cambridge lover. But how did the bumping go on last night? St. John's still triumphant? You must be sure to tell us how it goes on. Father means to call upon his bookseller this morning. Lockhart breakfasted here with Sir Walter; I like him better than I did. Gillies, too, we have seen. Had a letter from Rydal, but no particular news. I have had one great disappointment: Miss Cookson gone back to Kendal. I went to the door in full confidence of seeing her, and anticipating much pleasure from the pleasure I knew the fresh contributors to her album would give, that my disappointment was almost overpowering. Here comes Miss Douglas, and no father. What—— Father just come in. I can write no more.

Kindest love to John.

Your very affectionate,

DORA WORDSWORTH.

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Robert Southey died in March, 1843. The following letter from William Wordsworth refers to an inscription written for his monument:—

January 16, 1844.

MY DEAR CHRIS,—It is creditable to Mr. Southey, and perhaps in some small degree to myself, that the Inscription has given birth to so much minute criticism, and I thank you for taking the pains with it you have done. I question whether there is a couplet in the whole that has not been objected to by some one or another, and in a way that would surprise you as much, were I to report the instances, as your remarks did me—all but the first. . . . . As to the four concluding lines, what you dwell upon as a defect I deem exactly the contrary; and it may be as well to say —as you appeal to authorities—that four intelligent persons who were present when your remarks were read, were of my opinion. I have no notion of an "ordinary Christian." A man is a believer with a life conformable to his belief; and if so, all peculiarities of genius, talent, and personal character vanish before the sublime position which he occupies with all brother-Christians, children of one Father, and saved by the one Redeemer. I had sufficiently raised the subject of the Inscription above ordinary men by the first sixteen lines, and this being done, all individual distinctions are in the conclusion merged, as they ought to be, in a condition compared with which everything else sinks into insignificance. [Then, after entering into details] I thank you, dear Chris, for having expressed your objection. Nothing seems to be lost by the alteration.

November, 1844.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—Heartily do we all rejoice in the event of which we had before heard from your father. We are glad especially on account of your health, that you are leaving Harrow; and this new situation seems exactly

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fitted for you, provided you can unite with it some parochial work which may not be too much for your strength. A residence in London will enable you to serve the Church in many ways through her various societies, and bring you near to her several heads, for her benefit, as I cannot but confidently hope.

1845.

MY DEAR CHRISTOPHER,—I have not yet heard of your books sent to Ambleside, but I shall inquire after them immediately. One copy I have myself, and have read with very great interest and much instruction; so that I wish it sent to every person of station or consideration in the country, &c.

Pray when do you think of going into Italy? You cannot be an acceptable visitor to the authorities of Rome; you may be pretty sure that they are not ignorant of the character and tendency of your writings, and I should not at all wonder if you were to receive a hint that you would do well to quit the country. But I may be in error on this point, and you are likely to know much better than I how things would stand with you.

[No date.]

MY DEAR NEPHEW,— . . . . Moxon wishes to put to press immediately a new edition of "The Excursion," and to request, knowing how much more accurate you are than I could be, were my eyes as good as they ever were, that if your health and leisure allow, you would be so kind as to correct this edition in its progress through the press.

[Postmark 1845.]

MY DEAR CHRISTOPHER,— . . . . . I had your two first pamphlets read to me, and immediately put them into circulation among my friends in this neighbourhood, but wishing to read them myself, I did not like to write to you till I had done so, as there were one or two passages on

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which I wished to make a remark. I have, however, not yet had an opportunity of doing so, and therefore must content myself with saying that the passages referred to contain some expressions upon Romanism which I thought too harsh and severe. My abhorrence of the system is as great as yours can possibly be, but still in controversial writing our language ought to be more guarded than I thought yours in the words to which I refer. . . . . As to your arguments, they are unanswerable, and the three tracts do you the greatest possible credit.

[Then he enters at great length into the whole subject.]

We must now return to Cambridge, and to a period in Christopher Wordsworth's history, where the materials for biography are somewhat scant. Especially is this the case as regards the growth of his inner life. A chance expression here and there in letter or journal sufficiently indicates that beneath all the blaze and crackle of University excitement there was a steadily deepening glow of earnest piety. But it was not the habit of his mind, nor that of the circle in which he moved, to be prodigal in the expression of religious emotion. In a household composed entirely of men there was a healthy interest about concrete realities which left little—perhaps too little—room for the subjective side of life. There was the proverbial Englishman's reserve on religious matters. And it may not be untrue to say, that, where intellectual interests are strong, and there is great enjoyment in the use of one's mental and bodily faculties, the *apparent* religious development is slower than in cases where—there being less to mature—maturity is sooner reached.

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A visit to Ireland about the year 1831 has been commemorated by C. Wordsworth in a speech at the Derby Church Congress, as the period when "Milner's End of Controversy" was first put into his hands, and for some time it seriously staggered him in his religious opinions. How he recovered his equilibrium he himself has told us. But a few remarks about the state of religious feeling in 1830, especially at Cambridge, may not be inappropriate here.

As may be seen by the journal already quoted, Cambridge had rarely been without a tradition of steady, if somewhat undemonstrative piety. The name of Charles Simeon (Vicar of Holy Trinity, 1783—1839) speaks volumes in itself, but the school which influenced the future Bishop of Lincoln was naturally that to which his father belonged, the school of Bishop Horsley, H. J. Rose, Professor J. J. Blunt, Le Bas, and W. H. Mill, who with others like-minded kept alive that sober Church of England spirit in the University which in an earlier generation had been associated with the names of Bishop Horne, Jones of Nayland, and William Stevens, whose modest spirit of self-effacement still survives in the well-known club of "Nobody's Friends." It is not too much to say that such a man as the Master of Trinity, who had deeply studied the Church in her historic aspects, and with a certain judicial calm and firmness of mind in which his love of truth displayed itself much as his brother's did in the conscientious observation of nature, must

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have been of immense value to the rising generation in Cambridge. How high his own standard was even in youth may be seen by a reference to his early letters. But with him as with the author of the "Christian Year" (a work which he held in high admiration) there was a dutifulness of spirit, a strong sense of family religion, which is the best possible preparation for the highest kinds of churchmanship. This good old English quality which has again and again proved the safeguard of our Church, was no less noticeable in his sons.

This may not be an unsuitable place for referring to a few words which the Bishop of Lincoln spoke very shortly before his death in answer to questions put to him :—

"I was confirmed at Buxted, but it made no impression. Yes, my father prepared me, or at least put books into my hand. I suppose he thought I could prepare myself."

"What was it that gave you a good influence? Was it your friends at college? Uncle John Frere?"

"Yes, he was quite a saint; but my father's sermons and my father's friends were all very good. Joshua Watson, Le Bas, Archdeacon Evans,[2] and the University sermons were all very good in those days, and the College Chapel. I used to read Barrow every morning before breakfast. I had made up my mind to be a parson, thinking that the life in which one could do the greatest good in the world. One of my father's favourite texts was 'Buy the truth, and sell

[2] Author of "Bishopric of Souls," "Rectory of Valehead," and other works; a Fellow of Trinity, and afterwards the well-known Vicar of Heversham.

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it not.' I never knew any one of such inflexible integrity in doing his duty in the face of great difficulties."

"The three most magnanimous men I ever knew in my life," said Dean Blakesley, shortly before his own decease, to one of the Bishop of Lincoln's children, "were your father, your grandfather, and your great-uncle" (the poet).

Another beneficent influence in his life was that of Dr. Walton, before mentioned as Rector of Birdbrook, his father's college friend and his own godfather, a typical country clergyman of the good old school, who added to his sincere piety a bright, genial, generous, and even playful disposition, and whose letters to and about his godson, as well as those of Mrs. Walton, are full of keen and intelligent interest in his progress both at school and college. That interest never relaxed; and to the close of the Bishop's life a little sketch of Birdbrook Church was always preserved hanging up in his dressing-room. On the back of it is, written by himself,—

"Birdbrook Church, Essex, where my dear godfather Rev. Jonathan Walton, was rector; by my dear mother, Priscilla Wordsworth."

The name of Joshua Watson will speak for itself to the elder generation of our readers, associated as it is with nearly every department of Church work in the early part of this century. He was one of the dearest friends of the Master of Trinity, as were also Henry Handley Norris, of Hackney, and many

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other members of the circle to which the club of "Nobody's Friends," already alluded to, formed a kind of rallying-point. And any life of the Bishop of Lincoln would be incomplete without a mention of the names of Mrs. and Miss Hoare, whose house at Hampstead was a second home to the Master of Trinity, his children and children's children. Even the severities of Winchester school-life were mitigated by Mrs. Hoare's affectionate care for the three motherless boys, and in later life all the graces and refinements with which well-informed and cultivated women surround themselves were to be met with in perfection at Hampstead, which was in those days a favourite rendezvous for literary men. Here not unfrequently the poet Wordsworth took up his quarters when visiting London, and, as we have seen, Crabbe, Joanna Baillie, and others were not unfrequentiy to be found.

Mrs. Hoare's house was much frequented by members of the Society of Friends, to which her husband belonged, though she herself did not, and Miss Hoare, like many others once of that Society, was an accomplished artist.

At Hampstead also lived the George Freres. The eldest son, John, was a Trinity friend of Christopher Wordsworth, as has already been stated, and his future brother-in-law. He was indeed "a saint." Coleridge had said, "In such goodness as that both Mr. [Hookham] Frere and his brother George live, move, and have their being in, there is genius." And

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this was especially true of John. Everything about him was thoughtful, tender, and refined. He had all the instincts of a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian. Serious and earnest, he was not without a lighter and more playful side to his character. His standard of life as a parish priest was singularly high; and his early death (in 1851) was perhaps the greatest sorrow of his brother-in-law's life till within the last few months before its close.

The name of Merivale also suggests a family alliance. The present Dean of Ely married Mr. G. Frere's youngest daughter, Judith. As he is happily still living, it would be presumptuous to add anything to the mention of one so honoured and so beloved.

The name of Francis Martin, Fellow and Bursar of Trinity College, if less known to fame, is warmly and affectionately remembered as that of one of the oldest and most faithful of family friends. Cambridge men will not lightly part with the memory of one so full of kindliness and generosity. He was godfather to his old friend's eldest son, the present Bishop of Salisbury, and his almost paternal affection for Dr. Benson, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, will give him a claim of no common kind on public as well as private gratitude.

This list would not be complete without the mention of Joseph William Blakesley, Christopher Wordsworth's contemporary at Cambridge, and who afterwards as Dean of Lincoln, during the latter part

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of the episcopate of the late Bishop, was full of kind offices towards him, and whose last appearance in Lincoln Cathedral was at his old friend's funeral, so soon, alas! to be followed by his own.

And we may sum up with the venerated name of Selwyn, a name that needs no comment. George Augustus Selwyn and Christopher Wordsworth were married in the same year, Mrs. Selwyn and Mrs. Wordsworth having previously been on such sisterly terms that the former was sometimes spoken of as "the dark Miss Frere." And when Bishop Selwyn, after years of unparalleled missionary exertion, returned to England, there was no house where he received a warmer welcome than the Cloisters at Westminster, or the Palace at Riseholme. The two Bishops, who had much in common, had a deep regard and affection for one another, and, if we may anticipate so far, there were perhaps none on the whole episcopal bench between whom in later days the title of brother could be so warmly and heartily interchanged.

We have seen that Christopher Wordsworth became a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, in 1830, and shortly afterwards an assistant tutor. Few records have come down to us of this period, but from various indications we may gather that he was not only an admirable teacher, as far as scholarship was concerned, but that he took a keen personal interest in his pupils. One of these, Lord Charles Hervey, remained to the very close of his life among the

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Bishop's dearest friends and fellow-workers, especially in Anglo-Continental Society matters.

In the year 1832, in company with another Fellow of Trinity, Mr. Joddrell, who afterwards added the name of Phillips, he travelled in Sicily and Southern Italy. That this must have been a peculiarly delightful time in his life we may gather from the pleasure with which he never failed to refer to it. The image of those grand and lonely temples at Pæstum seemed to haunt his memory ever after, and the charm which Theocritus had for him was doubtless in no small degree due to the background of exquisite landscape in which those quaint fishermen and shepherds lived and moved, and where Pan himself seemed rather asleep than dead.

The winter of 1832-3 was passed in the Ionian Islands and Greece. C. Wordsworth was the first Englishman presented to King Otho. After spending Christmas at Athens, the travellers visited Delphi and other remarkable places. The weather was intensely cold.

"The overflowings of the Asopus, in the plain of Platææ, were covered with ice, as at the time of the siege described by Thucydides. On our way back from Delphi the cold was severe; it was like one of Hesiod's Bœotian winters. On Mount Parnassus we were detained by a snowstorm. The snow was drifting with incessant violence as we passed the Triodos (where Œdipus encountered his father) in our way to the city of Daulis. . . . The cold was too intense to allow of standing still to make a transcript of some ancient inscriptions which are to be seen in a ruined church on its

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summit. We entered Thebes in a snowstorm, which kept us there for a week."

The pass of Phyle was blocked up by snow, and the travellers therefore had to take a circuitous route. In passing the heights of Mount Parnes, a few miles north-east of Deceleia, they were waylaid and attacked by two detachments of brigands,—

"One of whom, more fierce than the others, stabbed me, when on the ground, with a stiletto on the left shoulder, exclaiming *κεῖνος ἔχει τὰ γρόσσια* (*he has got the money*). Providentially for us, a deep snow lay on the ground, and the brigands were not able to take us to the hills and to keep us in captivity till they had obtained a ransom for our release, in which case we might perhaps have suffered the same fate as that by which Mr. F. G. Vyner and his companions perished in 1870, not far from the same spot. Having despoiled us of such valuables as we had—they did not care to take my journal and few books, which they flung on the ground—they allowed us to proceed on our way to Athens."

This was in the month of January.

Of his travels in Greece it will not be necessary to say much, as his work on "Greece," and his "Athens and Attica," are well known.

It is not much to be wondered at that his health gave way after so much fatigue and exposure, and he had a severe illness of some weeks at Athens, close to the Temple of Theseus (as he often used to repeat), where he was most kindly cared for, and his life in all probability saved, by the excellent American chaplain and his wife, the Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Hill.

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Their goodness to him was a theme for gratitude to his dying day.

This pause in the career of one, hitherto so active, so vigorous, and so successful, and that at a time when his mind was predisposed to serious thought by the prospect of shortly entering on the diaconate, and in a place where all things were full of the solemn teachings of the Past, could not fail to make a deep impression on a nature like his. It was a time to which he very frequently referred in after life, though always with a certain subdued emphasis which seemed to imply more than it expressed.

After a delightful sojourn at Rome, in which he saw the antiquities under unusually favourable circumstances, and where he received many kindnesses, especially from the Bunsen family—kindnesses which difference of opinion in after years could never make him forget—and after spending some time at Florence in the study of art, he returned to England in 1833, and was ordained deacon that year by Bishop Kaye, his own predecessor, as it turned out, in the See of Lincoln.

In 1834 he was appointed to a classical lectureship at Trinity, and in 1835 was ordained priest by Bishop Percy of Carlisle. In 1836, before he was twenty-nine years of age, he obtained the coveted distinction of being chosen Public Orator. A letter from his uncle at Rydal, congratulating him, may be given here :—

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Rydal Mount, February 8th.

MY DEAR CHRIS,—Your letter of yesterday agreeably removed the uncertainty, I might say, anxiety, we have been in about your success. For my own part, I was so much pleased with your spirit in standing forth as a candidate, that, taking your youth into consideration, I should have felt almost sufficiently gratified by the attempt, even if you had not succeeded. Being quite certain that you are fitted for the office, and worthy of the honour conferred upon you, we heartily congratulate you, with best wishes for your health and happiness. . . .

With best love to your father and John, I remain, my dear Chris,

Your affectionate uncle,

W. W.

Mr. Robinson tells us that Mr. Paynter, a Radical friend of his, gave you a vote, not so much for your own merits as in gratitude to your father, who protected him from insult at the time when he put the clerical M.A.'s to the Bribery Oath; for this reason, and also because you were a "poet's nephew." So that I have helped you a "wee bit."

The post of Public Orator was, however, only held by him for a few months, as he was appointed Head-Master of Harrow School on Dr. Longley's elevation to the episcopate early in the same year. It was expected that Charles, who was a Harrow man, and had been successful as a scholar both there and at Oxford, would have come forward as a candidate for the Mastership; but, knowing that his brother was then desirous of leaving Cambridge, and being himself quite content with the position which he held at Winchester as second master, he declined

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to enter the lists; and so it came to pass that the two brothers changed places with reference to their respective schools, Charles, the Harrovian, being eventually connected with Winchester, and Christopher, the Wykehamist, with Harrow. The following letter from the Master of Trinity to his brother, will appropriately close this portion of his life:—

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge,
April 17th, 1836.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Chris, who has been for the last week or ten days spending his time very much in stage-coaches, came down from town on Friday evening, and after taking leave of the University yesterday (Saturday) in his capacity of Public Orator, on presenting one of the Saviles for his degree, on which occasion there was a full senate of graduates, and a large attendance of young men in the galleries, and he acquitted himself in his Valedictory capitally (as he would have done, if he had continued with us, in all the parts of that interesting office), left by the mail at midnight, and is to be at Harrow to-morrow, to get into his house, and to get himself into such a degree of settlement as he can at so short a notice before the school opens, which is to be on Wednesday. He carries away with him a very excellent helper in one of our Junior Fellows—indeed of his own year, of the name of Steel—whom I had designed for his successor as Classical Lecturer here. . . . He [Steel] will succeed Kennedy there, who goes immediately to Shrewsbury, in consequence of Butler being summoned up to town to be the new bishop. Chris's loss, as you will easily believe, I shall feel very deeply, and so will John, so will the college, and so indeed will the whole University.

At this point we pause, leaving the future Head-

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Master of Harrow on the threshold of a new and untried life in a position full (as it proved) of difficulty, and one in which his powers were to be severely taxed, yet one where it would be given him to show not only the brilliancy of his classical training, but the high and unworldly character of which the elder generation had set him so rare an example. We cannot doubt the earnestness with which he was followed by their prayers.

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CHAPTER IV.

HARROW.

THE chapter of Christopher Wordsworth's history on which we are now entering was perhaps the most trying part of his whole life. The first plunge from the world of ideas into the world of experience is apt to be a painful one, and the practical difficulties connected with Harrow were unusually great. The period of which we write was one in which the need of a thorough reform of public schools was beginning to be widely felt. Dr. Longley, the late Head-Master of Harrow, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, had made some praiseworthy efforts in this direction. Dr. Arnold's work at Rugby has been commemorated by one of his most gifted pupils. At Winchester Dr. Moberly, aided by Charles Wordsworth (whose work, "Christian Boyhood at a Public School," is doubtless familiar to many readers), was endeavouring zealously to infuse a higher tone of morals, manners, and religion. At Eton such men as George Selwyn—to mention no others—were labouring for the same end. It is difficult indeed for the schoolboy of 1887 to imagine the conditions under which his father, or at least his grandfather received his education.

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Of the lack of discipline at Harrow,[1] just before Dr. Wordsworth's accession to the Head-Mastership, some idea may be gathered from the *Morning Herald* of July 7th, 1836, which gives an account of an inquest held on a post-boy who died in St. George's Hospital, in consequence of an accident which befell him in a race of post-chaises from Harrow to London:—"Five or six post-chaises in which were young gentlemen from Harrow School, proceeding at a furious rate towards town . . . the chaises were as close together as they could possibly be—they went at such a furious rate that they had not the least control over the horses. . . . A gentleman in one of the chaises said he would pay the damage done (from upsetting chaise against a timber-carriage), but that he would not pay the wager, as there had not been fair play." This is followed by the names of fourteen young Harrovians who took part in the race, many of them youths of title and high social position.

One witness (a policeman) added that the chaises were going at the rate of fifteen or sixteen miles an hour, and that the races of the Harrow scholars were so well known on the road, that people met at the "Red Lion" to see them come in; there was a number assembled at the time the accident happened.

It is scarcely possible to conceive that a man of Dr. Wordsworth's high standard and uncompromising

[1] For further details of the state of Harrow, *see* "Harrow School and its Surroundings," by Mr. Percy Thornton. (W. H. Allen and Co. 1885.)

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disposition could have been brought into contact with such a school as Harrow then was, without a considerable strain on the relations between the head-master and those, whether masters or boys, who upheld the old order of things. The following letter from the Right Hon. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, who has passed away from us while this work was in the course of printing, gives the recollections of one of Dr. Wordsworth's most distinguished pupils:—

Arklow House, Connaught Place,
Nov. 8, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your invitation to me to send you my Harrow recollections of Dr. Wordsworth is very complimentary but very puzzling, for it calls upon me to travel over half a century of anxious years and offer precise recollections of circumstances, as to which it would be difficult for a schoolboy to be precise. The difference between the two successive head-masters, Dr. Longley and Dr. Wordsworth, was very marked and characteristic of Oxford and Cambridge as they then presented themselves. Under Dr. Longley we had learnt to take much pleasure—those of us, I mean, who were reading boys—in a refined type of elegant scholarship; but a scholarship connected rather with general culture than with philology, properly so-called. When Dr. Wordsworth came to Harrow we were conscious of a student in whom the fire of enthusiasm for philology burnt keenly and extended over branches of learning of which the boys had hitherto known and cared but little. As an instance of the spirit with which the new head-master buckled up to his work, I may mention an incident which undoubtedly did not tend to make his mastership in his earlier days work more smoothly. Dr. Wordsworth was certainly right in his principle, but he

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might more wisely have carried out his reform with greater circumspection. A very important part of the schoolwork in those days was showing up exercises in Greek and Latin to the Form-master; these exercises, by a venerable tradition, had previously been corrected by the private tutors of the boys, so the Form-masters had not touch of their real capacity, but only of the improved and corrected edition supplied by the tutors. Dr. Wordsworth lost no time in abolishing tutorial correction for the Sixth Form boys, to whom he was himself Form-master. This was very well in itself, but it caused bitter resentment with a very active and influential master, famous for his ability in the old-fashioned scholarship of Greek and Latin composition. Those who, like myself, were his pupils were gainers by the change, if we had known our own blessings, for we had thenceforward not only to write our Form exercises for the head-master, but duplicate exercises to give our tutors something to look over. Still, the whole affair was much to be lamented. Among the benefits bestowed by Dr. Wordsworth on the school, foremost comes the building of the school chapel; with this work old order ceased, and Harrow School took its place in the general revival of Church interests. Words cannot describe the dreariness of the worship offered to us in my days. One rustic, battered gallery filled up the west end of the nave of Harrow Parish Church and served for the Upper boys; another stifling and cavernous gallery was hitched into the north aisle for the Lower boys. The worship took no account of the needs and peculiarities of schoolboys, but was merely the parish worship of which they were casual spectators. This worship, too, was conducted under pronounced Low Church influence, and was far from attractive. With a school chapel built by Dr. Wordsworth, all was changed. The original building, due to Mr. Cockerell, had not much to say for itself architecturally, but the spirit of the thing was there—it was the place of worship of the school and meant

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for the wants of the school; bit by bit, it has been replaced by the present beautiful chapel, but as the dawn of good things, Dr. Wordsworth's chapel should be held in everlasting remembrance.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

A. J. B. BERESFORD-HOPE.

From the above letter it will be seen that it was not merely in enforcing discipline that the young head-master found a difficult task before him, but in implanting and fostering the growth of Church feeling, which was almost dead within the school. His endeavours to do this lost him a considerable number of supporters in certain well-known quarters, though the Churchmanship which he advocated was in reality the surest safeguard against Romanism. It must doubtless be confessed that the *suaviter in modo* did not always, at this period of his life, accompany the *fortiter in re* as unfailingly as it did in late years. When almost still a schoolboy he sent letters to the papers which were considered "too sharp and witty to be inserted." An old Rugby master has told us that on the memorable occasion when Dr. Wordsworth examined Stanley and Vaughan at Rugby, he left behind him an impression of caustic shrewdness and sharpness of repartee which those who only knew him later in life find it hard to imagine. Looking back on the Harrow days we can hardly fail to see how he was being educated while occupied in the education of others. Much of the tact and forbearance which he showed in later life was no doubt due

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to the lessons he learned in his difficult and trying head-mastership. He himself used to say, referring to the reform at Harrow, "If I had been an older man I could not have done it," and in some degree to imply that if he had been an older man he would, if possible, have gone to work in a somewhat more tolerant and patient spirit than he did. The numbers of the school, which had risen when he first entered it, fell off very much towards the close of his head-mastership. On the other hand it may be safely affirmed that much of the progress since made by Harrow was due to the courage and disregard of popularity which made him earnestly endeavour, not only to plough up bad traditions, but to sow better things in their place.

But this trying period of his life was to bring him the greatest of all earthly blessings, the devotion of an almost perfect wife. On December 6th, 1838, he was married by Canon Temple Frere, at Thorley Church, near Bishop's Stortford, to Susanna Hatley, second daughter of George Frere, of Twyford House, and Elizabeth Raper (Grant) his wife. The bride was then twenty-seven years of age, the bridegroom being thirty-one.

It is difficult to describe one whose whole effort in life seemed to be to efface herself. She was in many respects the complement of her husband. Even in externals an artist could hardly have desired a more effective contrast than that which was offered by the elegance and delicate beauty of her face, with

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its calm, tender blue eyes and clear complexion, to his dark, almost foreign colouring, large head, and massive features, with their bold light and shade and endless play of expression; and with regard to character, it may be said that, while his whole nature was ever hungering for fresh information, originating fresh plans, discovering fresh combinations, and often doubtless falling short of its ideal, hers aimed at and almost reached perfection within certain limits.

Casual acquaintances, who in later years saw the husband and wife together, the former attracting a group of listeners, with his bright face, animated manner, and eager gesticulation, as he walked up and down the room pouring forth his thoughts to the rhythm of his active footsteps; the latter, sitting quietly knitting (and often prevented by a slight deafness from following the thread of conversation), would perhaps have hardly guessed how much he really leant on her—in some ways, if not actually the stronger, certainly the calmer, character of the two. Her evenness of temper, her sterling every-day good sense and unselfish sympathy made her the ideal wife for a man like himself. Their married happiness was as near perfection as anything on this side of Eden could be; yet so entirely did she keep herself in the background that no one but those who saw him after her death could form an idea of all that she had been to him. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in those five sad months

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during which he survived her, he was never seen to smile.

But to return. The Frere family, of which she was a daughter, had been settled in Norfolk and Suffolk since very early days, and traced their genealogy to William de Warrenne and his wife, the celebrated Gundreda. George Frere was one of the seven sons of John Frere, M.P.,[1] of Roydon Hall, Norfolk, whose wife Jane (Hookham) was the pupil and *protégée* of William Stevens, the founder, already mentioned, of Nobody's Club, and was a woman of remarkable character. Of these seven sons, John Hookham, the eldest, the friend of Canning and translator of Aristophanes, and his brother Bartholomew, also in the diplomatic service, were not unknown in the history of their own time. Hatley will be gratefully remembered as the inventor of the alphabet for the blind, since perfected by Mr. Moon; William was Master of Downing College, and Temple Canon of Westminster, and Edward was the father of Sir Bartle Frere. They were a remarkable group of English gentlemen, of fine persons, courteous manners and high conscientiousness, and strong family attachment. At the time we write of, Mr. George Frere was a solicitor, of the firm of Frere, Foster, and Co., in Lincoln's Inn, and

[1] Frere was a remarkable mathematician, Second Wrangler in Paley's year. As early as 1797 we find him laying a paper on flint weapons discovered at Hoxne, in Suffolk, before the Society of Antiquaries, of which he was a Fellow.

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had, as we have seen, married Elizabeth Raper Grant, by whom he had four sons and four daughters. The eldest son, John, has been already mentioned as a college friend of Christopher Wordsworth. Of the eldest daughter, Elizabeth, a special mention must be hereafter made. Mr. and Mrs. Frere lived at Hampstead, amid a circle which comprised such men as Coleridge, Rossetti (the father of the poet), Dr. William Crotch, the well-known composer, William Stewart Rose, Mr. Morier, and others, and such women as Joanna Baillie, the Fanshawe sisters, &c.

Mrs. Frere was the most sympathetic of women and the best of hostesses, and it was amidst such surroundings as these that her daughters grew up. As has been seen, the Master of Trinity and his sons were frequently at the house of Mrs. Hoare, and it was there, probably, that the young people met. Part of a letter from one of Mrs. Wordsworth's surviving sisters is inserted here, as it gives the description of the event by an eye-witness:—

MY DEAREST,—I very rarely saw your father before his engagement to your mother, although he was so dear a friend of my eldest brother John that we heard a great deal of him, as also we did from the Hoares, who were then our near neighbours at Hampstead. Mrs. Hoare took a very motherly interest in him, and was a great friend of my own mother's, and many a talk they had about the young men when they were competing for the same prizes at Cambridge. We met once, I remember, at an evening party at the Hoares'; there was some music from the younger guests. . . . The only piece which seemed to attract him at all I remember was Mrs. Hemans'

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"Greek Exile," which we thought rather an amusing specimen of his fondness for Greece and non-appreciation of music in general. We also saw him at Cambridge at the "Installation," when the Duke of Wellington was made Chancellor. There was a grand *déjeûner* in Trinity Gardens; he came to us from the crowd, and took one of my sisters on each arm to show them about. This was felt as a great honour and pleasure, for I need not say how agreeable he always was, and this, I think was the first and only time that he showed an inclination for the alliance he afterwards proposed, till he made the *bonâ-fide* offer in 1838—though he dined with us sometimes in London, whither we moved from Hampstead in 1830; but we heard a great deal of his books and his travels, and thought his friendship an honour to my brother. We were all at Twyford when the great event happened. We could not but suspect something, from the circumstance of his proposing to come and see us at a time when my brother was absent. . . . My father and mother took the carriage to meet him at Bishop's Stortford, and it so happened that your mother went with them. The next day the same trio went with him for a walk, and when they came back the business was done. Your mother was extremely surprised, as in her modesty she had no idea of his preference, but had not a moment's hesitation in accepting his offer. He was greatly pleased with the way in which he was at once identified with us, and told her he had not calculated beforehand on the advantage of having sisters as well as a wife. She took from the very first that line of devotion to him which never altered to the time of her death: ministering to all his wants, and solicitous for his comfort and wellbeing, her whole delight was to be his handmaid, and to try to fulfil every wish of his heart, and I think she did it. I always thought that verse in the last chapter of Proverbs so applicable to her—"The heart of her husband doth safely trust

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in her." As soon as we could assemble after breakfast, he used to read aloud to my mother and us. Southey's "Madoc" was the book. Of course he did it full justice. He stayed a week, I think, and after this, closely-filled pages used to come every day by post. He wrote then a *very* small and remarkably neat finished hand. You may be sure we longed to see the letters, but we never did. . . . After he had been gone back to Harrow some weeks, it was proposed that my father and mother and Susan should pay him a visit, to break the time till the next vacation. They drove over there and had a delightful day. Some time afterwards your mother told us that he had taken her by herself into every room, and had a little appropriate prayer prepared for each, which must have given her great insight into the practical holiness of his life and conversation. Not long after this his house was burnt down, which was a great shock, but a cottage was soon found and was got ready in time for the wedding, chiefly by the affectionate zeal of a sister of the second master (Oxenham), who had a warm admiration for him. The ceiling of the little drawing-room was very low and coved, and she decorated it with her own hands with paintings of flowers and branches, so as to give it almost the appearance of a bower. . . . During the next three years (after the marriage) we paid various short visits to Harrow, which were, of course, very delightful to us, though your father's work was so heavy that even then he seemed fit for little besides resting whenever there was a pause in it. On one of these occasions I remember his lying down, as if exhausted, on the sofa, and presently saying to his wife, "Give me the grammar" (he was then editing "Edward VI.'s Latin Grammar"), which he took with satisfaction as a means of *recreation*. The next event was the birth of his eldest child. When I went there afterwards he expressed to me a humorous dissatisaction about her, saying he had always supposed when

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he had a child it would be like *that* (pointing to the Child in the Holy Family by Vandyke), and able to run about and be talked to. He certainly began to talk to and to instruct her as soon as ever she was able to profit by it, making her repeat a list of bishops and their sees ("Who was St. Augustine?" &c., and ending with "Who was John Lyon?"—Answer: "Founder of Harrow School") to earn some fruit at dessert. He was with us during part of the vacation not long after, when our dear old friend, Mrs. Sophia Williams, died at Twyford. They were just about to leave us, but remained till after the funeral, and I shall never forget the remarkable gifts of conversation he showed during the four or five dreary days which intervened. Shut up as all were in a country house—all of us very sorrowful, and with nothing to break the monotony—he was the life of us all. Without any appearance of effort he kept up talk upon some topic of interest, never trivial or humorous, or what would jar on our feelings, but such as all could take an interest in during meals or other hours of social gathering, and even at the time of the funeral. The first time I remember making any long stay at Harrow was in 1841, when I had an opportunity of appreciating the value of his help and guidance in religious matters, and learnt more in a few days of intercourse than in years of my life before. I never met with any one who was so *capable* of meeting difficulties, for he seemed to have mastered every subject that could be brought before him; but the chief charm of his power in this way was the *ease* with which what one wanted was obtained. You had only (as it were) to *tap* the subject, and the learning and instruction flowed out like a full river. Nor did it seem to give him the least trouble or annoyance to be asked questions, though of course the most of them must have been as A B C in theology. He was indeed as a householder bringing forth out of his treasures things new and old, and no one seemed to be so

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mean or ignorant as not to be welcome to the *best* of his rich store. . . . I was at Harrow Speeches that year, and remember how he seemed in his element, entertaining his guests, and able to say the exact thing suitable to them. I think this was the year when the Chevalier Bunsen and his wife were there. He had a great esteem for Bunsen, but I remember the amused half-smile with which he said he had undertaken to write a liturgy all by himself. . . .

Your affectionate

A. F.

The following note was sent with a packet containing the nine gold medals won by Christopher Wordsworth at Winchester and Cambridge, to his betrothed, the day after their engagement, the anniversary of which was never forgotten by him in later years.

Harrow, Aug. 18, 1838.

. . . . If I can connect with you my *past* as well as my *future* life, both will have more value in my estimation. And, therefore, I beg you to accept the enclosed records of boyish honours, which would have had more charm for me than they possessed, even when first won, had I foreseen that they would ever, together with myself, have become yours. Having won you, I am not eager for any other honours in this world. May God of His infinite mercy grant that we may both obtain together a crown of glory in that which is to come.

The following letter gives an account of the well-known fire at Harrow in 1838. Apart from the more obvious evils of such a misfortune, this destruction of the head-master's house, which, as Mr. Thornton tells us, was "in the minds of many 'old Harrovians' the school itself, could not but accelerate

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the school's decline." It will interest many of our readers to see in what spirit the trouble was encountered by him whom it most concerned.

Harrow, Oct. 22 [1838].
Five minutes past two (morning).

MY DEAREST,—I had thought of writing to your father rather than to you, to give an account of the misfortune which it has pleased God should happen this evening, but I feel satisfied on reflection that you are prepared for such events as a part of our condition here, and also that *you* are the person, above all others, to whom I feel it both the greatest happiness as well as the first duty to communicate everything that concerns me without reserve.

This evening, then, while I was sitting after dinner, and had just hung up your Uncle Bartle's print which had just arrived, and was looking with much pleasure at the purse which came with it, one of the servants came into the room in great haste to tell me that the house was on fire. I found, on going to the place, that it was blazing with great fury, having broken out in a part of the building which was made of nothing but lath and plaster; the precise spot was one of the studies immediately contiguous to the houses close to the drawing-room. It was soon evident from the direction of the wind and the deficiency of water that there was no chance of saving the house. All exertions were then directed to preserve the furniture. In this, I am glad to say, they were very successful. It is not easy to say what the precise loss may be yet, but I believe that the greater part of the books are saved, and also a considerable portion of the furniture. I have just left the house itself; the outside walls are standing, the rest is consumed. Thank God the wind was not strong, and set in such a quarter that no other house was injured beside

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my own and the adjoining bedrooms, &c., which belong to Mr. Colenso.[3] He had very providentially just insured his property and buildings *two* days ago. The boys were very active in their attempts to put out the fire, and I am glad to say that nothing was left undone that could have been attempted to save the premises. How very fortunate it is that this did not happen last Monday when I was sitting by your side, at the same hour, looking at Hamlet and Ophelia. Now, my dearest S., I hope you will not feel very much grieved at this accident. I shall be very, *very* sorry if you are, and shall *then* find it rather difficult to bear it. But if you are not, which I hope you will not be, it will not pain me much, because it is God's work, and will, I doubt not, turn out all for the best in the end. How much worse it would have been had it happened two months hence; now there is some temporary loss and inconvenience to submit to, but this I shall soon be accustomed to. . . .

Among other incidents of this fire it may be mentioned that he had great difficulty in saving a MS. of Greek Testament brought from Mount Athos; a thief actually wrenched off the clasps, in the general confusion, thinking they were silver.

Harrow, Oct. 24, 1838.

I have just had a very kind visit indeed from Mrs. and Miss Hoare. They have been to see what *was*, what still *is*, and what, I hope it may please God, one day is to be. Their visit has been a great comfort to me, because they soon came round to the opinion that we have the greatest reason for thankfulness for many of the circumstances under which the event occurred, and also that there is much cause to hope that great ultimate good will arise from the

[3] Afterwards Bishop.

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present temporary difficulty. Having been with me to the ruins of the old house, they proceeded to a small place which one of the masters (Mr. Phelps) has kindly offered me rent free as long as is convenient. It communicates through his park with our garden, so that there is no necessity for going into the high-road in order to pass from one to the other. It looks over the park, and is very quiet and retired. It is not furnished, which is a great advantage, as it affords room for the furniture which remains from the former house. This latter will soon entirely disappear, the walls being too much injured to be allowed to stand. This will render the selection of a new site further removed from the street into the garden (so that it will not be overlooked by its neighbours), much more likely to be made by the governors. . . . All is going on in as easy and promising a way as could be hoped, and if you will shake hands and make it up with the fire, I am quite ready to do so; but I won't if you do not.

Oct. 31.

. . . Now, as far as description goes, you can tell all about it, but . . . . you *cannot tell* (if it please God so to bless us) how very, very happy we shall be in this little cottage, where we shall have but one heart and one soul between us, and where we shall have more leisure and opportunity for helping one another than anywhere else. Do let me send you a passage which came across me this morning in the Wisdom of Solomon. Be sure that in reading it my heart was with you. "Therefore I purposed to take her to live with me, knowing that she would be a counsellor of good things, and a comfort in cares and grief. After I am come into mine house, I will repose myself with her, for her conversation hath no bitterness, and to live with her hath no sorrow, but mirth and joy." Thank God for this great mercy!

The following refers to his projected work on Greece:—

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Harrow, Nov. 1.

. . . What do you say to engaging in writing short descriptions of scenes in Greece, to accompany a collection of views of scenes, &c., in that country? A London publisher wishes to know what we think about this. He is coming here to-morrow to state further the details of his plan. It might be a pleasant and not very laborious occupation, and therefore, if the proposal is reasonable, it may be worth our considering. . . .

It was a happy thing that Dr. Wordsworth [4] was permitted to enjoy this greatest of all earthly blessings at this special time; for his life, which had hitherto been one of almost unclouded prosperity, began now to be dimmed with family sorrows and professional cares. The first year after his marriage was marked by two great losses. On the 10th of May, 1839, his brother Charles, then Second Master at Winchester, was bereaved of his wife, who died in childbirth, leaving an infant daughter. This event came like a clap of thunder into a home circle which had hitherto been bright as a summer's day. Survivors of those old times will remember the romantic courtship, the passionate love, the brief period of wedded happiness with one so fitted to adorn his home, and the grief which found vent in those few heartfelt words still preserved in the vestibule of the chapel at Winchester:—

"I, nimium dilecta! vocat Deus: I, bona nostræ
Pars animæ! mœrens altera, disce sequi."

[4] He took his D.D. degree, *per literas regias*, in 1839.

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Seven months afterwards John Wordsworth passed away at Trinity, on the last day of the same year. His brothers were with him, as the following letters to Mrs. C. Wordsworth show :—

Trinity Lodge, Dec. 17, 1839.

MY DEAREST,—If it please God to bless the means used for dear John's recovery, my father hopes he will be able to get to Italy early in the spring. It is a great blessing that my father himself is so well. . . . It is delightful to see how much John feels for all his kindness and attention to him; he seems to desire nothing in the world but what he has in him. My father reads prayers in his room morning and evening, and it is a great blessing that John can fix his attention upon them, for he is quite unequal to any mental exertion of any other kind. We have had the kindest letter this morning from Mrs. Hoare.

Dec. 19.

We were very agreeably surprised by Charles' arrival to-day at three o'clock. He had travelled all night from Winchester; is looking pretty well upon the whole, and gives a good account of his dear baby.

St. Thomas' Eve.

MY DEAR LOVE,—This will be but a shabby line, for I hardly know how to write: we do not, I fear, make much progress. Dr. Haviland looked, I thought, more gloomy this morning. . . . You have done quite right about Sally; —why should gentlemen and ladies be eating mince-pies now, and she starve? . . . If E. has by chance got a flannel waistcoat done, it may be sent with the Chrysostom (cloak and parchments from Troas), and any letters from Harrow. . . . John seems to be so thankful for any little attentions, such as writing for him and reading by him

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(not *to* him, for this he is not equal to), that I do not know how to leave him.

We took the Holy Communion (Dec. 22) together this morning, which was a great comfort; he was in the little room, which was our study when we were boys. I do wish, my dearest wife, you could have been with us. I know you are in spirit.

Dec. 23, 1839.

MY DEAREST LOVE,—This will reach you on Christmas Day. May God bless us both and all our dear friends (at Twyford) and here. . . . John had last night a delightful sleep, which literally filled him brimful of joy and thankfulness to God, . . . so that he is now much more calm and cheerful. He delights in having us with him. . . . I met Mr. Whewell in my solitary ride to-day, and we rode back to Cambridge together. He asked very kindly about you, and invited me to an evening party to-morrow, but I cannot go, I fear. . . . I am very glad that you are making that list of texts; you will thus become a Memnonian statue, and be vocal with the sun on Christmas morning. I have been engaged in collecting texts bearing on the Baptismal Vow,[5] and have been in great want of your pen and head very often. You have spoilt me, dearest, for a wise, solitary, severe old divine.

The next letter, Christmas Eve, talks in a hopeful strain, and adds: "John has got the violet; Charles has taken it up to him, and I shall now go and see how he likes it." This was evidently a little token of sisterly affection. Alas! the sky was soon overcast again. Three days afterwards Mrs. Wordsworth joined her husband at Trinity Lodge, there

[5] Probably for a school manual on Confirmation soon afterwards printed.

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being no hope of his now going to her, and their loved brother rapidly sank and passed away with the departing year.

The following lines written by Christopher on the arrival of the motherless baby at Trinity Lodge, the very day of his brother's death, have an additional interest from the fact that he was reminded of the incident in 1885 by the birth of a little granddaughter at Harewood, shortly after his own wife's death, and but a very few weeks before his own; "birth and death," as he said, "coming to a house together."

ἦλθες, ἀδακρύτῳ φαιδρὸν γελάοισα προσώπῳ,
ἄψαυστός τ' ὀδύναις, δώματ' ἐς ἡμετέρα,
ἦλθες, ὃθ' ἡμετέρου θάνατον πενθοῦμεν ἀδελφοῦ
σήμερον ἐκ τούτων οἰχομένου μελάθρων,
Ὦ βρέφος, ἀλλά συ χαῖρε, φίλον· κείνου δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
ὥστε ῥόδον θάλλοις ἄνθεσι πορφυρέοις.

Dec. 31, 1839.

For a tribute to the memory of John we may refer the reader to the "Memoirs of W. Wordsworth," and also to the Preface to the "Correspondence of Dr. Bentley," edited by Christopher Wordsworth, for a biographical sketch. A beautiful bust of him by Weekes occupies a conspicuous place in Trinity Chapel. An oil-painting of no great merit, but evidently a fair likeness, used to hang in the Bishop of Lincoln's study.[6] It represented him

[6] The Bishop of St. Andrew's has the portrait (in oils) also of the three brothers, taken before they went to college. This is now at Salisbury.

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with the dark colouring and square brow with which those who knew the Bishop of Lincoln will be familiar, but with a serious and thoughtful expression, less often, we should imagine, varied by high spirits and animation, yet full of feeling and sensibility.

In 1843 C. Wordsworth met with what was perhaps *the* great disappointment of a life, so far singularly free from troubles—the failure to obtain the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge, to which the following letter refers :—

Harrow, Oct. 6, 1842.

MY DEAR MR. WATSON,— . . . A *contest*, as such, is clearly very undesirable on many accounts, i.e. for the sake of my father, of Harrow, and myself; and a contest with *Dr. Mill* is also very *inconvenient*. On the other hand, the object itself is *the* one which, as far as anything human can be, has been the aim of my life, as that for which I most wished to live, and to spend my life upon. Besides this, I have misgivings whether health will stand my *present* occupation. . . . The issue is, that on the whole I think it best to enter the field.

TO THE SAME.

Harrow, Feb. 1, 1843.

I returned last night from Cambridge, where I had arrived in the morning, for the reading of the Prælections. Dr. Mill read a most admirable dissertation on Hebrews, cap. vi. (the beginning). Dr. Ollivant's was the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and his argument was Justification by Faith—the Eleventh Article, and a *reconciliation* of S. Paul and S. James. He ended with an eulogy on Turton. . . . The election is this morning.

The next letter announces Dr. Ollivant's election, and winds up with expressions of gratitude to Mr.

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Watson, but without a single word of personal annoyance or disappointment.

On the 21st of September of this year (1843) his eldest son, John (so named after both his uncles), was born. Two daughters, Elizabeth and Priscilla, had preceded him, and a third daughter, Mary, was born at Leamington in the spring of 1845.[7] His literary offspring had even at this early date been numerous, and we may especially mention a Collection of Private Prayers, a Confirmation Manual, and two volumes of Sermons preached in Harrow School, and a still more important work, "Theophilus Anglicanus" (see chapter on Literary Work). Some idea may be formed from these volumes of the work he endeavoured to do at Harrow on its *constructive* side. Of the difficulty which he had in carrying out needful reforms fewer memorials survive. "Many a blow and biting sculpture," as we know, is needed to bring a great character to perfection; but it is hardly necessary, perhaps, to treasure up the chipped fragments of the marble; and our readers will forgive us if we do not give further details here of events which can have comparatively little interest for the present generation.

In 1844 he was offered a canonry of Westminster by Sir Robert Peel, and a new and congenial field of labour was thus opened to him.

Before quitting the subject of Harrow we may

[7] His other three children—Susanna, Christopher, and Dora—were born at Westminster.

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mention that on learning that a testimonial to himself was contemplated, and that subscriptions for such a purpose were being raised, he begged that the money might go to the fund for the school chapel, which had been opened in 1839, and the effect of which had, as we have seen, been most beneficial to the boys. The following letter from C. S. Currer, now C. S. Roundell, Esq., M.P., may be inserted here :—

Harrow, April 15, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in informing you that the organ was erected in the school chapel during the Easter holidays, and played for the first time, publicly, on Sunday, the 6th of April, being the first after our return here from the holidays. I may truly say that it has given universal satisfaction, and everybody seems greatly pleased with its tone and power, which is fully equal to the size of the building. The habit of joining in the responses has in a great measure paved the way towards that of singing also, and I have no doubt that in the course of a few Sundays all will as readily take part in it, though we greatly miss the presence of Mrs. Wordsworth in setting the example.

One of his best-known pupils writes:—

Whatever (if any) good there has been in my life is mainly due to him and to his teaching.

I fear I was not a good specimen of a Harrow boy, but he always had such a sympathy with me and so clear an insight into my character, that, though I have not seen him very often of late years, he has always been the master of my soul.

The very spot where he once said to me a dozen words

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which have been the warning and support of a lifetime, is as clearly impressed on my mind as it was more than forty years ago. Many others, no doubt, could say the same of other incidents or of teaching equally fruitful—much more fruitful, I hope, but equally useful.

FROM A NEAR RELATIVE.

We saw one of your pupils at C——, Mr. F. He spoke with much regard and gratitude for your care of himself during his illness. . . . I did not remember before to tell you a little fact which I happened to hear, and which, I think, will give you pleasure—that two of your boys who are companions and sharers of one room (I do not know if *chums* is a Harrow word, but that is what they used to call them at Eton) are in the daily habit of reading the lessons together. This seems to me a satisfactory proof of the quiet working of a spirit which it has been the great object of your Harrow life to engraft and to improve.

A father writes :—

To you, my dear sir, my wife and I feel indebted for advantages of high value to our son, from your superintendence at Harrow, and to it we shall ever gratefully refer as having been, under Providence, instrumental for his solid good and our abiding comfort.

It must have been some consolation amid the many trials of his Harrow life to receive letters like these, and to see from the progress of the boys themselves that the effort, severe as it was, had been well worth making.

Among the Harrovians who seem to have profited most by the influence of the head-master we find the well-known names of the Right Hon. A. J. B. Beresford Hope, Sir Thomas Wade, her Majesty's Minister in China, Archdeacon Sanctuary, J.

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Nicholson, Esq., Hon. Douglas Gordon, Canon of Salisbury, William George Spottiswoode, the late deeply lamented President of the Royal Society, and his brother George, C. S. Roundell, Esq., M.P., R. P. Long, Esq., M.P.; and many others doubtless might be recorded.

We must not omit in this place to mention the names of the Rev. T. H. Steel, G. F. Harris, Esq., and Rev. W. Oxenham, Dr. Wordsworth's colleagues at Harrow, to whose friendship he owed so much, who, we believe, shared his pecuniary losses, and whose names long remained household words in his family.

That those pecuniary losses (which were increased by the fact that he gave up having boarders in his own house, as he considered it disadvantageous to the school) were considerable there can be no doubt, and they had to be met, as far as possible, by the retrenchment of personal expenses and luxuries. His own health, too, had been greatly undermined. During all this period of his life he suffered, not from any dangerous complaint, but from that sensitive state of nerves to which scholars and thinkers are peculiarly liable. Part of the interval between Harrow and Westminster was spent at Leamington under the care of the celebrated Dr. Jephson, who put him on a regimen which enabled him in some degree to recover his physical health. He would probably have broken down completely had it not been for his wife's affec-

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tionate cheerfulness, his own habits of early rising, spare feeding, especially in the working hours of the day, and regular exercise in the open air (both morning and afternoon), a habit which he kept up to the very last week of his long and wonderfully energetic life.

At this point we may make a pause before we contemplate him in his new sphere as the member of a Collegiate Chapter, and mingling in the complex and varied life of the great city and the great world beyond the sound of the Abbey bells.

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CHAPTER V.

EARLY WESTMINSTER LIFE.

As we mentioned at the close of the foregoing chapter, a canonry of Westminster was offered in the autumn of 1844 to Dr. Wordsworth by Sir Robert Peel. This canonry had been previously offered to his father, who had retired from Trinity, in recognition of his services, and at his request was transferred to his son. The Deanery of Peterborough was also offered to the father by the same Prime Minister, and declined.

This was an instance of the generosity of Sir R. Peel's disposition, for, as we shall shortly see, the new Canon's political views differed considerably from his own, and the troubles at Harrow had, we believe, been felt to some extent in the Premier's own family.

The following letter was written at the time:—

Harrow, Oct. 4, 1844.

MY VERY DEAR MR. WATSON,—There is indeed abundant reason for thankfulness for the blessing we have received from our Heavenly Father, and through our earthly one; and we heartily say Amen to your kind wishes and prayers.

Poor old Jones[1] was the first person connected with the

[1] Formerly Mr. Watson's butler, then a verger in the Abbey.

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Abbey who heard the news. On entering the church yesterday afternoon he was at the door, and he received the intelligence with his most benignant smiles. He placed me in a seat next the canon (all are canons[2] now) in residence, who was Mr. Temple Frere. After service we had a greeting; and you may be sure he was right glad to hear the tidings for our sake. I also saw Mr. Repton; called on the Dean, Bishop Monk (one of the canons), Dr. Williamson (Head Master of Westminster); they were not to be found (the first two are out of town), but Mr. Temple Frere tells me that no one at Westminster had any idea how the vacancy would be filled up. I had a very *paternal* letter from our diocesan and visitor, the archbishop, yesterday, which shows that he was in the secret, perhaps as a *cause*.

At half-past five I called in Whitehall; the Premier received me very graciously, and said that he was not in the habit of making promises, but that he had long wished and intended to do what he has now done, both for the ex-master's sake and mine. Oh! that you were in Park Street [where Mr. Watson had formerly lived for many years]. . . . We are becoming anxious as to the hands into which Harrow may come.[3]

The spirit of boys and masters is excellent; the former have now taken to *respond* audibly in our church, chapel, and school prayers, at which we rejoice exceedingly. Have you any interest with the vicar so as to influence his vote?

Yours very affectionately,

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

[2] This is interesting as marking the transition from "prebendary" to "canon" in ordinary English. The change arose out of the provisions of the new Cathedral Reform Act.

[3] These anxieties were happily soon removed by the appointment of Dr. Vaughan.

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TO THE SAME.

Oct. 25, 1844.

To-morrow we are going to Westminster, and I hope to be installed in the morning.[4] . . . When we are domiciled at Westminster, which *must* be our home for three months in the year, and I would hope will be for more than six, in what way, do you think, could we be (to speak briefly) of *most use?* I mean in parochial and National Society matters. My desire would be to keep up my schoolmaster habits to a certain extent, i.e. as far as is consistent with other professional duties. . . . I am quite unfit for financial matters, or to take part in committees, &c., &c., but perhaps I might do some little good if you would set me to teach any young future schoolmasters Latin, or to examine them in the Catechism. *Quo jusseris, ibo.* As I *must not cross this* sheet, and *will not* cross to another, I remain from the bottom of my heart and my page,

Yours affectionately,

C. WORDSWORTH.

It being the custom for a single canon only to be in residence at one time, most of the official houses at Westminster were let, and one reserved as a residentiary's lodging, each canon moving out at the end of his term to make room for the family of the incoming canon at the commencement of his residence. Dr. Wordsworth made a point of occupying the house assigned to his canonry, and refused to renew the lease of it. His example has been for many years generally followed.

A member of the Bishop's family writes:—

[4] This was written within a few days of his thirty-seventh birthday, October 30.

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There was something very fascinating in our life at Westminster, to which we moved in 1845, just when my earliest recollections begin. We had the house now occupied by Canon Prothero, which might easily be known by the stained-glass window with the inscription "Domus Dei porta cœli," and others. This glass was put in by Mr. Powell under my father's directions, and the inscriptions chosen by the latter.[5] But this was some years later than the time of which I am now writing. The house had previously been occupied by Mr. James Bandinel, who had left behind some relics of himself in the old encaustic tiles embedded in the wall, and it had the further interest of having once been visited and slept in by Washington Irving. There were the handsome panelled sitting-rooms and carved chimney-pieces so characteristic of old collegiate houses. We had a great affection for the fable of the Fox and the Crane, which was carved in wood over the drawing-room fire (the dining-room would, perhaps, have been more appropriate). The study had a door which opened on to the college garden (the old infirmary garden of the monks), and I still remember the brilliancy of the marigolds in the little bed in front; the tall old wall where the jessamine and lily of the valley blossomed kindly despite of London soot; the tower of the old Jewel-house a little to the east; the four lawns, divided by paths, where the canons of Westminster and their families used to take their Sunday stroll; the Jacobean dormitory of the school on the western side. The lazy, mellow sound of the "five-and-twenty minutes bell" before the three o'clock service seems to haunt these gardens as naturally as the note of black-

[5] One of these, the words of St. Chrysostom,

Στενὴ ἡ πύλη, οὐχ' ἡ πόλις,

seems too beautiful to be left unrecorded. Another was

"Hospes in his foribus paulum dum sisteris ora,
Orantis fidei cœlica porta patet."

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bird or thrush would that of some favoured country home.

It was a very fortunate thing for a man with my father's highly susceptible nervous system that even in the heart of London he could have so quiet an abode situated in the inner or little cloister. It was really quieter than many country places, the front door being 200 yards distant from the entrance to Dean's Yard.

His appointment to the Canonry of Westminster in 1844 occurred just at a time when the old order of things was being gradually displaced for a new one. The twelve canons were to be reduced to six; and the immediate effect of this was to throw a very disproportioned amount of work upon him. The senior canons were not disposed to take more than the stipulated month apiece; this left my father with many a dreary February and hot July and August to be struggled with alone. Preaching every Sunday two sermons in the Abbey, which, as he used to say, was "like preaching to three congregations at once" (one in the Choir, one in each of the Transepts), on an exhausting day in the height of summer, was no light task even to a man of his exceptional powers, and the agonies of neuralgia he used to suffer, and the nervous depression which accompanied it, have left a strong impression on our memories.

While speaking of his preaching in the Abbey we may mention that he took great pains with the choir boys, of whom he had a class regularly on Sunday afternoons after service.

We have, however, been somewhat anticipating and must now return to the year 1845. The extracts which follow refer in part to a subject which occupied him much at this time, the question of the Maynooth Endowment Grant.

We must remind the reader that a Bill had been

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recently brought in by Sir Robert Peel, and supported by Mr. Gladstone, then member for Newark, and others, to augment the Government subsidy to Maynooth from 9000*l.* per annum to about 27,000*l.*, to change the annual grant into a permanent one, to incorporate the trustees, and provide for the maintenance of the fabric.

Up to the close of the eighteenth century the Irish priesthood had been for the most part educated abroad, and if not higher in the social scale than at present, had at least gained some polish and enlargement of mind by residence in France and Belgium.

Maynooth had originally been founded in 1795, at a time when religious education in France was threatened by the Revolution; but nevertheless its tendencies were popular and unfavourable to loyalty almost from the first, as was confessed by O'Connell when examined before the House of Commons in 1825.

More than this, "the Irish Roman Catholic Hierarchy," in the words of Lord Castlereagh, was "known to be in a state of more complete and unqualified dependence on a foreign authority than any other Catholic Church now subsisting in Europe." The whole executive of the college was virtually in the hands of the bishops, who were in the hands of the Pope; the only commentary on Scripture in use as a class-book was from the pen of a Jesuit. "The British nation," said Canon Words-

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worth, "pays for Maynooth, and the Pope governs it."

The pamphlets which he wrote on this occasion have a special interest, owing to the state of Ireland in our own day, which makes such passages as the following seem almost prophetic:—

> The higher classes of the laity will, no doubt, always enjoy the benefit of the salutary influences of liberal education and polished society. But this is not the case with the *poor* and *illiterate*. To them their priest is everything; and when we remember the tremendous powers that are wielded by the Roman Catholic priesthood in the rite of confession and in excommunication, the question of the character and tendency of their education becomes one of the most momentous importance. And when Maynooth, which has now "begun to be felt[a]" shall be felt more deeply and extensively, is there not the strongest ground to fear that its results will be seen in rural districts, and in densely populated towns, in the *outbreak of such a spirit of anarchy and outrage, as the power which has fostered and strengthened it will attempt too late and in vain to repress?*

This pamphlet, and another which followed it, created a considerable sensation at the time, and produced a reply from Lord John Manners, which elicited a third pamphlet on the same subject. These three pamphlets, which were published anonymously in 1845, will be found full of interest to those who, in the present crisis, are interested in Irish affairs. Viewed in the light of 1887, Mr.

[a] *Quarterly Review*, 1841, "Maynooth, the Crown and the Country," p. 81.

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Gladstone's words in the House of Commons at this time are fraught with meaning :—

I think this measure important, most of all important with regard to the *principles which it involves.* I am very far indeed from saying that it virtually decides upon the payment of the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland by the State; but I do not *deny that it disposes of the religious objections to that measure.* I mean, that he who assents to this Bill, shall, in my judgment, *no longer be in a condition* to plead religious objections to such a project.

The following letter from Mr. Gladstone will be read with interest :—

13, *Carlton House Terrace,*
April 11, 1845.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,—I had received your pamphlet, had read it, and been much struck by it before I was aware whose gift it was. Notwithstanding the solid character of its matter, I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty to support the Bill, with my eyes open as to the consequences in argument, and the possible results in fact.[7]

So much of the reasons that have influenced me as I may be enabled to express by word of mouth, it is my intention to state in the House of Commons to-night. Meantime farewell, and may God preserve to the Church her mission and her destiny.

I remain always most sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

[7] Mr. Gladstone (President of the Board of Trade) left the Ministry early in 1845, because the views of Government on the Maynooth Grant, were at variance with his formerly published work on Church and State. (*See* his speech of February 4, 1845, in Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.)

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I am sorry to see you do not say when you are to come to occupy your residence at Westminster.

Rev. Chr. Wordsworth.

TO MRS. WORDSWORTH.

Buxted, April 19, 1845.

. . . Yesterday at half-past nine I went down to the Abbey; the Canon in residence is Lord John Thynne, which was very convenient, as I was thus enabled to arrange matters about the house . . . After visiting the house . . I walked to Carlton House Terrace, where I called on Gladstone, with whom I sat about an hour and a half and was very much interested with my visit, which was entirely on public, Church, and State matters. He was very agreeable, and we got on extremely well, but I fear he is quite stunned with the din of the popular cry of the day in the House of Commons. He is much to be pitied. If he had one or two to work with him, the country might yet be saved. I then returned to evening service, so it was quite a Church and State day.

C. WORDSWORTH.

TO THE SAME.

Bedford Square, May 30, 1845.

. . . Yesterday morning I went to the Abbey service after which I visited the house. . . . I walked from Westminster to Bedford Square,[8] where I found your letter, which gave me great pleasure, for your and dear Johnnie's sake. . . . I walked down again to Westminster. . . . After service . . . went to Athenæum, saw Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Dealtry, and Archdeacon Hall and Mr. Merivale there; drove home, dressed for Mr. Matheson's party of National Society people—went there with Mr. Craig, there were about 100 people at the dinner; talked a little there with Gladstone, Churton, Mr. Moody, Archdeacon Marriott, Mr. Abraham of Eton, Mr. Colquhoun

[8] The residence of Mr. Frere.

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(whose speeches you will see in our second pamphlet), with whom I am going to breakfast to-morrow; there was also Dr. Hook there, Archdeacon Manning, Judge Coleridge, &c. Some speeches after dinner—good, bad, and indifferent. The world of Church *practice* seems to me a very miserable impression of the world of Church *theory*. After Mr. Colquhoun's to-morrow, I go to Mr. Percival's. On Sunday, you know, I preach at Portman Chapel.

I have put the MS. of the Journal[9] into John Murray's hands.

TO THE SAME.

Bedford Square, June 5.

. . . Yesterday I was at the Abbey service, then at a Chapter, then here again, then down in Pall Mall for a meeting of the London Diocesan School Board, Bishop Short in the chair, in the absence of the Bishop of London, who feels deeply the present state of public affairs, and is not well. The meeting was well attended. . . . I moved one of the resolutions. Mr. Norris was there, and I am engaged to go and see him next week, when Mr. Watson will be back at Clapton. This morning I am going to the Archbishop of Armagh's (the Primate) to hear a little about Ireland, and whether anything can be done for the Irish Church, which every one here, Churchmen as well as Radicals, seem to have *given up*, alas! This is a sad subject, my dearest, and it fills one with grief to hear the language held by all concerning our sister Church.

Bedford Square, June 6.

Yesterday after breakfast I went to the Primate's (Archbishop of Armagh), where I found Mr. Colquhoun and Mr. Palmer. The Primate is a remarkably fine old man, of very gentle and *paternal* manner, and received us with great kindness. I seemed to myself to see in his countenance the sunset of the Irish Church: he was so

[9] "Diary in France."

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calm and so resigned. We remained about an hour, and the result of our conversation was that he charged us[1] to write a memorial concerning measures which may be taken for the support of the Church; and I am desired to draw up this paper, which I shall submit first to Mr. Colquhoun and Mr. Palmer before it goes to the Primate. May God grant us His grace and direction to serve Him in the right way. I then went to a Chapter—then to the house, where they seem to be getting on, though not very fast—and then to the Abbey; and then to Mrs. ——'s garden party, which was very fully attended. I stayed a very short time, having very little love for such things, in such a place at such a time. I hope you will not wish to indulge in such anti-ecclesiastical vagaries. I hope to send all the Journal to the printers to-morrow.

Early in the year 1846 the good old "Master of Trinity," to use the name by which he was best known, was called to his rest. He died at Buxted, on the 2nd of February, 1846, an anniversary which his son often recalled, and which seemed to him a true "Presentation in the Temple," a beautiful day for the memory of a consecrated old age. His son Charles, who had resigned his second Mastership at Winchester at the end of the previous year, partly on account of failing health, and partly in order that he might live with his father in his declining years, was with him at the time of his death; and afterwards, for the sake of old associa-

[1] This was a favourite phrase. He often used to speak of anything he had written as if his wife had been joint author. After his edition of the Greek Testament had come out, his expression, in referring to any passage, perhaps would be, "You will find that in Mrs. Wordsworth's Commentary."

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tions, returned to Winchester, where he took a house, only however to occupy it for a few months, before he was called to serve in Scotland, as Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond, which had been founded mainly through the exertions of two of his old friends and private pupils at Christ Church, Mr. W. E. Gladstone and Mr. James Hope, afterwards Hope-Scott of Abbotsford.

Christopher Wordsworth seems to have preserved every fragment of his father's handwriting. The letters and little notes with the characters growing weaker and more tremulous as time went on, are full of affection for all his three sons, and interest in whatever concerned them; literary criticisms of their work ("Theophilus Anglicanus" more particularly seems to have had special pains bestowed upon it both by the "Master" and by Joshua Watson); pages full of erudition, brightened up occasionally by a few loving words to his daughter-in-law, and pretty little messages about his grandchildren. An almost solitary old age never made him selfish. His affection for the household at Rydal, and pride in his more distinguished brother, transpire throughout his correspondence; while his generosity, especially to his own college, was all the more remarkable, because in early life he had had to practise habits of thrift and self-denial. One of his last acts was a bequest of 200*l.* to the Fund of which we are now about to speak.

One of the first undertakings which the new Canon

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of Westminster helped to originate was the "Westminster Spiritual Aid Fund," of which he was the secretary, Mr. W. P. Wood, afterwards Lord Hatherley, being the treasurer. The original prospectus of the Westminster Spiritual Aid Fund says that "the effect of recent improvements in *other* parts of London having been greatly to increase the number of its poor, its present church accommodation is not more than 7500, and from recent statistical inquiries it appears that there are 12,527 children under twelve years of age not attending any school, and its general spiritual condition may be further inferred from the fact that more than 1100 *shops in it are usually open on the Lord's Day.*" Those who only know Westminster now will have a very imperfect idea of what it was between forty and fifty years ago. The Abbey, itself still unrestored, was surrounded by low, mean houses. Victoria Street was still unbuilt, the Broad Sanctuary and Dean's Yard presented a sordid and discreditable appearance, very different from the well-built, light, and spacious scene with which we are familiar. But the spiritual condition of Westminster was but feebly typified by the external aspect of its crooked, dirty, crowded, and uninviting streets. In 1846 the two parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, held by Canons of Westminster, had a joint population of 52,000 souls.

In order to counteract these evils, five districts were formed in addition to the two left to the

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respective parish churches; and it was to obtain churches, schools, parsonages, and clergy for these that the promoters of the Spiritual Aid Fund laboured unremittingly, making personal visits to the rich and influential, sending out letters and circulars, and giving largely from their own resources. One thousand pounds were obtained from her Majesty and the Prince Consort, and similar sums from the good Queen Adelaide, Archbishop Howley, the Bishop of London (Blomfield), the Dean and Chapter of Westminster (besides other gifts of land, &c.), and Archdeacon Bentinck, a member of the Chapter; 500*l.* from the Duke of Buccleuch, &c., 300*l.* from Sir Robert Peel, the site of a church by Mr. Cubitt, &c. Over and above all this, Miss (now the Baroness) Burdett Coutts generously expended 30,000*l.* on St. Stephen's, Rochester Row, with schools, parsonage, &c.; and Archdeacon Bentinck, with characteristic munificence, besides taking part in the corporate donations of the Chapter of Westminster, built the church of Holy Trinity at his own expense. The daughters of Bishop Monk, at a somewhat later date, erected the Church of St. James-the-Less as a memorial to their father.

Dr. Wordsworth, though a comparatively poor man himself, gave 1000*l.*[2] and his colleague, Mr.,

[2] In his eighth Boyle Lecture, preached in 1854, Dr. Wordsworth thus drew attention to the deterioration of the homes and households of *the London poor*:—"Magnificent mansions have been built for the rich; new streets and terraces and squares

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afterwards Sir W. Page Wood, was equally liberal. Another name which it is impossible to pass over was that of the Hon. J. C. Talbot, Q.C., who with his remarkably gifted wife took a keen interest in all that concerned Westminster and the condition of its poor. His early death was deeply and widely felt; but the present generation, especially those educated at Oxford, will gather what the parents must have been from its knowledge of what the Church owes to their sons.

The following paragraphs from the pen of J. G. Talbot, Esq., M.P., will show what has been the recent working of the Fund:—

It is very pleasant to me, as the present treasurer of the Westminster Spiritual Aid Fund, to be allowed to add a few words to what has been stated above as to the starting of the Fund. "Other men laboured" indeed, and we have "entered into their labours." I am acquainted with very few works which have produced so permanent an effect for good as this Fund. Canon Wordsworth (as he then was) knew probably that he was laying his foundations deep, but I doubt whether even his foresight could have known how beneficent would be the results of his labours, nor how easy a task he left to his successors. By the wise

have been opened for them. But what has become of the poor whose tenements have been swept away to make room for these splendid fabrics? What Dives has gained, Lazarus has lost. The poor have been forced into more crowded and squalid abodes, which afford no room for the decencies of life. Here, therefore, compensation is due from wealth to poverty," &c. His pocket-memoranda show also how he took practical note of the material and sanitary needs of his poor parishioners *in the country*, and how he pleaded with the landlords for their benefit.

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course of asking for large lump sums from those who could afford to give them, and by investing them, he and Mr. Page Wood (the future Lord Hatherley) provided a Sustentation Fund for the clergy and the schools of Westminster in succeeding years, and now it may be boldly said that nothing but wholesale confiscation of modern endowments (which, even in these days, we need hardly dread) can rob the Church of this most valuable provision. Every quarter cheques are regularly paid to the nine incumbents of the parishes and sub-districts of Westminster, for the maintenance of curates, and in most cases for the support of Church schools,—and this without any burden upon the treasurer and secretary for the time being. The capital which remained over after the immediate necessities of the time had been provided for, has been prudently invested, and the result is that *half* of the annual expenditure is provided for out of the interest of such investments. The balance is made up by a few annual subscriptions, and by contributions from the offertories of the various churches. In connection with this, it may be interesting to mention that from Westminster Abbey, at whose altar Canon Wordsworth ministered so frequently, a very liberal contribution is annually received—the result of a system of weekly collection from the overflowing congregations, which in earlier days were allowed to depart without taking any share in supporting the various works of the Church.

Since the foundation of the Fund, no less a sum than 33,610*l.* has been granted to the support of curates in Westminster, and 9069*l.* towards the maintenance of schools, whilst the expenses of management have been only 454*l.*, or about 1 per cent. on the total expenditure.

From these figures it will be seen how great have been the results of Bishop Wordsworth's labours. The clergy of the present day are constantly testifying to their importance, but their full value will not be known till the

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day when the jewels of the heavenly kingdom are "made up," and it is known how many souls have been rescued, instructed, edified by the ministrations of the Church in Westminster, which, but for this Fund, might have languished, as elsewhere they have done, or might have been maintained at the cost of constant and exhausting pressure.

But there was another subject which also occupied much of the time and thoughts of the new Canon of Westminster, i.e. the question of the training of nurses for the sick and poor.

This was the era of the foundation of sisterhoods. The exertions of Miss Sellon at Devonport, and of many others that might be mentioned, showed how nobly women might devote themselves to the service of God by working among the crowded and neglected populations of our large and busy centres of labour. But there was one special department, that of hospital and private nursing, which was still most inadequately provided for. Among the numerous class of devout and highly cultivated women to which the Church is indebted for much of her best charitable work may be reckoned one very dear to Dr. Wordsworth, his wife's eldest sister, Miss Elizabeth Frere. No account of those days would be complete without some mention of her. She was to her brother-in-law the sympathetic, intelligent listener, the delightful companion, the earnest and unselfish helper of his graver hours, yet bringing into his severer pursuits an element of humour, grace, and *abandon* which no one could more

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thoroughly appreciate than himself. Hers was the stimulating and enlivening, as his wife's was the soothing and sustaining influence in his life. Her bright, playful, clever talk, and winning personal charm, were just as much at the service of a child or a dull country neighbour as they would have been in the most brilliant circles. Full of interest as she was in works of public charity, she never lost sight of the claims of home, and nursed both parents, at considerable sacrifice of her own health, to the close of their loved and honoured old age. At the time of which we write she took a large share in the foundation of what was afterwards known as St. John's House, and long and frequent were the consultations between Mr. Frere, Dr. Wordsworth, and herself on this subject. Dr. Jelf, of King's College, was also a warm supporter of the scheme.

The institution was founded in 1848, Miss Frere being the first Lady Superintendent. Its object was to train and provide a home for nurses, and to place them under the care of a Master (a clergyman who should be amenable to the Bishop of the diocese), and a Lady Superintendent with other lady associates.

Vows of celibacy on the part of the sisters were not received; the dress was made as simple and convenient as possible, and the whole tone of the institution was such as to enable ladies of moderate Church views to join it, and thus obtain an oppor-

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tunity of helping the sick and poor around them, without the severance of domestic ties.

Since those days the work of St. John's House has become well and widely known: so many of the London poor have, when patients in King's or Charing Cross Hospitals, learnt to watch for those blue dresses and white caps gliding about the spacious wards; so many of the rich have seen the "St. John's nurse" taking her place by some dear one's bedside, with a sense of relief and gratitude, that it seems unnecessary to spend words here in commendation of what has already commended itself. But it is well to remember that what *we* can easily obtain has been procured for us by much labour, thought, and prayer on the part of those who have gone before, and that of all works of practical Christianity few are more difficult than the establishment of a nursing sisterhood, from the variety of interests which have to be consulted, the complex nature of the arrangements, especially where hospital work is concerned, and the nervous strain to which hard-worked women are specially liable.

Another and a kindred subject may be mentioned by anticipation here. The Westminster Hospital, standing as it does very near the Abbey, could not fail to arouse a great interest in a mind like Dr. Wordsworth's. Besides occasionally visiting individual patients he organized a staff of lady visitors to the various wards. These ladies used to meet periodically at his house. At a later date the work

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was warmly taken up by Lady Augusta Stanley, between whom and Dr. Wordsworth there always existed, despite some well-known circumstances which might have led to an opposite result, the most friendly relations. And it may be mentioned here that the portable Communion set given to him by "the ladies visiting Westminster Hospital," with Lady Augusta Stanley at their head, on his appointment to the See of Lincoln, was used for his own death-bed Communion at Harewood.

But to return to matters of a wider public interest.

In the winter of 1848-9 Dr. Wordsworth was appointed Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge. He refers to this appointment in the following letter:—

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

Cloisters, Westminster,
Jan. 2, 1847.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—Enclosed is a copy of my article in the *English Review* . . . you will see if you look at it again that your remarks as to the *suaviter in modo* have not been disregarded. I have also borrowed some passages from your *prose*, as well as from your poetry.

I see that in your prose additions to "Yarrow Revisited," you enlarge on the conservative and restorative character of our English Reformation. Pardon me if I repeat that a *sonnet* in the same spirit would be a most valuable addition to your Eccl. Sketches, especially in these times when the Reformation is *evilly attacked* and not less *evilly defended* in certain quarters. You have, I think, done justice—perhaps I may be allowed to say *more* than justice—to the *better* elements of Romanism in your lines on St. Bees; may not the Church of England implore for some

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cautionary strictures on its *novelties* and *corruptions*? You will, I am sure, excuse me for being more earnest on this point, because many of our best young men (with whom your poems have great influence) are so much distressed with all the dissensions and heresies, which they are told by Romanists and Romanizers have been engendered by the principles of the Reformation, that they require to be taught a great deal more clearly than has been lately the case, *what* those principles really are; and unless they are so taught, Dissent will drive them to Rome.

We had a very interesting day at Trinity College Tercentenary Festival, of which you will have seen some account in the *Guardian*, to which I contributed the article on the needs of the Nation, the Church, and Universities. The Master quoted the "Happy Warrior" in one of his speeches in the Hall, and the preacher paid a beautiful and affecting tribute to the memory of my dear father, in his sermon in the chapel. Yesterday I received a letter from the Vice-Chancellor, announcing to me that I had been elected Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge for the present year. The duty is nine sermons to be preached at St. Mary's; the stipend about 300*l*. What I particularly value in the appointment is, that it enables me to keep up my connection with the University, which, in these times, is an object of the greatest interest.

We have heard a very good account of Charles[3] and his wife from Pisa . . . now I suppose they are at Rome, which appears to have been laid waste by terrific floods, in which some of your favourite stone-pines have perished . . With all the good auguries of the season, and love to our aunts, I am, my dear uncle,

Yours affectionately,

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

[3] His brother Charles had recently married Katharine, daughter of the Rev. W. B. Barter, of Burghclere, and niece of the Warden of Winchester.

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The subject chosen for the Hulsean Lectures was the interpretation of the Apocalypse. The sermons were prepared with great care, and were preached with all the fire and fervour of powers then at their height. They were published afterwards as "Lectures on the Apocalypse," and subsequently to a great extent incorporated in his "Notes on the Greek Testament."

But it was as a Canon of Westminster Abbey that his most important influence as a preacher was exercised.

The mere titles of his sermons show that he was wont to treat from the pulpit of the great topics which affected the Church, and to some extent the State of England in those days, and despite the somewhat unusual length of the sermons, and the temperature of the then unwarmed building, crowds used to gather there Sunday after Sunday.[4] And very

[4] The Bishop of S. Andrew's writes: "Perhaps the following anecdote may be introduced as bearing upon the complaint that his sermons were often too long:—I was once calling upon the old Bishop of Exeter (Philpotts), in London, and in the course of conversation he remarked, 'I wish you would persuade your brother, the Canon, not to preach *quite* such long sermons. My daughter' (she was very deaf) 'always attends the Abbey services, and would enjoy them more if he would be a little shorter.' To which I replied, 'I will certainly convey your Lordship's message, and I am aware that others occasionally make the same complaint. But in justice to my brother, allow me to mention what the Warden of Winchester, whom I think you know, told me not long ago: "When I was in London," he said, "I went to hear your brother preach at the Abbey. There was a crowded congregation, and I had to stand (in the north transept) during the whole of the service. As soon as the sermon was finished, a stranger,

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few Monday mornings passed without some letter of grateful appreciation, which would be handed to his wife, perhaps only half perused, with some playful scolding if she attempted to read it aloud.

For further details on this subject we must, however, refer the reader to the chapter on his literary work, and proceed now with our account of his personal history.

who was standing next to me, pointed to the clock in the south transept, and said, 'Just an hour; but not a moment too long!'"

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CHAPTER VI.

WESTMINSTER AND STANFORD-IN-THE-VALE.

On April 23, 1850, Wm. Wordsworth died at Rydal, and his nephew, as his literary executor, was summoned thither, and spent the summer with his family at the Lakes. Did space allow us we should like to dwell on the recollection of that simple, cottage-like home. In 1850 the old faces still lingered in the old haunts. Mrs. Wordsworth was there in her ripe old age, but active still, with her beautiful calm cheerfulness and kindness, and the poet's sister Dorothy, then an invalid of many years, might still be seen on a sunny afternoon in her wheel-chair in the garden, with the robins hovering about her, and seemed like a reflection of bygone days. Her fine head, marked features, and keen blue-grey eyes, showed what she once had been, and there was all the old quickness of sensibility and warmth of heart, which made her brother once say of her, "Her loving-kindness was surely never exceeded by any of God's creatures."

This was one of the busiest as well as the most sorrowful periods in Dr. Wordsworth's life. Mrs. George Frere, his wife's mother, had died only two or three days before his uncle, the poet, and in the

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early summer of 1851 he had the great sorrow of losing his beloved brother-in-law and college friend, the Rev. John Frere, of whom an earlier mention has been made; and as his uncle's literary executor, he was entrusted with the publication of "The Prelude," and composition of the Poet's Memoirs.

In the autumn of 1851 Dr. Wordsworth went to Ireland on a S.P.G. tour, in company with his dear friend, the Rev. Ernest Hawkins, the valued secretary of that society. After visiting St. Columba's College, and the beautiful banks of the Dargle, he writes to his wife from the Palace at Armagh:—

Sept. 23, 1851.

This morning we went to the cathedral, and this being the day of the visitation, there was a great gathering of clergy, and the primate delivered his charge. It was well worth a journey from England to see and hear this most admirable and venerable archbishop address his clergy in his own cathedral on such an occasion. I have met numberless kind friends, and my difficulty, it seems, will be now that I have got *into* this country to be able to get *out* again. I send you a bill of fare enclosed, showing what is proposed for S.P.G. meetings. . . .

Yours everywhere most lovingly,
CHR. WORDSWORTH.

In a letter with the same date, he adds:—

Nothing can be kinder than the Primate is. I only wish *you* could see him. You would love him so dearly. I have had the best possible opportunities of seeing the Irish clergy in these parts, and shall have much to tell you when we meet. To-morrow I am to preach in the morning in Armagh Cathedral.

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On the 30th he visited the Bishop of Down and Connor at Holywood, where he also met with a most kind reception, and after speaking at a variety of other places, returned home at the beginning of October, full of renewed interest in, and sympathy with, the Church of the sister island. This led to the production of a series of sermons on the Irish Church which were afterwards published.

The years 1850-51 were also memorable in Dr. Wordsworth's life as the time of his entering on the work of a country clergyman. He undertook the charge of the parish of Stanford-in-the-Vale-cum-Goosey, a large poor parish in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, which, with a nominal income of about 350*l.* a year, left him, when two curates' salaries, repairs, and charities were deducted, perhaps on the whole rather a poorer man than it found him. Stanford enjoyed, with Challow, a neighbouring village, the unenviable reputation of being the most neglected and disorderly locality in the district, as recent statistics had testified. It was an "open" parish, i.e. there was no resident squire, but a number of small owners of property, the consequence being that every one who was turned out of any of the neighbouring villages found a refuge there. The overcrowding and lack of decent accommodation produced the usual effects, and drunkenness and immorality were so common as to be almost disregarded.

Stanford, which lies in that part of Berkshire which

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has been celebrated by "Tom Brown" as the Vale of White Horse, is a long, straggling village with a "green" skirted by cottages, and gently rising towards the churchyard, which is shaded by fine elm-trees. The church has some antiquarian interest, especially for a double squint or hagioscope, which we believe is somewhat rare, in the north aisle, and is by no means unpicturesque with its grey battlemented tower and fine east window. The vicarage, when Dr. Wordsworth first entered upon it, was a small, incommodious house, which he greatly enlarged and improved without destroying its unpretentious character; and the garden never lost its old-fashioned look. Its chief feature was a small orchard which sloped upwards to a low ivy-clad wall (beneath which was a stone seat), and was surrounded by a narrow walk, a favourite place of meditation for the vicar, who could see from thence the characteristic "White Horse" range and a wide expanse of arable country, with not unfrequently a fine sunset beyond.

It was here that he used to talk over, generally with some member of his family, whatever literary work he was engaged upon.[1] "N——, did you ever read Isaiah?" he would perhaps say; and at once he would begin pouring out his thoughts on the chapter he was then studying, and the names of old historic dynasties and empires would blend somewhat

[1] He had at this time begun his Commentary on Holy Scripture.

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strangely with the steady beat of the pacing footsteps, and perhaps the distant bleating of the sheep or the voices of the children playing under the wall.

The first thing a visitor to the house would probably notice was the inscription on a stone above the principal door: "Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, vanus est labor ædificantium eam." The dining-room ceiling bore on the sides of its low rafters the words, "Whether ye eat or drink . . . do all to the glory of God," "Speak evil of no man," "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness," and "In everything give thanks." The store-closet contained a delicate little warning to the anxious mistress of the house in the words "*Μάρθα Μάρθα*," and the entrance to the vicar's study was headed by "*Ἐξαγοράζεσθε τὸν καιρὸν*," while round the bow window inside were the words "*Εἴ τις ἐν Χριστῷ καινὴ κτίσις, τὰ ἀρχαῖα παρῆλθεν, ἰδοὺ γέγονε καινὰ τὰ πάντα.*" Over his dressing-room door he had the text "Nolumus exspoliari sed supervestiri."

There was little to notice in the house save the preponderance of books, and, with the exception of a few good prints, the lack of ornaments. Everything bore traces of a busy but unpretentious life. For years he never kept a carriage, and though there was no stint in any of the needful comforts of life, yet the "lust of the eye" was but slightly gratified.

Almost the first act of Dr. Wordsworth on beginning work at Stanford was to set about the

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restoration of the parish church and the improvement of the national school. It was a parish in which nearly everything had to be done, alike in providing the externals of Church worship, and in raising the spiritual and moral tone.

The little hamlet already mentioned was, if possible, still more neglected. He restored the chapel and soon afterwards built a parsonage with school attached, which was served for a time by a deacon schoolmaster from St. Mark's.

There was something very characteristic in the way the new vicar contrived, when already between forty and fifty years of age, to adapt himself to surroundings so unlike any that had gone before, and apparently so uncongenial to the habits of a student. He had one great advantage not common to studious men, a remarkably good memory for faces[3] and names, and another equally necessary for dealing with rustic populations, a clear and powerful voice, and great readiness and power of illustration.

[3] After his first visit to Stanford he made notes to fix in his memory the personality of those whom he had met :—

Mary C——, black eyes [like] Mrs. D——.
Emma B——, Titian.
Ellen W——, hair tied; brown ribbon.
Henry M——, picture; reserved, shy.
Jesse W——,white; flaxen, longish hair.
Rebecca ——, red, large, goodnatured face; good.
Anne ——, scowlish.

Some of these occur in his list of children, entitled "*ἀρνιογνωμοσύνη*," which afterwards gave place to a more complete "Speculum Gregis."

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It may be added, too, that he never lost his temper, nor allowed himself, at the most irritating and trying of vestry meetings, or under any other circumstances, to say a word he could possibly afterwards regret. Letters from two of his curates, the Rev. T. W. Elrington, and the Rev. L. G. Maine, will give some idea of what he was at this time.

The Rev. T. W. Elrington, Vicar of Saling, Essex, writes, March 12th, 1886:—

I have peculiar reason for love and gratitude to him. Entering the ministry so much later in life than men ordinarily do, and after years spent in the army, I stood in much need of the kind, considerate, and careful teaching I received from your father.

My training as a soldier, whilst it, in some respects, might be found useful to the young curate, had perhaps this disadvantage, that, accustomed to obedience from those over whom I was placed, I rather looked for the same kind of compliance from my parishioners.

How quietly and how wisely your father corrected this! Teaching me that whilst I must not look for that unhesitating obedience rendered by soldiers to those in authority over them, I was not on that account to be discouraged, and think it of no use to tell my parishioners faithfully and fully that which it was their duty to do, at the same time trying to win their obedience by gentle persuasion rather than by stern command.

By none, save one circumstanced as myself, can the value of my dear vicar's teaching on this point be fully appreciated!

Here let me observe that when I became Dr. Wordsworth's curate, he, in addition to his duties as Canon of Westminster, had just undertaken the spiritual care of the parish of Stanford-cum-Goosey. The desire for Church

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restoration was beginning to take hold of all who sincerely wished the welfare of the people and the spread of true religion amongst them. Of course there was opposition, and never shall I forget the firmness, and yet gentle persuasiveness, with which he met and conquered his opponents. I remember well how that after the vestry had decided upon the restoration of the parish church, one old parishioner stoutly declared that no one should touch *his* pew; that the pew had belonged to his father and grandfather, and I know not how many generations back; that no one should touch it without his consent. Well! some thought that as the majority had decided in favour of doing away with the pews, no one individual could resist the will of the majority. "True," said the kind-hearted vicar, "but we wish to do this willingly." And then to our astonishment, addressing this resolute supporter of the old pews, he said, "Certainly, Mr. ——; no one wishes to do anything in this matter against your will. Your pew shall not be touched without your consent. But we are going to do away with all the others, and put open sittings instead. Yours shall remain as long as you wish."

And so it was. The church was restored with open sittings, leaving this one relic of the square pew system in all its hideousness. But within a twelvemonth the owner entreated to be allowed, at his own cost, to take it away and replace it with open sittings. . . .

I cannot help expressing the admiration I felt for him in his treatment of children, his kind and gentle manner, his evident love for them, winning from them not only their ready attention, but also their sincere love: witness his catechizings in church, when his questions were so framed as to draw out to the full what the children knew of the subject, which he supplemented in language so suitable that the child not only embraced the additional information so conveyed, but almost seemed to regard it as of necessity part of its own answer. His wonderful know-

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ledge of the Bible led him to use the language of Holy Scripture whenever he could with propriety do so, and this he encouraged in the children. I well remember when catechizing the children in Stanford Church, I asked the class why Moses was not allowed to enter the Promised Land. There was a moment's pause, when a little girl of seven or eight years old replied, "Because they provoked his spirit, so that he spake unadvisedly with his lips." The vicar, who was present and saw the look of pleasure with which I heard the answer, asked me afterwards if I had not been delighted with that answer, and when I said that I felt that, had it not been in church, I could have taken the little thing in my arms and kissed her for her answer, he smiled and said, "I don't wonder; it was a beautiful answer."

I need not say I was sorry to leave him, but with the termination of my curacy his interest in and his true friendship for me and mine did not end. And from the time of my leaving Berkshire to the last year of his life—a period of more than thirty years—I knew I possessed in him a most wise and prudent counsellor, a kind, sympathizing, and affectionate friend. Would that I could have seen more of him! But the last time that we ever met was when he, Mrs Wordsworth, and your sister spent a couple of days with us at the re-opening of our church. . . .

The Rev. L. G. Maine writes:—

Sowerby Vicarage, Thirsk,
April 15, 1885.

MY DEAR CANON WORDSWORTH,—My first introduction to your father was in his study at Westminster in the summer of 1859. He had advertised for a curate in the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, and I, having accidentally seen the advertisement, replied to it; I say accidentally, but I have always looked upon it as a providential guiding, for I had expressed a wish to be his curate after reading his

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Commentary on the Gospels, and now the opportunity occurred. It was arranged that I should come to Stanford in August of that year. I felt a little afraid of him at that first visit, but his kind and affectionate manner soon put me at ease. When I came to him he was engaged upon S. Paul's Epistles, and during the seven years I was at Stanford he finished, I think, his whole Commentary upon the New and a great part of the Old Testament. This was the great subject of his thoughts, and he was accustomed to talk over what he was writing with the members of his family, and with me in long walks upon the Faringdon Road. There was much in which I was unable to take a part, but he had the habit of so explaining himself as never to leave any sense of inferiority on the mind. Indeed, his habit of veiling his great knowledge out of consideration to others, was with him a remarkable characteristic. During these walks we had long discussions on the ecclesiastical subjects of the day, religious education, the increase of the episcopate, the inspiration of Holy Scripture, &c., &c. He was deeply pained by any attack upon the faith of the Church. He felt much the publication of the Essays and Reviews. Before his protest against Dr. Stanley he was greatly agitated, and spent several sleepless nights. It was, however, a very striking mark of his character that he never spoke evil of his opponents. Indeed he was a pronounced enemy to all evil speaking and unkind censure of others. I have heard him abruptly change the conversation when a bishop, who was visiting him, ventured to censure an opponent. So deeply did he feel any evil threatening the Church that at such times a cloud seemed to come over his spirit, and his conversation would be full of melancholy forebodings. As a parish priest he was an example to all. I was expected to open the school with prayers at 8.30, but he always himself taught the elder children for an hour before the end of school. So valuable did I feel his teaching that I obtained leave always to be present. It

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was the same with his preparation of candidates for Confirmation, when his exposition of the Creed, and Ten Commandments, and the Sacraments, was so lucid and instructive that new light seemed to be thrown upon them. On one subject he always seemed to me greatest—in his teaching on the Resurrection. I remember it was always his custom to have seeds sown in his garden on Easter Eve, and his greatest delight was in the spring flowers. Although it was understood that I was responsible for the parish visiting, and his time was principally devoted to his Commentary, there was no case of sickness which he did not visit himself, and at such times he always made opportunity to urge the reception of the Holy Communion, and at its administration he would take great pains to gather round the sick or dying bed as many of the relatives and neighbours as he could persuade to be present. Sunday at Stanford was a very bright and happy day. We had a beautiful peal of bells, and it was a pretty sight to see the people—many of them in their white smock frocks—gathering in the churchyard for divine service. The church was an ancient one, dedicated to S. Denys, and had been well restored by Mr. Street, through the exertions of your father. The service was very plain, only the hymns and canticles being sung, but it was very reverently conducted. In the pulpit your father was, in my judgment, occasionally too long, but if what was said went beyond a rustic congregation, there was always much—and that of the richest and best—which the simplest and most unlettered could carry away, and the tone and manner was a sermon in itself. When I was appointed myself to a cure of souls, one of my greatest trials was no longer hearing his sermons. It was his custom to catechize the children after the second lesson at afternoon prayer, his own children, and those of the Clergy Orphanage under Miss Frere's care, standing up with the rest. This was a custom on which he set great value, and in which he poured out his stores of knowledge.

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We had during the week morning prayer on Wednesday and Friday, always with catechizing, and evening prayer on Tuesday and Thursday. We had no daily service, for though your father set great value on it, and always attended the daily prayers at Westminster, he thought that a daily service might prove a burden to me during his five months' absence at Westminster. But as regards such services as we had, he was never absent from them, and he wished me not to be absent. On Sunday we had a fortnightly celebration of Holy Communion, alternately late and early. The subject of foreign missions was very near his heart. He had the whole parish mapped out into districts, and collectors appointed to each district, so that every family might be invited to give something to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In an address upon leaving Stanford he wrote: "I can never forget the services of the District Collectors of our Missionary Association, who have continued for many years in patience, perseverance, and quietness, to do a work which, if it were generally performed in the parishes of the land, would go far to bring about a fulfilment of our Lord's prophecy and promise, that the Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached to all nations; and would assuredly bring down His blessing on all those parishes which co-operate in that labour of love." Everything in the life at Stanford was stamped with the sincerity and reality of your father's character. His one great aim seemed to be the glory of God. Both the vicarage and the rectory where Miss Frere lived, like the monasteries of old, were the resort of all the villagers in sickness, and food and sometimes medicine were supplied where it was needed. It is not for me to speak of the life at the vicarage, but I am persuaded that the presence of a Christian family in their midst taught the poor many a lesson of love and purity. He was essentially a man of prayer, committing everything to God, and seeking continually His guidance.

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His manner in church and at Holy Communion was as one absorbed in eternal things. My wife remembers that being on one occasion at the vicarage he came in with the intelligence of the death of the Prince Consort, and called upon all who were present to kneel down and ask God to comfort and strengthen the Queen in her hour of sorrow. I ever found him readily accessible. He would encourage me to come to him at any time when I wished to consult him, and he would break off at once from his writing and discuss the matter in hand, and before I could leave the room take up his pen again as if he had never laid it down. His diligence was most remarkable. I think he was in his study every morning by six o'clock. As rural dean he held four Chapters during the year, and on two of them the churchwardens were invited to be present, when different subjects of Church interest were discussed. On such occasions his courtesy to all was very marked, a kind word being found for every one.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

LEWIN G. MAINE.

Dr. Wordsworth's preaching, which at Stanford was generally from notes, often written on the back of a letter, was always accompanied with a good deal of action. One farmer, when remonstrated with for complaining of the cold in the church, replied, "Ah, but you gentlemen don't feel the cold as we do, you take a good deal of gentle exercise in church."

And here we must take occasion to note the very deep debt of gratitude which Dr. Wordsworth, in common with many others, owed to the influence and example of the Bishop of Oxford at that time. No one who recalls those days will ever forget the magical

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effect of his presence—like the coming of spring to a winter landscape—in the little nooks and corners of that agricultural county, his thrilling confirmation addresses, his cordial appreciation of what was done by others, the brilliant wit of his conversation, the inimitable tones of his wonderfully-modulated voice, and the fascination of his look and manner.

How much of the poetry, life, and enthusiasm of Church work is due to Bishop Wilberforce; how much also of its organization and practical development! And it was a happy thing for the future Bishop of an agricultural diocese like Lincoln that his work at Stanford brought him not only into contact with a poor and neglected country population, but with that kindling and stimulating spirit, so far in advance of his age in his conception of the duties of an English Bishop, and so marvellously endowed with the power of carrying those conceptions out in active life. It may be added that Dr. Wordsworth's power of gaining and keeping the affections of the yeomen-farmers in his parish was something very remarkable. He won both their respect and their love, and he never forgot them, nor they him. This was partly due to the thoroughness and reality of his character, partly also to his genial kindness and constant house-to-house visiting, a duty on which he always forcibly insisted in after years. That he should take pains with the village school, which he visited three or four times a week, was a matter of course. He was constant at sick-beds and death-

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beds, and it is needless to say how his wife seconded him in all charitable work. But their endeavour was to help people to help themselves, and not to pauperize them, though this was hard enough in a place where labourers' wages ranged from 8*s.* to 10*s.* a week, and where often comparatively respectable men would be out of work during the winter. Scrofula, low fever, and diseased joints were very common. The labourer's food was miserably poor, his stamina feeble. "I can't odds (alter) it," or "Us can't rule 'em" (this generally applied to the children), were frequent phrases on his lips, or perhaps "It's good enough for we," or "Us must bide as we be."[3]

Nothing could be more listless or spiritless than the condition of the people. The parish doctor had thirteen parishes on his hands and called all the men "John" and all the women "Mary" to save time. His name was Mr. Maskelyne, and Dr. Wordsworth used often to maintain that "Mrs. Feminine" (his own wife) and the kitchen physic to be had at the vicarage were quite as beneficial to the patients.

We spare our readers the details of parish work, to chronicle which would be to give *mutatis mutandis*

[3] The language of Berks, by the way, is a thing quite *sui generis*. The use of "thou" still survives to a great extent, and the final *n* may occasionally be heard in such words as "housen," or a "tinnen" teapot; "peart" is still used for clever, "lese" for glean, "buck"-basket for washing-basket; "plim," of which "plump" is the adjective, is still used for "to swell" in cookery, and the list might be made much longer.

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the history of half the villages in England—clothing clubs, confirmation classes (with which he took unusual pains), night-schools, penny readings, missionary meetings, &c. The number of services in the church was gradually, not suddenly increased, and the same rule held good with everything. There was no startling of people by unnecessary and violent changes, but on looking back a few years, a slow but steady improvement would be found to have taken place. He made a point of receiving the vicarial tithes in person. He employed the clerk in a local bank to make out the receipts, and paid one of the farmers (a churchwarden) to assist him at the time of collection.[4] The tithe-payers always dined with him and his family on the day. He

[4] As the question of clerical rate-paying has lately arisen, we may add that in the winter of 1857 he printed an address to the rate-payers of Stanford, protesting against a proposed increase of the rateable valuation of the vicarial tithe. The gross receipts had, in the score years of his incumbency, averaged about 257*l.* a year. After paying a mortgage of about 50*l.* to Queen Anne's Bounty and one curate's salary, &c., the vicarial tithes "never realized the sum of *fifty pounds* in any year of his incumbency." He had "with forbearance and patient remonstrance for five years laid these things before some" among his parishioners, "and for the sake of peace" had "suffered wrong;" but, instead of having had the legal reduction made, he had received notice of a sudden *addition* of nearly 50*l.* to the already excessive rateable value. A few days later he circulated printed regulations for rating tithe rent-charge. As to the payment of his tithes themselves, he said that the only complaint that a farmer had ever made to him on the subject in the course of about twenty years was from one of the smaller farmers who, on paying what was due, declared that *he was sorry that it was not more.*

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entered heartily into the little humours of the occasion, enjoyed the songs, &c., and would perhaps quote Cowper's lines on "Tithing-time at Stock in Essex" with an amused smile.

He was extremely simple and direct in his way of talking to the poor. The present writer remembers going to call with him once on a sulky well-to-do woman, whose husband was in a somewhat thriving business in a small way, but who with thorough ungraciousness of manner sat stitching away and answering in monosyllables all the time of our visit. He found she was making a bag.—"Now, Martha, I daresay you remember that place in the Bible where it talks about earning money to put into a bag with holes. It isn't much use your sewing up that bag in your hand so carefully, if all the while the best treasure you have is being wasted. Some day you will find that all the trouble you are taking now is just as much thrown away as if you tried to keep money in a ragged bag," &c., &c.

He thoroughly individualized his people; he also idealized them. One stately old man, he would say, reminded him of a Venetian Senator. There was a vein of poetry in his nature which came out strongly in his life at Stanford, and his delight in any one who was something of a "character" in his way was very great. Among these was an elderly clergyman who had some points in common with Scott's famous Antiquary, and whose conviction that Sir Philip Sidney had once played at bowls in his

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parsonage grounds, afforded him as much pleasure as the famous "prætorian" did to Mr. Oldbuck.

As a Rural Dean he had frequent opportunities of meeting his clerical neighbours, with whom he was always on the most kindly terms. He begged the name of his deanery might be changed to that of the "Vale of White Horse," and insisted on having a picture of a white horse on the outside of the minute-book; and among the agenda of the Ruri-decanal meetings, inserted amidst graver matter, is a petition to Lord Craven for the "Scouring of the White Horse" (1867).

About 1856 he purchased a lease of the rectorial tithes and the lease of the rectory-house, which he let to his sister-in-law, Miss Frere, who after her father's death had come to live at Stanford, and founded a home for the orphan daughters of clergymen, in which she was warmly supported by her brother-in-law.

Stanford was his home for the greater part of the year, except when keeping his statutable residence at Westminster. Had it not been for the comparative leisure which this country life afforded he never could have found time for one of the greatest works of his life, his Commentary on the entire Bible. Of this more will be said in a chapter on his literary pursuits, but so much of his life at Stanford was taken up with this special study, the minutiæ of parish work lay so closely imbedded among the larger and grander ideas which filled every leisure moment of his mind,

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that a passing allusion to it must be permitted here.

It is no exaggeration to say that the study of Holy Scripture was the great happiness of his life. He lived in it, he seemed to carry its atmosphere about with him, and no lover of natural beauty ever flew back more gladly to the hills and woods than he did to the pages of his open Bible. It was perhaps some feeling of this kind that made him dwell with such evident pleasure on S. Jerome's retirement at Bethlehem, though S. Augustine, with his wider sympathies and greater suavity of demeanour, was perhaps a type of the saintly character for which he felt a still higher veneration. As far as this world's goods went, he was, as we have shown, rather a loser than a gainer by his country parsonage; but no words can overrate the benefits he derived from it in other and better ways. Here it was that his thoughts ripened, his family affection had time to show itself, and his ***humanity*** (if we may so speak) deepened and broadened; and for the survivors of those days, few spots on earth are so full of beautiful recollections and ennobling thoughts as the wide, cowslip-scented Berkshire meadows, the blackthorn lanes, and even the dusty, trivial village street and hedge-row paths, which he so often trod, with the message of eternity upon his lips.

At the close of the year 1852, Dr. Wordsworth's elder brother Charles, then Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond, was called to fill the vacant

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see of S. Andrew's. He was consecrated Jan. 25, (Conversion of S. Paul), 1853. Of so near and dear a relative who is happily still living it is difficult to speak with freedom, and in any case panegyric would seem superfluous of a Bishop whose work, scholarship, and character are so well known. Yet we may take this opportunity of saying that in the midst of all his own multifarious cares, the Canon of Westminster (and the same may be said of the Bishop of Lincoln) never failed to take a lively and practical interest in the affairs of the Scottish Church. A mass of correspondence between the two brothers, never intermitted for upwards of half a century, has been preserved, but bears too much on matters not strictly biographical to be inserted here. The following sentence in a letter written at a late period in the career of both, to a near connection of the Bishop of S. Andrew's will illustrate our meaning:—

> The Bishop of S. Andrew's may not perhaps be allowed to see the good effects of his sayings, writings, and doings,[5] but, like other good and wise men, he has planted trees under the shade of which future generations will sit, and from which they will gather fruit.

When, in 1860, the Synodal Letter on the Eucharistic Controversy, drawn up by the Bishop of S. Andrew's, and signed by all the then Scotch Bishops (except one), appeared, he wrote to his brother:

[5] *I.e.* in an endeavour to bring about a reconciliation between Episcopacy and Presbytery in Scotland.

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"Thank God for the Pastoral! It is indeed a blessed manifestation of His love in overruling evil for good." And again he wrote, after the Episcopal Synod had given judgment on Mr. Cheyne's appeal:—

I shrink from controversy on this most mysterious subject, especially from controversy in newspapers, where it ought not, I think, to be handled at all. In the proper place and manner I hope to be able to express my entire sympathy with you and your brethren, to whom, I think we of the Church of England owe a deep debt of gratitude.

In a similar spirit, in the note in his Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews x. 12, he refers his reader, *inter alia*, to the "Bishop of S. Andrew's learned and valuable *Notes to assist towards forming a right judgment on the Eucharistic Controversy*."

We must now resume the thread of our narrative. In the year 1863, he was asked whether he would accept the Bishopric of Gibraltar, as the following letter will show:—

Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, S.W.
Tuesday before Easter, 1863.

MY DEAR HAWKINS,—I am much obliged to you for your letter, and think that for the sake of clearness, it will be better to answer it in writing, rather than by word of mouth. I have no wish for any earthly advancement. I have a Canonry here and a quiet living in the country, and should be quite content and thankful to end my days as I am. Besides, I am now fifty-five years old, and could not expect to be able to do the work of a foreign mission with the same energy as a younger man.

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At the same time I feel a deep interest in the welfare of the English Church on the continent, and in the present condition of the continental churches, especially in Italy. Perhaps also my position in the English Church, as a Canon of Westminster, might offer some advantages for intercourse with foreign Ecclesiastics; and the yearly returns to England for keeping convenient residence here might give a Canon of Westminster some favourable opportunities for reporting to the Church at home what is going on abroad, and for promoting friendly intercourse between continental churches and the Church of England. And lastly, in case of a failure of health and strength, a person who is a Canon of Westminster need not remain a burden on the Church, and might retire from his office as a Bishop without being dependent on others for support. If, therefore, all things being considered, the Spiritual Rulers of the Church of England think fit that I should be sent to the vacant see of Gibraltar I am ready to go, and would endeavour with the Divine help to do its duties to the best of my powers.

I am, my dear Hawkins, very truly yours,

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

P.S.—I venture to send the enclosed, lately received from Sicily, because it has encouraged me mainly to write what I have written.

Late in the same year the Archbishopric of Dublin was offered to and accepted by the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Trench, and Dr. Wordsworth lost by this means one who had been to him a beloved and congenial friend, and one whose place could never be filled either in the ecclesiastical or literary world of London. At Westminster he was to be succeeded by the Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. Dr.

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Stanley's reputation had preceded him. As a man of most attractive personality, with a literary style that was almost unapproachable in its easy, graceful charm and freshness, as the favourite pupil and biographer of Dr. Arnold, and the accomplished fellow-traveller of the Prince of Wales, and as one of the most popular of Oxford professors, and the historian of the Cathedral of Canterbury, his claims on the admiration and interest of the public were as varied as his gifts, and in many respects he promised, as he proved, to be an almost ideal Dean of Westminster.

There was, however, another side to his character which caused great and general uneasiness—we mean his views on the Inspiration of the Old Testament and other cognate, subjects which no reader of his works could fail to perceive, and which were regarded with all the more alarm, because, despite the ease and lucidity of his style, his opinions were sometimes not carefully formulated, but conveyed in suggestive hints and almost atmospheric *nuances* of expression.

The anxiety at his appointment was shared by many, whose feelings did not find vent in words. But, in his own case, Dr. Wordsworth felt that he could not be silent. "As Canon in Residence," he said, "I find myself charged with the principal duty of officiating in the sacred services of this Church, till the end of the present year. It seems, therefore, that if there is a call upon any one

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to speak in this matter, that person is myself." Accordingly, he produced a short and telling pamphlet, in which, after gracefully alluding to his first acquaintance with Dr. Stanley, when he and his co-examiner had the pleasure of "adjudging to him the highest intellectual distinction which the great public school, where he was educated, had to bestow," and expressing his sincere appreciation of the gifts and talents which he had subsequently displayed, he goes on to mention certain points in Dr. Stanley's recent writings, which, in his opinion, were wanting in loyalty both to Holy Scripture and the Church, and likely to shake the faith of his readers. "I am sure," he adds, "that if we, who ought to speak, remain silent on such critical occasions as these, we shall seem by our silence to approve what is done, and make ourselves accessories to it. . . . We shall shake the confidence of the people in the moral courage and honesty of the Clergy, and shall render it impossible for them to love and revere the Church of their country as a faithful witness of the truth. . . . If the present publication should in any degree obviate such disastrous consequences as these . . . . the author will gladly endure the pain which it costs him, and willingly suffer the obloquy which he may incur thereby."

Dr. Wordsworth must have been fully aware that he was thus not only running counter to the stream of popular opinion, but doing what to a man of his

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instinctive and hereditary loyalty was even harder, incurring the risk of disapprobation from those in high quarters; and it may be said, once for all, that though quite independent of all desire for future preferment, he was keenly sensitive to the personal goodwill of those above him. It was part of the love of sympathy which formed a marked feature in his character; and from that point of view those who knew him best were best aware that the sacrifice, to him, was a very real and costly one. On the other hand, we are sure that there was no action of his life which earned for him more of the respect of many outsiders than the publication of this pamphlet, as was shown by the large number of letters of thanks and addresses received by him at this time.

The English lay mind is, as a rule, very indifferent to the niceties of theology. But an act of moral courage and unworldliness appeals to all, and there is no doubt that some who knew little of the points under discussion were much impressed by the qualities which led Dr. Wordsworth to write as he did.

The pamphlet concluded by an enumeration of the "solemn engagements and stipulations" required of a Dean of Westminster before he is admitted to his place in the Church, the subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, and to the three Articles of the 36th Canon, the oath affirming his belief in the paramount authority of Holy Scripture, the

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acceptance of the statutes of the Church of Westminster, the Declaration of Assent to the Book of Common Prayer. "If Dr. Stanley is received in the Church of Westminster, it will be in virtue of those engagements and professions. He will not be received on the ground of his own writings, but he will be admitted on his publicly declared assent and consent to the Formularies, and on his subscription to the Articles of the Church of England; and that assent and consent may, we would fain believe, be charitably construed into a public retractation and recantation of whatever in his writings can be shown, by fair and reasonable demonstration, to be at variance with those Formularies and Articles of the Church. . . . In this prayer [that at the Dean's installation], when offered up on Dr. Stanley's behalf, none will join more heartily than the writer of these lines. May he have strength to fulfil the solemn engagements which he will then make! May he be enabled by the Holy Spirit to apply the intellectual gifts and graces with which he is endowed, to the more confirmation of the faith! May he so feed the flock committed to his charge with the wholesome food of sound doctrine, that when the Chief Shepherd shall appear he may receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Thus the pamphlet closes. It is barely fifteen large-printed pages in length, and read again after an interval of nearly five-and-twenty years appears to us singularly courteous and moderate in tone.

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As might have been foretold it produced no direct effect, but indirectly the publication was, as we have said, abundantly justified. It only remains to add that when once the appointment was made the social and neighbourly relations between the Canon and his new Dean were those of Christians, scholars, and gentlemen. The Dean's marriage to Lady Augusta Bruce contributed not a little, as has been said elsewhere, to this happy result. Her deep piety and large practical charity could not but be congenial to those who had so much of both qualities as Canon and Mrs. Wordsworth, and it may be truly said that in ministering to the poor of Westminster they found a common ground for labour, sympathy, and prayer.

All have now passed to a world where controversy is unknown, and as we trust to a state where truth and love are found to be one and the same. It is with unwillingness that we raise up even for a moment the ghosts of former controversies, but no biography of the Bishop of Lincoln could be complete without some reference to a step in his life so characteristic, so courageous, and so unworldly as that of which we have just given an account. As a specimen of the friendly and even playful intercourse which subsisted in spite of many differences of opinion between the Dean and the Archdeacon, we print the following little note, one of many which the latter has preserved. It refers to a collection of hymns for the Abbey services.

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Deanery, Westminster.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,—I have chosen three of your hymns. In the necessity of having hymns of which the words and tunes are well known, I have been obliged to give the preponderance to those sanctioned by custom and familiarity. But I think that the public may well allow the proportion which I have assigned to the productions of our own Archdeacon—the only archdeacon, with the exception of Archdeacon Petrarch, whom I can call to mind as walking under the laurel shades.

Yours sincerely,

Feb. 21, 1867. A. P. STANLEY.

The Archdeacon's reply to the above was as follows:—

Σὺ γοῦν ὃς ἄρχεις τῆς Πέτρου τῆσδ' οἰκίας
Ἡμῶν Πετράρχης πᾶσι κλεινὸς—οὐκ ἐγώ.

In the same year (1867) an incident occurred, which in a different way illustrated Dr. Wordsworth's character as strikingly as the episode recorded above. There are probably not many to whom it would have occurred that the best thing to do, after having been robbed, would be to send a cheque to the clergyman of the parish where the robber was supposed to have lived, in order that he might teach his parishioners better behaviour! The story had better be told in one of his daughters' own words:—

"On Sunday, November 10th, 1867, we were at the Cloisters, Westminster, and I was sleeping in the room over the pantry. Very early, about four a.m., I was awoke (as I thought) by the sound of the housemaid sand-papering the fire-irons; I tried to go to sleep, and after some time succeeded. When next I awoke it was to hear that all the

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plate kept in the pantry, my father's pocket Communion service, and many other valuables had been stolen! The sound I had heard was, of course, the thieves filing open the plate drawer.

"My father bore the loss with his usual cheerfulness, even laughing over our small discomforts at breakfast in having no spoons, mustard pot, &c., &c., and he was greatly amused by the thieves coolly drinking the cup of milk that was always placed, over-night, for his early cocoa; but what *really grieved* him was the thought of so much dishonesty and wickedness existing so close to us, and his being able to do so little to improve the wretched state of things. His great wish had always been to reach these people, as his work for the Westminster Spiritual Aid Fund bears witness, and I think his disappointment was all the more bitter when he found from whence the thieves had come; for they were traced with little doubt to a neighbouring parish. But he never was down-hearted, or gave up because of disappointment; accordingly his first act, next day, was to send a cheque to the clergyman of the parish, to spend for the spiritual good of his people.

"I remember we locked up the house that Sunday (just as we had always done), and the whole family went to church. In a letter to my sister I wrote 'we are using kitchen knives and forks, and papa says we are never to buy any more silver.'—And we never did."

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CHAPTER VII.

CONVOCATION.

BEFORE entering on the episcopal life of Dr. Wordsworth, it seems desirable to devote a separate chapter to his very important work as a member of the Lower House of Convocation. This chapter is due to the kindness of one whose intimate knowledge of the proceedings of that House gives him special qualifications for the task. We therefore present it to the reader with little or no alteration.

In the year 1850 a Society for the Revival of Convocation was established in London, of which Mr. Henry Hoare, Mr. Gillett Ottaway, and the Rev. J. B. Clarke (a Somersetshire clergyman) were active members. Of this Society Canon Wordsworth was a ready supporter. At the time when it began its labours very little was known as to the history or constitution of the Convocations, and especially of the causes which had kept them so long silent. Early in the year 1852 Bishop Wilberforce obtained a legal opinion on this subject from Dr. Phillimore, Sir F. Thesiger, and Sir W. Page Wood. These three eminent lawyers all agreed that there was no legal impediment to Convocation proceeding to the discussion of

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matters germane to the subjects mentioned in the Writ of Summons, without waiting for any fresh licence from the Crown. It appeared, in fact, that the silence of Convocation had proceeded from the disinclination of its Presidents (the Archbishops) to allow it to act, more than from any direct veto of the Government. But supposing the Government to have no special objection to the action of the Synods, then it merely rested with the President whether or not that action should take place. In the autumn of 1852 a Conservative Government was in power, and it became known that no opposition would be offered to some discussions taking place in the Convocation of Canterbury. The Archbishop was supposed to be averse from any important action, but it was thought that he would not be altogether opposed to all discussion. The hopes of those engaged in promoting the movement ran high when the Synod of the Province of Canterbury met at S. Paul's, November 5, 1852. There was a large gathering for the procession and the opening service, in which Canon Wordsworth, as representing the Chapter of Westminster, took part. Dr. Peacock, Dean of Ely, was chosen Prolocutor, and the Synod was adjourned to November 12 to meet in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster. During the week which thus intervened, the leading men of the Lower House were occupied in anxious and careful deliberation as to the best method of procedure when the Synod should reassemble. They

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agreed to draw up a paper of things specially needing reformation and amendment in the Church which should be brought before the House at its meeting, as *gravamina*, and having done this with great care and at considerable length, it was moved and carried, on November 12, that the Lower House "begged respectfully to submit to the Archbishop that important matters affecting the welfare of the Church had been introduced into it, and that they prayed his Grace to allow these matters to be referred to a Committee, and for the report of the Committee to be in due time taken into consideration by them." They hoped thus to inaugurate the action of the Lower House. But the Archbishop was steadily opposed to this action, and would not consent that Committees of the Lower House should be sitting and preparing reports in the interval between the sessions. Had it not been for the energetic action of the Bishop of Oxford in the Upper House the whole movement, which had been started with so much pains and labour, and had given so fair a promise of success, would probably have collapsed. Had such been the case it is certain that no one would have more sincerely grieved than Canon Wordsworth.

Fully aware how much there was in the Church of England which needed amendment; seeing clearly that there was no way of amendment likely to be successful save by the action of the Constitutional Synods; he also perceived that these Synods could

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not safely act save after careful investigations by Committees. He saw that this alone could give a reality to the work of Convocation; that mere platform oratory at certain stated periods of public discussion would avail but little to remove grievances; but that carefully digested Committee Reports made by competent persons, offered to and discussed by the whole House, and made known among the clergy and churchmen generally, might do much.

On February 1, 1854, Canon Wordsworth was nominated on the Committee to investigate the privileges and modes of procedure of the Lower House, and to suggest any alterations. Those who are familiar with the Church History of the earlier part of the eighteenth century will know how long and bitter had been the feud between the two Houses as to modes of procedure, and how much the usefulness of Convocation had been hindered thereby. Atterbury, with his daring and unscrupulous advocacy of extreme Church privileges, had claimed for the Lower House of Convocation similar privileges to those enjoyed by the Lower House of Parliament, and had striven to emancipate it altogether from the authority of the President. No one knew better than Canon Wordsworth that this was altogether a false view to take of the position of the Lower House; that in fact it was not a separate House at all, but a part of the general body, detached for purposes of convenience, but having no status of

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its own, its members being merely assessors of the Archbishop. But while Canon Wordsworth was prepared to uphold this constitutional view, he was by no means disposed to forget that the House of Presbyters thus detached from the President's House and allowed to sit separately, and deliberate under a chairman of its own, had acquired, and doubtless possessed, certain privileges, through immemorial custom, of which it behoved it to be very jealous. Of these privileges the most valuable was that each member of the House had the right of bringing before the entire House, and having presented to the President any special grievance, hardship, or injustice of which he had become cognizant, and of which he desired the reformation. These schedules of *gravamina*, as they were termed, might be presented as the grievance of a single person, or, if the House pleased to adopt them, as the general complaint of the whole body, in which case they acquired the name of *articuli cleri*.

At the beginning of Convocation there was a good deal of misconception about these matters, and accordingly we find that on February 1, 1854, Canon Wordsworth moved for a Committee to be appointed to consider any schedule of *gravamina* which might be presented to the House, or which might be referred to it by the House, and to report on them. The object of the formation of the Committee was to prevent any unfitting complaints being carried to the President, and to assist

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in formulating any about which a difficulty might arise. In addition to his appointment on these two Committees, which sprang out of the action of the Lower House itself, we find Canon Wordsworth in this session also nominated on a very important Committee which had been ordered by the Upper House to consider the best means of adapting the rules of the Church to her present necessities.

The Report of this Committee is remarkable as having recommended almost all the changes which have been since carried out, viz. the division of the services, the construction of a new Table of Lessons for a third service, the shorter order of Daily Prayer, Occasional services, the change of the Twenty-ninth Canon. The Report also recommended the extension of the Diaconate to literate persons who should undertake to serve five years, clergy-houses, guilds, missions, and an extension of the Episcopate.

When these matters came on for discussion in the Lower House, somewhat of a stormy debate ensued. The excessive conservatism which animated men like the late Dr. Jebb and Archdeacon Denison, prompted them to refuse to accept the smallest alteration of the Rubrics or any other suggestion of change in the Book of Common Prayer. Dr. Wordsworth on this occasion, as on many others, came forth as an advocate of a middle course. He proposed the insertion in the address to her Majesty of an expression of the desire of Convocation to receive a licence to treat on

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the changes proposed in the Church services, it being understood that the Prayer Book should be preserved in its integrity. It had been argued by the opponents of the resolutions that Convocation ought not to act, it being only an imperfect representation of the clergy. Dr. Wordsworth showed that this had not prevented it from acting in important matters in former times, and he specially deprecated the idea of trying to get Convocation altered by Act of Parliament, which would be fatal to its constitutional character. Before the session ended a very important discussion, took place on the question of Clergy Discipline, on a report sent down from the bishops. Much objection was generally felt to the settlement made by the Act of 1840, and a still greater objection to the Act of William IV., which transferred the hearing of final appeals in matters of doctrine from the Queen in Chancery to the Queen in Council. It was pointed out in the Report of the Bishops that this had been done "almost accidentally," and it was proposed that in cases of appeal the matter should be remitted to the Archbishop's Court for re-hearing; the judge of the Provincial Court being in that case associated with other ecclesiastical and common law judges. In opposition to this it was moved by Archdeacon Denison that in the hearing of matters of final appeal in causes ecclesiastical there should always be eight bishops present.

It does not appear that Canon Wordsworth spoke on this question, in which we know from other

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sources that he always took a most lively interest, and which indeed is the great question for the Church of to-day still awaiting solution. Both of the conflicting proposals had in them much of which he would approve, and it is hard to say on which side his vote would have been given. Archdeacon Denison's proposal was negatived. But now the Upper House, apparently not satisfied with its own report on Clergy Discipline, directed the Lower House to appoint a Committee of its members to consider the subject, and report. Of the new Committee Canon Wordsworth was a member. It presented its report to the Upper House at the session held on the 15th of April, 1856. The report acknowledges the great and surpassing difficulty of the question of the Court of Final Appeal, and contents itself with setting forth two suggested solutions without declaring its preference for either. The first proposal was that the Court of Appeal in matters of doctrine should consist of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council with a certain number of bishops and divinity professors added to it by her Majesty's sign-manual; the second that the appeal should be referred to a special court constituted for the purpose, consisting of bishops, temporal judges, and divinity professors. Perhaps both of these plans had somewhat of the character of nostrums. At any rate the putting forth two, side by side, without any expression of preference of one over the other seemed to be more like evading the question than fairly meeting it.

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Such a course was not likely to commend itself to Canon Wordsworth. No man was ever more fully persuaded in his own mind, or had more distinctly the courage of his opinions. Accordingly he thought it necessary to protest, in company with Mr. Massingberd, against the report offered to the bishops. Against the first-mentioned plan of Court of Final Appeal he protested, because the tenor of our constitution "expressly limits the cognizance of spiritual matters to spiritual persons;" against the second plan also on the same ground, and because in the Preamble of the Statute for Restraint of Appeals it is expressly set forth that all "causes of the law divine" are to be "declared, interpreted and showed" by "that part of the body politic called the spirituality." In the debate which subsequently took place on this important matter in the Lower House (the report having been referred back to them) Canon Wordsworth supported in a learned and able speech the views contained in his protest. He was gratified, he said, that they were now rather preparing to assert a principle than to enter into details. It was undoubtedly one of the most important and difficult questions which could occupy the attention of any man, especially of a minister of the Church. He then proceeded to take a broader view than had been adopted by some of the previous speakers. He did not rely simply on the Statute for Restraint of Appeals, or on the doctrines of the Reformation period; he looked to Holy Scripture

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and the general principles of the Catholic Church. He would place them "on the solid rock and in the serene atmosphere of primitive antiquity." The duty of Convocation was to bear witness to the truth, however unpopular it might be. The true scriptural administration of the royal supremacy was "in civil matters by civil judges and in spiritual matters by judges ecclesiastical." The House finally accepted an amendment to the report, which embodied the views of Canon Wordsworth. When the subject came up again, on the final consideration of the report, Canon Wordsworth endeavoured to insert some words more expressly declaring the connection of the Church of England with the Church of primitive times; that the Reformation was not innovating but restorative; that instead of originating any new principle it adopted a primitive principle transmitted from the earliest times; that the Church was not in an insular position, but in harmony with the whole of Christendom from primitive times. The words moved were well received by the House, but were not inserted in the report, as not being held strictly relevant. On the whole this important discussion, which had been very ably conducted throughout, gave great cause of satisfaction to those who had the interests of Convocation at heart. In commenting upon it Canon Wordsworth said he believed it would be productive of very great benefit to the Church and the realm at large, and do more than anything else to commend

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the cause of synodal action to the members generally of the Church of England.

The Church still waits for the happy solution of the difficult question of the Court of Final Appeal, and it may be confidently affirmed that no arrangement in this matter will satisfy churchmen save one which embodies the principles advocated by Canon Wordsworth.

In another important matter which soon afterwards occupied the attention of Convocation we find him expressing opinions on episcopal duties which somewhat startled some of his brethren, and advocating that scheme for the extension of the episcopate which he was the first in after years to put in practice. In discussing a scheme for Home Missions he said: "In my opinion one of the greatest blessings to the Church would be that the bishops should be withdrawn from the arena of politics. I do not mean withdrawn altogether from the House of Lords," but, by the adoption of the system of rotation, compelled in the earlier years of their episcopate to remain in their dioceses, or (as the Canon puts it), instead of serving in "the House of Lords" to serve in "the House of the Lord." At the same time he also supported strongly the recommendation for the appointment of suffragan bishops under the Act of Henry VIII. In the discussion on the same subject Canon Wordsworth bore emphatic testimony to the success of the special services then newly instituted in the nave of West-

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minster Abbey. The congregations, he said, consisted chiefly of artisans who came in hundreds and thousands, and brought their wives and families with them.

The Convocation of 1857 was dissolved in April, 1859, and a new Convocation met on the 1st of June, 1859. The Dean of Bristol, who had acted as pro-Prolocutor during the illness of the Dean of Ely, was now proposed as Prolocutor, but some of the members were anxious to obtain the services of Canon Wordsworth. He was proposed, without his own knowledge, by Canon Selwyn, and seconded by Dr. Jebb. He declined, however, to allow his name to go to the poll, desiring now, as he always did, to avoid everything likely to lead to contention or division. In this Convocation an important discussion took place on the subject of Church Rates, now seriously threatened. Canon Wordsworth expressed a very strong opinion that these rates were "a part of the royalty of Christ our Saviour, a part of His royalties established for the propagation of His true doctrine, the maintenance of His true religion, and the instruction of His poor." At the same time he urged that the true way to preserve them was to provide more accommodation in our churches for the poor, who were almost shut out of them, especially in towns. He spoke with high appreciation of the work done by dissenters, of whom he said: "They are brethren, for they agree with us in almost as many things as they differ from us in, and I look upon the dissenter

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as a member of the Church—an unsound member no doubt—but a member not to be amputated, but to be reduced by judicious and loving treatment to soundness." The exciting topic of proposed alterations in the Prayer Book, then frequently being brought before the House of Lords, naturally stirred the feelings of churchmen, who saw how utterly disastrous to the Church of England would be even the smallest alteration in that book made by the lay authority. Dr. Wordsworth expressed his views with much earnestness.

"What are we here for," he asked, "but to defend our doctrine and discipline? And if we pass by such a question as this, I think it will be said that we had better be disfranchised and let the work be done out of doors, without the direction of Convocation. Our forefathers transmitted that Prayer Book to us, and we hope by God's blessing to transmit it to our latest posterity."

The same devotion to the Prayer Book led Canon Wordsworth to be very unwilling to accept certain new forms of service with prayers not found in the Prayer Book which at this time were engaging the attention of Convocation. Of these the Harvest Thanksgiving Service has since been generally adopted, but it is almost universally admitted now that many more special services are needed, and it becomes a question whether these can be constructed without introducing matter not in the present Book of Common Prayer. In Dr. Wordsworth's view such a proceeding by Convocation needed to be most carefully guarded.

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"In my mind," he said, "it would indeed be a misfortune, deeply to be regretted, if Convocation in these days were to present itself before the public in the character of a *manufactory of prayers*."

In 1861 the very important and exciting question of "Essays and Reviews" came before the Convocation of Canterbury. The bishops had, outside the Convocation, censured the book, but to many this seemed to be insufficient. It was no formal expression of the voice of the Church of England, and no authoritative condemnation of the mischievous views contained in the volume. Consequently it was desired by many members of the Lower House to urge forward some more formal measures against the book. Convocation had an undoubted right to censure an heretical book, a right which had been frequently exercised. Dr. Jelf, therefore, on the 26th of February, 1861, moved in an elaborate speech an address to the President and Bishops, calling upon them to proceed to give their attention to the book styled "Essays and Reviews," with a view to taking synodical action thereon, inasmuch as the book contained in the judgment of the House many erroneous doctrines. He supported his proposal by a number of extracts from the volume, and his motion was seconded by Dr. McCaul. Canon Wordsworth was not prepared to accept this motion. Probably no one in the Convocation had a greater dislike of many of the opinions advanced in this volume than he had, but he did not approve of the special

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method of animadverting upon it advocated by Dr. Jelf. In his view the condemnation already published by the bishops precluded their being asked again to censure the book.

"We have," he said, "this great censure published to the world; we see in the newspapers the unanimous condemnation by the English Episcopate, and it has been published by the desire of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. We are entirely without precedent of any course of proceeding by synodical declaration. But as we have this unanimous condemnation of the book, we might declare our adhesion to that condemnation."

This course he held to be sufficient, and he moved an amendment accordingly to Dr. Jelf's motion. The amendment was carried by a large majority. It appears to be somewhat of a feeble way of dealing with the question, but weighty reasons might doubtless be alleged in its favour.

On the question of the alteration of the Twenty-ninth Canon, which had been referred to the Convocation by Royal Licence, Dr. Wordsworth took a strong view on the amendments agreed to by the Upper House, which sanctioned the admission of parents as sponsors. He was entirely opposed to this change, and delivered an extremely able and learned speech in support of his views. On the other side it was urged by Canon Harold Browne and Mr. Kennaway that the testimony of antiquity was in favour of allowing parents to present their children, and one is inclined to sympathize with the remark made by Sir Henry Thompson, that he had heard such powerful

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arguments and learned expositions of the law on one side and the other that he felt free to follow his own judgment upon a common-sense view of the question before the House. Dr. Wordsworth had felt so strongly about this matter that he had written a pamphlet in support of his views. Ultimately, however, he acquiesced in a form of the Canon which allowed parents to become sponsors when no others could be had.

On the question of legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, which was then, as it is still, appearing in Parliament from time to time, Canon Wordsworth delivered a weighty speech (March 15th, 1861). There was no point on which he felt more strongly than this. He held that a change in the law would not only be socially disastrous, but that it would be in open contradiction to the teaching of Holy Scripture. On this latter point issue was joined with him by Dr. McCaul, and the Convocation had the opportunity of hearing two as able advocates as could be found on the opposing sides of the question. The members of the Lower House were so completely in accord with Dr. Wordsworth, and accepted so entirely his view, that at the conclusion of the debate he was able to say that he needed not to trouble the House with any remarks in reply, but merely to thank them for the way in which they had received his motion.

On the question of the proposed censure of "Essays and Reviews" coming before the House

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again (June 21st), Canon Wordsworth found himself in opposition to those members of Convocation with whom he was usually in accord. It has been already stated that he disliked the notion of a synodical condemnation of the book, resting his case against this chiefly on the ground that both bishops and clergy had already prejudged the case and expressed their condemnation, and regarding a synodical judgment simply as a judicial act. Accordingly when Archdeacon Denison presented an elaborate report from the Committee which had been appointed to examine the book, and moved, "That in the opinion of this House there are sufficient grounds for proceeding to a synodical judgment upon the book entitled 'Essays and Reviews,'" the motion was opposed by Dr. Wordsworth. He was careful to say that he condemned the book as strongly as any one, but that he could not accept this method of dealing with it. After a long and very able debate, in which the speech of Dr. McCaul was especially remarkable, Archdeacon Denison's proposition was carried by thirty-one to eight, numbers which indicate a considerable amount of timidity and irresolution among the members. Perhaps these feelings were not entirely absent from the House of Bishops also, for, after having invited the Lower House to consider the question of the synodical judgment, they returned as answer to their message that a suit having been commenced in the law courts, in which some of them might be called to take part

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as judges, they thought it inexpedient to proceed in the matter at present.

It would be hard to find any matter connected with the development of the powers and energies of the Church of England, which in the last few decades has been so conspicuous, in which Canon Wordsworth did not bear a prominent part. On February 12, 1862, in the debate on Sisterhoods, which were regarded with fear and suspicion by most of the prominent churchmen of that day, Canon Wordsworth said:—

> For my own part I am not afraid to pronounce an opinion in this House, that the Church of England is not so destitute of spiritual gifts as to be unable to establish sisterhoods without approximating to the eccentricities and extravagances of the Church of Rome. There are satisfactory evidences of the blessing of Almighty God upon the Church of England in the important work she has undertaken, and I trust we shall not separate without some recognition of the services which have been rendered by the instrumentality of those whom He in His mercy hath raised up for this holy work of Christian love.

On the question of lowering the qualifications for the Diaconate, while those for the Priesthood were raised, Dr. Wordsworth spoke strongly against any relaxation, which might result in admitting a lower grade of persons into holy orders. He pointed out the mischief which had resulted in France and Italy from this—that the clergy were despised by the laity—and that great numbers of them abandoned their profession and returned to lay life. He was in favour

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of supplying the need in religious ministration by an order of lay readers.

On the question of the extension of the Home Episcopate, Canon Wordsworth took a most active part. He had been Chairman of the Committee appointed to consider this matter, and in presenting the report to the House he pointed out the insufficiency of the number of bishops for administering confirmation.

"There are," he said, "at least 80,000 persons every year who ought to be confirmed, but who do not receive confirmation, and I am persuaded that this is in a great measure owing to there not being sufficient pastors. I say that the children of this country are in this respect shorn of their Christian privileges, and it is time that the laity took this subject into their consideration."

On February 13, 1863, Canon Wordsworth made a most important speech in Convocation on the subject of the relations of the Church of England with Foreign Churches. His intimate knowledge of the condition of foreign Churches—a subject in which he always took the greatest interest—enabled him to keep the attention of the House unbroken during the long recital which he made of cheering facts and indications of religious progress in the Churches both of the East and West. He alluded to the great interest felt in the publications of the Abbé Guettée;[1] to the

[1] Who represented at that time in the *Union Chrétienne* and the *Observateur Catholique* the Gallican element in France, and whose valuable "Histoire de l'Église de France" had recently been put into the Index at Rome. He eventually joined the Greek Church.

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work being done by Father Passaglia in collecting the signatures of priests against the Temporal Power (9000 having been already obtained); to the ready sympathy shown by the Eastern Churches with our own communion; while at the same time he strongly denounced the inadequate and feeble way in which the Church of England was represented on the Continent, and advocated more distinct advances towards unity.

"We must not be content to speak by societies," he said. "We must speak as a Church. We must hold out synodically a helping hand to other Churches in their difficulties, as they helped us in ours. There is one way by which we might do much good, namely by printing, with the authority of Convocation, an edition of the Prayer Book in the Latin tongue, for the use of priests. I do not shrink from the Vulgate, and I would take the Psalms, the Epistles, and Gospels from that translation, which I think is one of the best in the world. This may do much to consolidate the basis of the whole Western Church. The time may come when the Churches of Italy may be delivered from the burdens which now oppress them."

This speech produced a very marked effect upon the House. Chancellor Massingberd, rising soon after, "feared to weaken the effect of that eloquent address to which we have listened with so much delight," and said "that as he listened to the speech of Canon Wordsworth he could not help reflecting that if the glorious prospect he so eloquently opened should be realized, what would be the feelings with which the Christian world would regard the conduct

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of our own Reformers and the work which they effected?" That broad and diffusive Christian charity and love which enabled Dr. Wordsworth to take so lively an interest in the struggles and trials of other Churches, was equally manifest in him with regard to divines of his own day with whom he did not fully symbolize. When the Lower House of Convocation had to deplore the loss of Dr. McCaul, a man of singular learning, eloquence, and power, but who was often opposed to Canon Wordsworth's views, he took the opportunity of paying a tribute to him who had passed away.

"There can be no question," he said, "that the memory of Dr. McCaul will be long cherished, for he has proved that sound biblical criticism, which was once the glory of the Church of England, is not altogether extinguished among us. I am thankful to have the opportunity of expressing our debt of gratitude, not to Dr. McCaul but to God, who endowed him with the grace to accomplish what he did; and in shedding tears over his grave, we should raise our hearts in eucharistic thanksgiving to God that in the Church of England He has always raised in the time of calamity, some hand which has proved equal to the crisis."

In April, 1864, the Dean of Bristol having resigned the office of Prolocutor, and Archdeacon Bickersteth having been elected in his place, Canon Wordsworth was selected by the House to present the new Prolocutor to the President. This he did in a Latin speech of great elegance and beauty, made with scarce any time for preparation, and this came with the more force from him, inasmuch as he himself, in the

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opinion of many members of the House, had been held to be the fittest person to occupy that distinguished post. Archdeacon Denison, in seconding the nomination of Dr. Bickersteth, said :—

"I thought that Dr. Wordsworth, who by his great talent and ability, the important services he has rendered to the Church and this House, and his peculiar position as connected with the Dean and Chapter of Westminster,—on all these grounds, added to his great knowledge of the history of Convocation, had the first claim upon us in our selection of a fit person to preside over our deliberations. In a private capacity, as a member of this House, and with the concurrence of some other members, I applied to him to know whether, if elected, he would be disposed to accept the office. But he distinctly declined."

In accepting the office to which he had been elected, Archdeacon Bickersteth expressly stated: "It was only when I heard that Dr. Wordsworth had positively declined to take the office that I consented to allow myself to be put in nomination." Canon Selwyn, who had on a former occasion proposed Dr. Wordsworth as Prolocutor, now declared that his only reason for not again proposing him was that he was fully aware that he would not accept the office. The reason for this repugnancy may easily be divined. The Prolocutor's office, though one highly honourable, involves the sacrifice of a great deal of time, while it also prevents the holder of it from entering at any length into the debates on any interesting and important questions which may come before the House. On this ground the Church of England

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would have been greatly a loser had Dr. Wordsworth taken an office which would have had the effect of partially sealing his lips. In particular the Church would not have been instructed by the great and weighty speech which he delivered (April 20, 1864) on the subject of Diocesan Synods. In this important speech Canon Wordsworth distinctly declared that a bishop could not govern his diocese fittingly without a Synod at any time, but more especially at the present time.

"We are forsaken," he said, "and to some extent abandoned by the secular arm; is it not our duty then the more to rely upon the spiritual arm?" He then spoke of the blows which of late had been dealt to the Church by the State. By the suspension of the Royal Letters the three great Church Societies had lost 10,000*l.* a year each. The request to the Crown to sanction the Harvest Service drawn up by Convocation had been refused. The Government had declined to sanction the establishment of the See of Cornwall; though the revenues for it had been provided.

"The Church of England has not the power of doing that which is in the power of the humblest club in the least of our villages in England, namely, that of increasing the number of her officers according to the number of her members. Let us join with one voice and one effort in the development of our resources, both spiritual and temporal, which is urgently required, not merely by the spiritual, but by the temporal and political aspects of the time."

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Visitations were not of much practical value; Church Congresses did not really represent due ecclesiastical action; something more was required to give true expression to the voice of the Church. The faithful laity should be admitted, as was done in ancient times. The Synod should be held annually, and the best effects might be anticipated.

"I hope," said the speaker, "that we shall have light out of our darkness, and that light will be shed by nothing more than by the laity being gathered together with the clergy, under the presidency of the bishop, to consult with regard to the interests of the Church."

It has been seen that when first the matter of Essays and Reviews came before Convocation Canon Wordsworth had advocated a moderate course, and one opposed to a synodical condemnation. At length, however, he became "convinced that there were passages in the book which demanded synodical censure," but he would have this couched in the most gentle form, and not voted until Dr. Rowland Williams had been, as he desired, heard in defence of the statements made in his essay.

In the sessions of May, 1865, Dr. Wordsworth appeared in the House of Convocation no longer as representative of the Chapter, but as Archdeacon of Westminster. In this capacity he addressed the House on the 18th of May on the subject of Clerical Subscription. This question had been referred to the Lower House by the bishops, an alteration in the terms of subscription having been recommended by

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a Royal Commission. The Archdeacon was gratified at the matter having been referred to Convocation, which he regarded as a recognition of that body by the State, and a "tribute from her Majesty's advisers to the value of Convocation."

"These are omens," he said, "of better times for the Church of England—omens that the spiritual and temporal powers will work together in happy harmony; and the ties which so long have united Church and State are not lightly and rudely to be severed, but rather to be affectionately cherished and strengthened if necessary. I hail this as an emblem of hope that we may be the humble instruments for cementing and binding still more closely that union which has hitherto been the strength of the English nation, the combination of Church and State in one fraternity of love, mutual affection, and earnest co-operation."

Other speakers also congratulated the House on the recognition of Convocation which the reference to it of the new Subscription Canons involved, and the Canons as sent down from the Upper House were passed unanimously.

The question of the Reform of Convocation by the enlargement of the number of diocesan proctors had occupied the House at various times ever since its revival. In May, 1865, a scheme had been agreed upon by the Lower House and forwarded to the bishops. Their lordships had entertained it favourably, and making some small alterations had sent it back to the Lower House for their concurrence. It proposed that an address should be presented to her Majesty asking for her licence to make a Canon

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enlarging the number of elected proctors so as to amount to 104. On this occasion Archdeacon Wordsworth expressed certain objections to the course proposed. He was of opinion that Convocation had within itself the power of expansion without seeking for the Royal Licence; that as it was certainly true that the number of representatives had greatly varied in times past, according as more or less proctors had been summoned by the archbishop, so now also the archbishop might vary the number according to his pleasure. Probably indeed this might be so when an archbishop should be found strong enough to stand up against all the powers of the State. Archdeacon Randall and other influential members of the Synod were also of opinion that the archbishop by his own inherent power might reform Convocation.

The new Convocation which met in February, 1866, opened with an important discussion on the Conscience Clause, which was then much exercising the minds of the clergy. It was thought that it would be eagerly laid hold of by dissenting parents, and that thus a considerable portion of children would be withdrawn from that dogmatic instruction in religious truth which most conscientious clergymen of the Church of England think it their duty to give in their schools. It was not imagined apparently, save by a very few, that its effect would be just the contrary, viz. to bring dissenting children within the reach of definite Church teaching, and thus to prove

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a most effectual aid to the Church. Regarded as a matter of principle, and as an admission that instruction might be given in Church schools without religion, no doubt much might be urged against it with great force. This was done by the mover and seconder of a protest against it, Archdeacons Denison and Wordsworth. The former archdeacon's speech occupies twenty-seven pages in the "Chronicle of Convocation." Archdeacon Wordsworth's speech is much shorter, but not inferior in power. Indeed the speaker who followed in opposition to it besought the indulgence of the House as he was about to attempt to reply to "the most popular man in this assembly, and, I may add, the most eloquent man among us." In spite, however, of this high commendation it is impossible not to observe somewhat of irrelevance in Dr. Wordsworth's remarks. He says:—

"The Committee of Council, by the enforcement of the Conscience Clause, puts it into the power of any unbelieving or heretical parent to prevent the Church from teaching the creed to children in her schools. It may be said that they do not put it into their power to hinder the Church from teaching the Creed to some of the children. True; but by hindering her from teaching it to any they commit her to a false position. They commit her to a position of neutrality and indifference as to the essentials of Christianity. They drive the Church into the worst of all heresies—the heresy of silence."

Then follows a very able argument in support of the Apostles' Creed, which seems to apply rather to

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Board schools, which exclude the Creed, than to Church schools with the Conscience Clause, where it may be freely taught.

The important debate on the Conscience Clause was followed by an equally important debate on Ritualism, then beginning to be a burning question in the Church. The Dean of Ely (now Bishop of Carlisle) introduced the question in an extremely able speech. An amendment to the resolutions proposed by him was moved by Archdeacon Randall, the purport of which was to move an address to the bishops that they would take the subject into consideration, and communicate their views to the Lower House. This was seconded by Archdeacon Wordsworth, who spoke very strongly against ritual innovations.

The views then expressed by the archdeacon were, as is well known, greatly modified in his after life, in which many utterances of toleration, and sympathy, and wise counsel for those who held the opinions now so severely censured may be found. The able debate in the Lower House, and the acceptance of the resolution moved by Archdeacons Randall and Wordsworth, led to the appointment of a Committee, consisting of all the most learned members of the Lower House, who examined the rubrics with great care, and issued a very valuable report upon them.

In the year 1866 the Anglican Church throughout the world was much agitated by the Natal Scandals,

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and a request was addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Canadian Church, that he would summon a Synod of the whole Anglican Communion. An address from the Canadian Synod was also forwarded to the Convocation of Canterbury, praying that body to support the proposed Synod. It seemed fitting that the Synod of Canterbury should respond to this request, and Archdeacon Denison brought forward a proposition to that effect. Dr. Wordsworth, in supporting the proposal, made some interesting remarks on the Catholicity of the Church of England :—

"I remember," he said, "being in one of the great colleges of France, and there one of the great teachers said to me, 'Where are you? You are separate from the whole world, *toto divisos orbe Britannos*.' I said, 'We are not, for what is Catholicity? Catholicity is a thing not merely of space but of time. It is God's centre. If we do not deny the truth as it is in Christ—that is from the beginning—then surely we are Catholic. And if we dwell in the light, as He is in the light, then surely we have fellowship one with another.' But I conceive that, inasmuch as we have this great prejudice which naturally arises in the minds of our weaker brethren who do not analyse this matter,—I think that we ought to take this opportunity of showing to them that we are œcumenical, in fact, universal; that we have what is most Catholic—unity in the truth; and if we can show to the world, at the present time, the Anglican Communion giving the true interpretation of Scripture in the formularies of ancient Christendom without any diminution or addition, then I say you present to the world a spectacle which a man may rejoice to contemplate."

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The report of the Committee on the rubrics (the formation of which has been mentioned above) came on for discussion in June, 1866, and a very animated debate took place in the Lower House. Archdeacon Wordsworth, though he had been a member of the Committee, felt obliged to speak strongly against some of the conclusions at which the Committee had arrived. He could not agree in the assertion made in the Committee's report that the practices introduced by the Ritualists had no proper connection with the distinctive teachings of the Church of Rome. Shrinking as he did, with all his heart, from Romish superstitions, and, it may be added, knowing more of their real nature than most of his brethren, he could not tolerate the idea of any approximation to such extravagances on the part of the clergy of the Church of England, and he spoke very strongly against some of the ritualistic practices. He pressed the argument from the Act of Uniformity, and contended that it was the law of the Church "that there should be uniform method in the administration of the offices of the Church, both in ceremony and in substance." Archdeacon Freeman defended the report in a very able speech, and ultimately, after a two days' debate, which did great credit to the learning and ability of the House, the report was adopted.

On the 29th of June, 1866, the Archdeacon of Westminster delivered a memorable speech in Convocation. The unhappy controversy on Bishop

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Colenso, was then raging. The Upper House, in reply to a question which had been put to the Convocation by the Bishop of Capetown, had sent down to the Lower a resolution in which it was asserted that the Church of England virtually approved the action of Bishop Gray, and was not in communion with Dr. Colenso. This called up the Dean of Westminster, who had eagerly defended Dr. Colenso throughout, and who now, in a speech of singular power, but certainly many misrepresentations, upheld the heretical divine, and pronounced a sort of eulogium upon him. There was perhaps no man in the Lower House so well able, on the spur of the moment, and without preparation, to answer the dean's somewhat wild statements as Dr. Wordsworth. He undertook the task, and pronounced one of the best defences of the Bishop of Capetown's action that was heard in that troublous time. After a few crushing remarks on Dr. Colenso's theology he passed on to treat the matter as a question of jurisdiction:—

"By the declaration of the highest legal court in this land, the Church of South Africa is no longer a political or legal institution. It has been placed in the condition of a Church existing before the time of Constantine. It must be regarded as having the incidents, the responsibilities, and also the privileges of the ante-Nicene Churches. But what are the principles which are to be applied to the government of such a Church severed from the State? Is it to have no principles at all, or is it not rather to be thrown back on those vital principles on which the Church of God exists—principles which it has by the inspiration

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of the Holy Spirit who dwells within it? Is it to have no principles at all, or to have its existence crippled, embarrassed, and paralysed by precarious judgments of a tribunal which declares it to be unknown to the law? Was it to be unknown to the law except to be persecuted by the law? . . . My very reverend friend has made a touching appeal for the Bishop of Natal. A touching appeal might also be made for the Bishop of Natal's diocese—for the lambs and sheep of Christ's flock. Ought we to sympathize with the wolf and have no sympathy with the flock? Is it the way to feed the sheep and the lambs to open the door of the sheepfold to the wolf and deliver them to the care of—I speak not the word offensively—the hireling?"

At the meeting of Convocation in the spring of 1867, Archdeacon Wordsworth presented a gravamen on the subject of Diocesan Synods, a subject then much engaging the attention of the Church. He pointed out that "Church Congresses and Conferences, while they show the need of Diocesan Synods, afford no adequate substitute for them." The House was invited to address to the archbishop and bishops an earnest request that they would adopt speedy measures for the assembling of Diocesan Synods. The Lower House agreed to adopt the gravamen of Dr. Wordsworth, but a discussion on the same subject in the Upper House revealed the fact that it was by no means a popular one with the bishops. Their lordships had been so long accustomed to act autocratically that they seemed to dread lest these gatherings should introduce some limitation to their authority. The matter has really been

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compromised by the adoption of Diocesan Conferences. In the debate in the Lower House on the answer to be returned to the letter of the Canadian Church advocating a General Synod of the Anglican bishops, a considerable amount of bitterness was imported into the discussion. This was principally due to Dean Stanley, who could never bring himself to contemplate this Church action with complacency. Archdeacon Wordsworth came in as a mediator between the resolution moved by Archdeacon Denison and the amendment of Canon Blakesley, that "the House was unable to concur in the apparent wish of the Canadian Church for the meeting of a General Council of the members of the Anglican Communion in all parts of the world." To have adopted this curt reply would have been disastrous, and Archdeacon Wordsworth did good service to the Church when he induced the House to vote their "earnest desire that the archbishop would be pleased to issue his invitation to all bishops in communion with the Church of England." The great gathering at Lambeth of the first Pan-Anglican Conference gave unfeigned pleasure to one who ever had the best interests of the Church nearest his heart. In equal proportion it offended those who were mere nominal friends of the Church. This small faction endeavoured to raise difficulties and obstruction when, at the conclusion of the Synod, it was proposed to read the Encyclical of the bishops in the Lower House of the Convocation. Upon

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this occasion Archdeacon Wordsworth spoke out nobly:—

"I hope that there will not be a division upon that which ought to carry unanimity. It would be a most unhappy and disastrous termination of what has been, in my opinion, the greatest event in the Church of England since the Reformation, if it were tarnished by anything like difference in this house. Looking at the events that occurred at Lambeth, the fact of so large a number of bishops as seventy-six meeting there, and some afterwards giving in their adhesion to the resolutions there passed, and every one present putting his name, man by man, to that most inestimable document, I confess I should consider it a very great evil if such a great victory as that (a victory not merely for the Church of England, but for the Catholic faith) were tarnished by anything which savoured of disagreement in the Lower House of Convocation. This document ought to warm the heart of every man in the Anglican Communion. Whoever disparages that letter, it is not disparaged by the adversaries of the Church of England. I know from the best authorities that the letter is regarded by our adversaries as one of the greatest acts ever done by the Anglican Communion. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Let us for the proof of this look at the writings of those who have tried to criticize it. Let us look at the declarations published, especially those of the Abbé Guettée, who knows a great deal of Christendom, and whose opinion on such a subject I would rather take than that of any living man. That learned abbé says that the Lambeth Conference has seized upon the two great sores of Christendom, viz. Mariolatry and Papolatry—the adoration of the Virgin Mary and the adoration of the Pope."

The archdeacon also moved an expression of thankfulness to the archbishop for communicating

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to the Eastern Patriarchs the Encyclical Letter of the Conference. The translations of the letter sent to them had been made by himself, and when the House agreed, as it presently did, to his motion, the thanks of the House were voted to him personally for his labours. The Prolocutor addressing him said, "It is my privilege, Mr. Archdeacon Wordsworth, to tender to you on the part of this House our thanks for this, which is but one amongst many other great services you have rendered to the Church." The Encyclical was then read in the House by the Prolocutor, the members all standing.

The connection of Archdeacon Wordsworth with the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury came to an end in the midst of the somewhat acrimonious debates arising out of the unfortunate business of Natal. A good deal of bitterness was apparent in some of the speeches on this subject, but for none of this was Dr. Wordsworth responsible. Never in any of his speeches, though no man felt more strongly on Church questions, is there apparent any trace of harsh and unkind feeling towards individuals. Consequently he was regarded with sincere respect and affection by men of all parties in the House. Not alone for his great learning and his wide acquaintance with foreign ecclesiastical matters, but much more for the earnest, thoughtful, and loving utterances, was he heartily reverenced and loved. One who was associated with him through all his Convocation life, and as intimately acquainted

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with his work and character as any man, writes: "I hold that Christopher Wordsworth was not only one of the most laboriously careful, learned, and able men of our time, but a man second to none in attractive power and deepest faithfulness. I loved him from first to last with all my heart, and reverenced and honoured him no less."

The following letters from Dr. Wordsworth to his old friend, Archdeacon Harrison, on Convocation business will illustrate most of the points mentioned above:—

On one occasion, in 1853, at a certain prorogation of Convocation, some members of the Lower House assembled and found there was no Upper House formed. Archdeacon Harrison having written on the subject, Dr. Wordsworth replied:—

Cloisters, Westminster Abbey,
August 23rd, 1853.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,—Many thanks for your letter. It is true, as you say, Times are changed—*nos et mutamur in illis.*

But perhaps you will recollect a fact which you mentioned to us as having occurred in the good old times,—that the Prolocutor, your Dean, started by the break of day on hearing the unexpected tidings that something was to be done in the way of business at one of those meetings for *prorogation* (as was supposed) on which the Primate was wont to soliloquize in Jerusalem Chamber. And how could the Prolocutor know beforehand, on Wednesday last, that something of the kind might not arise on Thursday? In fact it was reported (I think you yourself stated the impression) that something would be mooted by the Bishop

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of Oxford. It was, I think, therefore the duty of the members of the Lower House to attend.

Besides, we must recollect that there is *no* analogy between the proceedings of Convocation and those of Parliament.

This notion seems to have been the origin of all the misunderstanding and mischief between the Houses in the last century. Parliament may be called together to be prorogued; but it does not follow, I think, that this is the case with Convocation; though it is quite true that it is not usual for Convocation to transact business in the Parliamentary recess—as it *did*, however, in 1640 under Laud in both provinces.

The members of the *Upper* House have a great advantage over those of the *Lower* as being cognizant of, and supposed to be consentient to, the Presidential Prorogation, and therefore they might well spare themselves the trouble of attending on Thursday—although Parliament had then two days to run *before* its prorogation, and therefore it was not impossible or improbable that some business might be attempted in Convocation.

But the Lower House are not admitted to the *arcana* of the synodical *προβουλεύματα*, and they must do the best they can with the modicum of illumination that is dispensed to them. However, though they would doubtless be grateful for any additional irradiation that may be reflected on them from a higher sphere, I think they will best show their wisdom by not losing their equanimity, but take the poet's advice,—

"Then to the measure of the light vouchsafed,
Shine ever in *thy* place, and be content!"

Yours always, my dear Harrison, very truly,

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

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DR. WORDSWORTH TO ARCHDEACON HARRISON.

Stanford-in-the-Vale, Faringdon,
March 10th, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Thank you for the enclosed.

(i.) As to the proposed Court of Final Appeal, it seems to me, after the best attention I can give to the subject, that it would be very unwise for any Committee of the Clergy of Convocation to *propose proprio motu* that Spiritual Causes should be determined by the Crown in any other manner than that so well laid down in the preamble to the Statute of Appeals, 24 Hen. VIII.

To omit other authorities, with which you are familiar, let me refer to the Introductory Division of Bishop Gibson, in vol. i. p. xviii of his *Codex*, and *Ibid.* pp. xxi—xxiii, and vol. i. p. 353.

Such a violation of the principles there stated, as is now proposed to be adopted by our Committee, would, I apprehend, afford a triumph to the enemies of our Church and Reformation—particularly to the Romanists—and it would perplex and dismay many who are looking with hope and trust to our proceedings in Convocation.

(ii.) As to the Church Rate Report, I am disposed to think that we ought to take care to *leave Country Parishes alone*, and not to meddle with them at all; that is, we ought, I conceive, to address ourselves only to the removal of such grievances as exist in the *comparatively few and exceptional* cases of *large towns*:—

(1) In such cases where there is a parochial district assigned under Peel's Act or any other, it should be provided that the inhabitants should be liable only to *one* rate, i.e. *not* to the *Mother* Church, but to the church of the district.

(2) And when town property has been much improved by building or otherwise, some equitable provision should be made against undue augmentation of the assessment to the rate, by facilities of redemption or otherwise.

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(3) I do not much like the plan on which we now seem to be inclined to proceed, viz. of putting forth the draft of a Bill for a *new* scheme of Church Rates.

The advantage taken the other night in Parliament of the Archbishop's Bill shows that there are many who are on the alert to catch at any *concessions* on the part of the Spirituality; and it is evident that they would quote us as of great authority in anything we may be ready to give up, without allowing us to have any right whatever in what we may desire to *maintain*.

Rather, in my humble opinion, we ought to deem it our duty to state temperately and firmly great principles and truths; and if we can frame the documents on this plan upon the two great questions now before us, we may depend upon it that we shall inspire the Clergy and the well-affected Laity with confidence in us, we shall put forth a manifesto which will assert right principles, and encourage others to do the same.

If our documents, on the other hand, are framed on the lower plan of providing what is palatable to Parliament in its present frame of mind, I fear that the present opportunity will be lost, and our own influence and character will be lost with it.

I am, my dear Harrison, yours affectionately,

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

TO ARCHDEACON HARRISON.

Stanford-in-the-Vale, Faringdon,
Thursday before Easter [*March 20th*], 1856.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—Thank you for the enclosed—which is much improved by the application of the Archidiaconal file. I hope the same process may be resorted to in the other Report.

(i.) The separation of the *fabric* from the necessaries for divine worship seems to me a very dangerous expedient.

1. It plays into the hands of those who urged our

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Churches as National buildings to be used for any purpose that the State may propose.

2. If this is our principle, the next step will be that *all* persons will claim to have their own religious services in them, and so our Churches will become Babels.

3. It proceeds on the unhappy fallacy that stones and not men make a Church; and that the dead Church is more important than the living one.

4. It endorses the dissenting objections that a Church-rate is a *personal* tax, and condemns all our forefathers who have repudiated that notion as erroneous.

5. It cuts the ground from under our feet for maintaining the *fabric* for *Church* uses.

For if a man is to be relieved from paying for the performance of offices, on the plea that he disapproves them, how can we levy a rate on him for the *fabric* in which those offices are performed?

I earnestly hope that this vicious principle may be expunged from the Report.

(ii.) As to the C.B.S.,[2] thank you also for that—And

(iii.) For the C.O.F.F.[3] letters.

(iv.) Have you prepared a paper on Mr. Hill's schedule?[4]

With the "Easter-offering" of all good wishes,

I am, my dear Harrison, yours affectionately,

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

[2] C.B.S. = Church Building Society.

[3] C.O.F.F. = Clergy Orphan Furnishing Fund.

[4] Mr. Hills' Schedule.—G. Hills, B.D., proctor for the Archdeaconries of Norwich and Norfolk, presented a Schedule (June 29th, 1885), in favour of a Church Extension Canon, requiring collections for Home and Foreign Missions, the Queen's Letters having been withdrawn. "It was moved by Mr. Massingberd and seconded by Mr. Fendall, that the Schedule now read be referred to the Committee of *Gravamina* and *Reformanda*." [Warren's] Journal of Convocation, vol. ii. p. 18.

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The Bishop of Oxford was here on Monday and Tuesday; he is a good deal vexed by the draft Report on Church Rates.

DR. WORDSWORTH TO ARCHDEACON HARRISON.

Stanford-in-the-Vale, Faringdon,
March 27th, [18]56.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—Many thanks for your letter received this morning. The Reports seem to have been rather eager to leap into life; and it would have been certainly somewhat convenient to have had notice that there would have been no other opportunity for *final* revision. Is it too late to introduce a clause intimating that some members of the Committee are adverse to the *severance* of the fabric from the services therein?

I do not like "protests," but I feel no little pain in being suddenly and silently concluded in a recommendation which I disapprove.

I was not a member of the first Committee which made the recommendation.

At our *Vestry* here on Easter Monday, we agreed to the enclosed; and I believe that with a little effort similar petitions might be sent from the vast majority of parishes in the kingdom.

I am, my dear Archdeacon, yours affectionately,
CHR. WORDSWORTH.

I wish you would publish a cheap edition of your Charge on Church Rates—or the substance thereof—"ad populum."

As a picture of what Dr. Wordsworth was after he had become a Bishop in the *Upper* House of Convocation, we present to our readers the following graphic letter from the Bishop of Peterborough:—

MY DEAR CANON WORDSWORTH,—You ask me to give you my impressions and recollections of my dear friend,

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your late father, as I knew him in Episcopal Conference and in Convocation. They may be summed up in three words—Learning, Humility, Saintliness. His store of knowledge upon every subject that arose in our discussions seemed to me inexhaustible, and yet so readily available that it used to flow from his lips without any apparent effort of recollection or any apparent consciousness that it was more than the ordinary information which his hearers shared equally with himself.

Decrees of Councils, writings of Fathers, events in remoter or nearer Church History, Proceedings of Convocations, Acts of Parliament, Canons, Rubrics, customs of our own or of other Churches, all seemed alike familiar to him as he cited them in their turn and brought them to bear aptly and forcibly upon the questions of the hour. He really seemed as if he had not merely lived, but was actually living in the far-away times he was referring to. He would talk to us of the doings at Nice and Ephesus, or at Hampton Court or the Savoy, as if he had just stepped in amongst us from those councils, and was telling us of yesterday's discussions there. He was in all our conferences the scribe well instructed, who brought out of his treasure things new and old. But he seemed to us always to think "the old was better." Certainly he knew it better than most of us. And yet his intimate acquaintance with the past never had the effect of estranging him from the present. He was as full of keen and thoughtful interest in all the questions and controversies of our own day as if he had known nothing else beside these. Nothing, especially that concerned the Church of England, ever seemed to be in his eyes little or unimportant. I have sometimes listened to him with a feeling of almost amused admiration, as he employed all the resources of his learning in elucidating some such small questions as that of the proper hoods for graduates of theological colleges, or the rival claims of Church dignitaries for precedence in ecclesiasti-

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cal processions—questions which I confess I was inclined to treat with somewhat irreverent impatience, but which, as he illustrated them by precedents from Church history and principles of Church law, became, if not important, at least curiously interesting and instructive. Of his scholarship, as distinguished from general knowledge, I cannot pretend to speak. It was so far beyond mine that it would be absurd in me to attempt to estimate it. Nor was there, for the most part, in our practical discussions of diocesan affairs, much occasion for its display. But of his really vast acquaintance with divinity and Church history I never failed to receive a fresh impression on every occasion of my meeting him in Conference.

And yet, with all this learning, he was so genuinely, so unaffectedly humble. He used to defer to the opinions of the youngest and least experienced of his brethren with a sweet old-world courtesy and graciousness that could only have come from a lowliness of heart that esteemed others better than himself. He may perhaps have possessed powers of sarcasm—he certainly was by no means wanting in a sense of humour—but never in the eighteen years of my acquaintance with him did I hear from him, even in the keenest debate, a sharp or scornful word. He was uniformly gentle, conciliatory, striving always for the things that made for peace, and though ready if need be to die for what he held to be the truth, always ready to admit that others might see truth from other points of view than his—always willing to learn as he certainly was apt to teach.

But unaffectedly humble as he was, no man ever had a loftier idea than he had of the dignity of his office. To be a bishop in the Church of Christ, and above all a bishop of the Anglican branch of it, was manifestly in his eyes the highest and noblest position to which any man could

[5] The Bishop here refers to the Conferences of the East Anglian Bishops held annually in rotation at Norwich, Lincoln, Ely, Peterborough, and S. Albans.

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be called. He magnified, if ever any one did, his office, but his magnifying of it was of the kind that South describes when he contrasts those who think so highly of the Church that they think meanly of themselves, with those who think so highly of themselves that they think meanly of the Church.

But above all, and before all else, your father's most distinguishing characteristic was holiness. No one could be in his company, even for a few moments, without feeling that he was in contact with one who lived always very near to God.

I used to say of him that it was a lesson in prayer to see him pray. In the worship, and especially in the Holy Communion, with which our Conference used to commence the look of deep, fervent, and yet happy devotion in his face was a thing to remember. He seemed to feel a solemn delight in speaking to God, and when he spoke of Divine things, it was always with a profound and unaffected mien, and yet with a calm assurance of faith that seemed to bring his hearers nearer to that Divine Presence which he so evidently and so entirely realized for himself as he spoke.

Truly I can say of him—what cannot be said of many men—that I never conversed with him on sacred subjects nor worshipped by his side, without feeling myself a better man.

"Sit anima mea cum anima ejus" was once said by an enemy over the grave of a good bishop whom, in many respects, your father resembled. No fitter words could close this brief and imperfect record of him from one who cherishes his memory as his friend and brother.

Believe me, my dear Canon,

Yours most truly,

W. C. P.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE EPISCOPATE.—FIRST THREE YEARS.

On Tuesday, October 27th, 1868, the venerable and beloved Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Longley, was called to his rest. His decease produced (as might have been expected) some important changes in the Church. The foremost ecclesiastic of his day, Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, to whom the eyes of all men naturally were directed as a likely successor to the archbishopric, had been wounded by a cruel domestic stroke, the too-well-timed secession of his daughter and son-in-law to the Church of Rome, which, made public as it was, on the very day, almost at the very hour, of the news of Archbishop Longley's death, effectually stood in the way of the Bishop's advancement. Accordingly Dr. Tait was selected for the vacant archiepiscopal throne, while the see of London was offered to Dr. Jackson; and on the 13th of November, 1868, the Prime Minister, Mr. D'Israeli, wrote to Dr. Wordsworth, announcing his intention to recommend the Queen to raise him to the episcopal bench; "because," he said, "I have confidence in your abilities, your learning, and the shining example which you have set, that

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a true Protestant may be a sound Churchman." Dr. Wordsworth's first impulse was, as will be seen, to decline the offer. He wrote a letter, which is still extant, "craving her Majesty's permission to be allowed to continue his endeavours without further advancement to serve God and the Queen" in the position which he then held. This letter was not eventually sent; but one can well understand that the meditated refusal would not be in his case the mere conventional "nolo episcopari." As a scholar and divine he had an established reputation which needed not to be enhanced by any outward dignity; he had arrived at a time of life when men do not readily adapt themselves to new surroundings and new duties; his relationships both with Westminster and Stanford were singularly happy; and he had abundant leisure for his favourite studies. But a few weeks before the offer was made him, his Commentary on Isaiah had appeared; 650 copies out of 1000 had been disposed of in about ten days. He had been also occupied with the publication of "Responsio Anglicana," an Anglican answer to the recent Papal Encyclic, copies of which were widely circulated at this time. As a preacher, as a writer, as a public speaker, and in many other ways, he was becoming daily better known, and more highly valued. Altogether he might well doubt whether it would conduce to his happiness or his usefulness if he were removed to a post in which he would have to enter upon a course of entirely new duties, and in

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which the vast amount of routine work, and the incessant worry and bustle incident to a modern bishop's lot, would be uncongenial to a student's habits. But we need not speculate upon his feelings. Let him speak for himself:—

"The position," he says, "which I then held as Canon and Archdeacon of Westminster, and Vicar of Stanford-in-the-Vale, and Rural Dean in the Diocese of Oxford, gave ample opportunities for professional labour and study, and was all, and more than all, that in worldly respects I could reasonably desire. Besides, being more than threescore years of age, I shrank from the labours and responsibilities of the Episcopate. Some relatives, however, and friends dissuaded me from sending that letter of refusal, and after some misgivings I yielded to their urgency, and on November 17th forwarded another letter to the Prime Minister, expressive of a respectful assent to that honourable proposal.

It happened, perhaps fortunately, that owing to the fact of Dr. Wordsworth's eldest son John being then a master at Wellington College, the Canon, with some members of his family, was to pay a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Benson at the very time when the reply to the Prime Minister's offer was still pending, and their influence, no less than that of the Bishop of S. Andrew's and other relatives, was exerted to overcome the above-mentioned misgivings. This occasion was also memorable as being the first beginning of anything like real intimacy between the Bishop and one who was afterwards to be so closely associated with him in personal friendship and in work for the Church; and it was not a little remarkable to those

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who were present at the time how eagerly at such a critical moment in his own life Dr. Wordsworth threw himself into the discussion of other questions which were raised in conversation, notably the history of S. Cyprian, and its applicability to modern difficulties, especially those at Cape Town, &c. At the time when the Prime Minister's offer first arrived, it was imagined that Ely was the vacant see. Its attractions were obviously strong to one so connected with the University of Cambridge. Dr. Wordsworth, however, wrote to Mr. D'Israeli his acceptance of *any* post to which her Majesty should be pleased to call him. Eventually Lincoln, and not Ely, proved to be the offered Bishopric. Lincoln had been up to this moment almost a *terra incognita* to the new Bishop and his family. The occasional visits of Chancellor Massingberd, who represented the Chapter in Convocation, and the photograph of Southwell Minster which had long been familiar to Dr. Wordsworth as a member of the Cathedral Commission, may be said to have been almost his only links with his new diocese. A study of Camden's "Britannia," which characteristically enough was the first book which presented itself on the subject, represented the natives of Lincolnshire as obliged to walk about on stilts, while the Rev. T. Mozley (a native of Gainsborough) sent a sketch of the Lincolnshire landscape, which consisted merely of a horizontal line, with the motto, "nil nisi pontus et aër." Undiscouraged by these representations, however, Dr. and Mrs. Words-

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worth paid a visit to Riseholme, where they were most kindly welcomed by Bishop and Mrs. Jackson, and whence they returned with most favourable impressions of city, cathedral, and diocese. It added not a little to Dr. Wordsworth's gratification to find that Tuesday, November 17th, the day on which he accepted Lincoln, was a marked day in the annals of the diocese. As was his usual habit at Westminster, he had attended the Abbey service, and was struck by the anthem beginning, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." On inquiring the reason for its selection, he was told that it was the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth (the second foundress, so to speak, of Westminster), and also the day of S. Hugh of Lincoln. He often in later life used to refer with pleasure to this coincidence.

The following letter bears upon this point :—

Deanery, Westminster.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—I have only just received (recovered?) my reference that I promised to send to you, as to the connection of the Bishops of Lincoln with Westminster.

St. Hugh was consecrated in the Chapel of St. Catharine, therefore in your house, 1186. William de Blois (1203) is the only Bishop of which there is certain proof that he was consecrated before the High Altar of the Abbey, where you yourself were consecrated. We shall think of you again on the 29th, when three Bishops are to be consecrated with us.

Yours sincerely,

A. P. STANLEY.

June 21st, 1869.

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Meanwhile he occupied himself busily in winding up his affairs at Stanford and in the preparations for his new life. As usual his first act was to *pray*. On the news of his being definitely appointed Bishop of Lincoln, which came on a Sunday, he gathered his family about him, as was his wont, to pray for "Southwell Minster and Palace, in City of Lincoln, Canon of Westminster, and Vicar here."

On January 1st one of his daughters says,—

"I went with my father, he to administer Communion to two old men, afterwards a long walk with him on the Faringdon Road. Prospects of diocese. "Providence that has been with me all my life; Abraham's example, as on this day; Subdivision of diocese, and other plans."

It was in this same spirit that he took to himself, in his sermon on his last Sunday at Stanford, the beautiful words of Ps. lxxi.—the Psalm of David's old age: "I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God." Just before the close of Dr. Wordsworth's ministry at Stanford the Bishop of Oxford came for a Confirmation in the parish church, which was most satisfactorily attended; and happily, as was his wont, reminded his young hearers of king Joash, "who did right in the eyes of the Lord all the days wherein Jehoiada the priest instructed him" (2 Kings xii. 2), but who offended afterwards (2 Chron. xxiv. 17), and warned them against a similar falling away. The parting from Stanford was very sad, no least on account of the ill-health of Miss Frere, who has

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Yours Affectionately
Lincoln

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been already mentioned, and who then seemed almost in a dying state. She rallied for a time, and lingered some years after this, but was never well enough to come to Lincoln. The middle classes, and especially the farmers, no less than the poor, deeply regretted the parting with the Vicar who had so completely won them. Among the kind gifts he received at this time were a silver mace and a signet ring; the latter he constantly wore. At Wellington College he had been much pleased by a *prie-dieu* belonging to Dr. Benson, and had asked for a pattern of it. This was copied by the village carpenter (the son of a dissenting preacher), who refused to take any payment for it, but "begged to be remembered in his daily orisons." It was constantly used by the Bishop.

Another incident of this time was the admission to priest's orders of his son John at Maidenhead—only three days before his father's consecration.

Meanwhile the usual formalities had been proceeding.

"On November 22nd," says the Bishop, "I received the intelligence that her Majesty had been graciously pleased to approve my nomination to the See of Lincoln, to which I was elected by the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral Church of Lincoln on February 12th (at Lincoln all the prebendaries or non-residentiary canons —more than fifty in number—have votes), and was confirmed by the Metropolitan of the Province on February 22nd, and consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury and nine of his suffragans (London, Llandaff,

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Oxford, Bangor, Gloucester and Bristol, Ely, Rochester, Lichfield, Peterborough), my brother, the Bishop of S. Andrew's, and the Bishop of Labuan and Bishop Ryan, in Westminster Abbey, on February 24, S. Matthias' Day, 1869, when the sermon was preached by the Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation, Dr. Bickersteth."

It will be observed that Dr. Wordsworth is as careful to notice the details of the election, the confirmation, and the consecration, as those of the nomination. All these were to him no mere forms to be gone through as a matter of course, but of the essence of the appointment. He had a deep respect for the "Regale," but at least as deep a one for the "Pontificate." The day of his consecration, S. Matthias' Day, he always kept with great solemnity, making a point of attending the services and celebrating the Holy Communion in his own cathedral; and, in later years, after the establishment of the "Cancellarii Scholæ," holding on that day the yearly festival of the college.

A few extracts from his daughter's journal may perhaps be admitted here.

Wednesday.—Left Stanford. In evening dined at John's rooms in B.N.C. Father, mother, M., Mr. Burgon, Conington, and Talbot. Mr. Conington told me a good deal about Lincolnshire. His mother is blind, and at times has fits of deafness as well. He seems devoted to her.[2]

[1] "Miscellanies," i. 310, 311.

[2] Professor Conington was one of our first visitors at Riseholme in the following summer. It seems impossible not to dwell for a moment on the name of one whose simplicity and kindness of heart were as remarkable as his marvellous memory

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The following Sunday was that of the Ordination already referred to at Maidenhead.

Another name which it is impossible to omit, as connected with this time at Oxford, is that of the Rev. H. O. Coxe, Bodley's Librarian, whose hospitality and that of his family form some of our brightest recollections.[3]

Tuesday, February 23rd.—To early morning service. A kind greeting from Lord Hatherley at the East Cloister door after church. He followed my father to talk about Westminster Spiritual Aid Fund. Church in afternoon. Father made short farewell address to choristers by Newton's grave after service. He was also at early service on Wednesday morning, and as Dr. Scott said in the evening, almost with tears in his eyes, "He spoilt my sermon."

and his extraordinarily accurate and widely extended scholarship, and his delightful flow of talk on any subject that interested him. He was one of those typical scholars of which each generation sees fewer than the last, and there was an almost pathetic unworldliness about his whole nature which gave him a special place in the affection of his pupils and friends.

[3] The Rev. H. O. Coxe, Bodley's Librarian, whose daughter afterwards married the bishop's eldest son. Of one so widely known and universally beloved, it will be perhaps sufficient to say that not only was he an acute observer of men and things, no less than books, but that the charm of his high-bred courtesy, due as it was to fundamental kindness of heart, and the play of his almost unrivalled humour, governed as it was by a fine taste and keen artistic sense, made him alike welcome among scholars, country gentlemen, men of the world, and indeed all classes, down to the very poorest. He had an almost Shaksperian range of sympathy and a racy originality and power of mimicry and story-telling which, fascinating as it was, never seemed out of keeping with his deeply religious tone of mind and unusual goodness and purity of heart.

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Wednesday.—S. Matthias. Went early to Abbey, with Mrs. Bickersteth. West Cloister door crowded. Many friends and acquaintances, among them M. and Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind), who spoke to me in cloisters. She, in her fur tippet and brown veil, very earnest and naïve-looking, seemed much interested. We got tolerable places on the south side of the lantern. Enormous crowd of friends and strangers. Convocation in the sacrarium; impossible to see anything of the service, except heads of consecrating bishops. Only saw the faces of bishops elect as they passed to and fro, but this was enough. Good sermon by Prolocutor. "Hark, the sound of holy voices," not very effectively sung. Most beautiful "Veni Creator" (Attwood's), soft, clear treble voice seeming to melt into one's very heart. Communion Service; innumerable friends. My father and Uncle Charles together where we were. It was altogether an unforgettable service. Many friends afterwards: Bishops of Oxford, London, Lichfield (Selwyn), and the Archbishop (Tait). In afternoon, Lady Augusta Stanley, most warm and kind. Dined in evening at Deanery; Archbishop of Armagh, Bishop of Ely, Mrs. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. T. Hughes, Miss Stanley, Sir C. and Lady Trevelyan, the Prolocutor, Dr. W. Smith, of the *Quarterly*, and Archdeacon Moore. Talk about Irish Church. "What a pity," says Dr. Smith, glancing at the Primate's aristocratic figure and blue ribbon, "that all *that* is to be swept away!"

Thursday, 25th.—Father off early to do homage at Osborne.

Friday, 26th.—He took his seat in Upper House of Convocation. Subdivision of dioceses; a good omen, I hope. Walked with father in College Garden in afternoon; interrupted. Looked over book-cases with him after dinner; a melancholy task.

I forgot to say the Dean and Lady Augusta had called late the evening before, and been so pleasant. My father gave

[1] The following is from a contemporary newspaper:—"The

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the Dean his old maps of London and Rome. Standing on the landing opposite where the former hung over dressing-room door, the Dean observed "that a map of the ancient Augusta was very *à propos*." "Yes," my father said, "Augusta ever young." He also gave him a "Life of Heylin," oddly enough, by Barnard, Rector of Waddington, near Lincoln. There was a scene described between the Bishop of Lincoln and Sub-Dean of Westminster. *Absit omen!* A very cordial and affectionate parting.

Dean of Westminster, in a most interesting sermon at Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon, paid a very graceful tribute to the memory of the present Bishop of Lincoln. Speaking of the power of Christian poetry, and showing how all schools of thought are bridged over, how controversy is lost in the use of hymns, he quoted, by way of illustration, from Bishop Ken, J. Keble, the author of the 'Christian Year,' 'Toplady, a Calvinist,' and 'Doddridge, a Dissenter,' the author of the Sacramental hymn in our Prayer-book. 'Or,' said the Dean, 'to take another illustration from the imposing ceremony which took place in this Abbey on the previous Wednesday. When the ten prelates were standing round the three pastors, who were then bent on their mission, there was sung the well-known hymn, "Veni Creator," as old as the days, if not from the pen of Charlemagne. There had previously been sung in that service a hymn composed by one of those three pastors—"Hark, the sound of holy voices." When that hymn was last sung in these walls, there was present an eminent Nonconformist minister, and so pleased was he with it, that he has since frequently ordered it to be sung in his own chapel. The author of that hymn has now left us for a wider field of usefulness; but during the twenty-four years with which he was connected with this place he had endeared himself, by his fine Christian gift, to all. We shall often be reminded of him, by the use of his favourite hymn, but still more closely, by his holy life and the many good works which he has left us all to imitate.' The Bishop of Lincoln confirmed and preached last Sunday at Brigg, and held a second Confirmation on Monday morning for candidates from surrounding parishes."

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Arrived in Lincoln just in time to see the Minster in its mellow afternoon beauty. Drove up hill. Pleased with all we saw.

We have hitherto been regarding the new Bishop's appointment chiefly from his own point of view, and that of his family and friends. We must now consider it from the point of view of the Diocese.

It is not surprising that the news of Dr. Wordsworth's elevation should have been received with mingled feelings. It was hailed with delight by some who felt that the learning and piety which the new Bishop was confessed by all to possess would confer honour upon the bench, and who saw in the strict, uncompromising churchmanship of his principles a great accession to the strength of the English Church. On the other hand many regarded the appointment with misgivings. It was not generally known that he had had so large an experience of parish work; what *was* generally known of him would seem to fill some minds with apprehension. Was a man of letters quite the sort of man to enter with zest into the many and strangely heterogeneous duties which are supposed to appertain to the episcopal office in modern days? Was he likely to be a good man of business? Would he bring his mind down to the little details, many of which are apparently trifling, but which nevertheless must be attended to by a Bishop himself, and cannot be safely delegated to a deputy? Were these the times for a bishop to spend his days in dignified seclusion among his

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books, and only emerge from his study on rare occasions? Were not his opinions and character generally too old-fashioned to be in sympathy with the exigencies of modern life? Such questions were often, in effect, asked, and were very soon answered by the Bishop's own conduct.

In point of fact Dr. Wordsworth was singularly well qualified by his antecedents for the many-sided work which he now undertook. As Canon of Westminster he had a thorough insight into the cathedral system. From his connection with the Westminster Spiritual Aid Fund, and like organizations in that poor and populous district, he had some practical notion of what a town clergyman's work was; as Vicar of Stanford he had the most minute knowledge of the management of a rural parish; as Rural Dean he had much experience in the art of directing a body of clergy; as a constant preacher and speaker he was thoroughly *au fait* in two most important parts of a bishop's work; as Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity and Master of Harrow he had learnt what the young mind was, no slight advantage to one, an essential part of whose duty was to deliver confirmation addresses. His intellectual talents and acquirements, instead of disqualifying him, were really, next to his personal piety, his very best qualifications for the episcopal office. In the first place his profound theological learning enabled him to speak with an authority which, even on purely intellectual grounds, quite apart from his high position,

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few would have the hardihood to dispute; the poetical and imaginative element which was so strongly developed in him found a scope for its exercise, which, from the nature of the case, it could not have in a lower sphere; his knowledge of history, especially Church history, enabled him to appreciate to the full all those associations with the past in which the cathedral of Lincoln, and the city of Lincoln, and the whole counties of Lincoln and Nottingham are peculiarly rich. And, finally, the varied and extensive range of his acquirements, combined with a singularly generous character, had given him a certain grand way of looking at things, a habit of lifting them up, as it were, to a height above all sordid associations, of dwelling upon their nobler aspects, which it is not easy to define or illustrate. This characteristic was all the more striking because it was combined with great simplicity in his personal habits.

To quote his own favourite poet, we felt in his presence

> Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
> Purpureo.

In an admirable sketch of Bishop Wordsworth's episcopate, which appeared immediately after his death, but which seems from internal evidence to have been written before that event (on the occasion of the resignation of his See), the general estimate of his course of action has been so happily

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given that we cannot do better than quote a paragraph :—

> It is in no spirit of disparagement of great services already rendered in the diocese that we venture to pronounce Bishop Wordsworth's tenure of his office an epoch-making event in the history of the Church of England. . . . We do not say that all his plans have been as yet fully carried out, or that, in every respect, entire success was granted. But the sixty-first Bishop of Lincoln has restored an ideal of the episcopal office which, we feel sure, cannot again disappear, and the confidence with which prolonged experience and matured learning surrounded him, enabled him from the first to move without hesitation to the ends in view, and won for him the grateful respect ever accorded to rulers, whether in Church or State, who, on well-considered grounds and with kindliness to those who differ from them, possess the increasingly rare gift of making up their minds, and, while giving all legitimate opinions fair play, taking with dignity and power a distinct line of their own. That line has been simply an adaptation of Anglo-Catholic principles to the needs of the age in which he has exercised the functions of the Episcopate. For the true principles of the Church of England, the principles of Evangelical doctrine, of Apostolical order, and of Catholic love,[5] the bishop has seen no reason to apologize, but with tenacious grasp of first principles he has combined true breadth of view for present needs.[6]

What follows will be to a great extent simply an illustration in detail of this sketch.

Immediately after his consecration the Bishop set

[5] Bishop Wordsworth "On the Controversy with Rome," p. 8.

[6] *Church Quarterly Review* for April, 1885, Art. viii. ("Bishop Wordsworth's Episcopate," by Canon Worlledge), p. 175.

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forth on his first Confirmation tour, and on the 9th of March, 1869, we find him writing from Bigby, near Brigg, to his daughter Priscilla:—

We are now advanced about one-third of our way in confirmation tour before Easter, and hope that, God willing, we shall be allowed to join your dear sisters this day fortnight at Riseholme, and that we shall also then see you. Hitherto He has mercifully helped us, and we have great reason to bless Him for the strength and support He has given us, and for the great kindness, indeed the love, with which we have been everywhere received hitherto. Your dear mother is more to me than I can express in this new life, and she does not seem to be the worse for it.

If matters assumed a roseate hue from the bishop's point of view they certainly did the same from that of the clergy. The geniality, the earnestness, and above all, perhaps, the thorough outspokenness of their new chief, attracted them greatly. Dr. Wordsworth had the very rare gift of being a good talker, and at his first introduction to his clergy he exerted his conversational powers to the utmost. One of his first interviews with some country clergy after a village confirmation may be touched upon. He had evidently been posted up by his host in the names and antecedents of all the clergy he was to meet, and when he was introduced to each he made a little remark, showing that he knew something about him, and at the same time indicating his own predilections. For example: "This, my lord, is Mr. Watson." "Mr. Watson, are you connected with that excellent man Joshua Watson, who was one of the

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most faithful laymen of our Church?" "This, my lord, is Mr. ——." "Mr. ——, I hear you belong to Lincoln College; you are, no doubt, acquainted with the learned and admirable Dr. Kay?" and so on.

No one, of course, could fail to observe how helpful Mrs. Wordsworth was to her husband in his new sphere; but she was so quiet and unassuming that her personality seemed to be almost merged in his.

Dr. Wordsworth soon showed that he was master of an art in which a bishop, of all men, should not be deficient, that of public speaking. On Easter Monday, 1869, he laid the foundation-stone of the new church of S. Swithin's, Lincoln, and his speech on the occasion surprised no less than it delighted his hearers.

The following extract from a letter written by one of his daughters at the time, will give some idea of the speech:—

The Bishop laid the stone with the usual ceremonies, a high wind blowing all the time. In the course of the proceedings the door of the yard opened, and a crowd of foundry people poured in. The Bishop, mounted on a chair and holding on to one of the ropes by which the stone had been lowered, gave them an address, to which they listened with surprising attention, considering the circumstances. He spoke of S. Swithin having been the tutor of King Alfred, and of the interest and gratitude we should feel in and towards the past. Then, alluding to the place having been a "sheep-market," he reminded them how our churches ought to be Bethesdas—sources of strength and healing. He told them of the impression

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made on him by the growing commercial importance of this part of England—the wonderful new docks and warehouses of Great Grimsby, which has developed from a mere fishing-village to a large seaport town in the last few years; the iron trade, in which those now around him were employed, spreading all over Northern Europe, and supplying Norway, Hamburg, S. Petersburg, &c., from the foundries of Lincoln. But, if they wished for prosperity in trade, for confidence betwixt master and man, for the success of England's manufactures and commerce, they must do as they were doing that day—begin with God, who alone makes men to be of one mind in a house. Corinth was the great brass-foundry of the ancient world, and there S. Paul lived and worked. He rejoiced that this, his first appearance before them as their bishop, should be on such an occasion a happy omen for the day of his marriage with his diocese.

"We knew," said a layman, in a speech after the luncheon which followed, "that we had got for our new bishop a man of learning, but we did not know that we had got an orator." The tone of the speech showed that this was no mere conventional compliment, but that it expressed the real astonishment and admiration which he had felt as he listened to the Bishop's eloquent address.

The Bishop also speedily showed that his elevation would not prevent him from uttering freely his sentiments. On the 13th of November, 1869, he wrote to Dr. Temple, who had been nominated to the See of Exeter, begging him to "disclaim responsibility for the 'Essays and Reviews,' in which a production of your own holds the first place." A not un-

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friendly correspondence ensued, in which Bishop Wordsworth resolutely maintained his own views in spite of the almost universal condemnation of the secular press. The whole matter need not here be gone into. It is only touched upon as an instance of the Bishop's fearlessness in doing what he thought to be right; and it may be added that those who disagreed with him most did justice to the purity of his motives. It is pleasing to note that sixteen years later Dr. Temple, in a graceful eulogy upon Dr. Wordsworth, touched feelingly upon this very controversy:—

"He set," said the then Bishop of London in Convocation, just after Bishop Wordsworth's death, "an example of dealing with religious questions in such a way as to impress us at once with the gentleness and firmness of his character and the saintliness of his life. There is hardly any utterance of his which those who differed from him most emphatically did not at the same time feel to be the utterance of a singularly true and devout Christian. I suppose there are several of us who have great reason to look back on kindnesses received from him. I can myself speak of unvarying kindness from the time when he wrote to me on my nomination to the bishopric of Exeter, and when, soon afterwards, he was so good as to allow me to make use of his examining chaplain, as I was not able in the circumstances to get the use of my own. From that time I had much communication with him on various occasions, when his conduct was always characterized by the same wonderful gentleness and sweetness. But I think that his sweetness of character was even more conspicuous when there was anything like a strong difference of opinion. For he entered into controversy freely and boldly but he never concealed

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the warmth of his affection for those with whom he was brought into contact, even though he might have had reason to contend earnestly with them on points which he thought of importance, but in which they considered he was mistaken. Such a man leaves behind him a treasure for all time."

Bishop Wordsworth, acting as he always did on the principle of taking his clergy into his confidence as far as possible, wrote a letter to an archdeacon of his diocese containing his appeal to Dr. Temple and Dr. Temple's reply, giving, in conclusion, what may be called the key-note of his whole episcopate:—

I have done, my dear archdeacon, what seemed to be my duty to do, and the clergy and laity of this diocese have a right to know the result. I should be thankful for your and their counsel and prayers, and I am persuaded you will agree with me in this, that the cause of Christian truth is best maintained and promoted by a spirit of Christian courage, animated with Christian love.

It is only due to both parties to say that, whatever differences there may have been at the time of the appointment, the friendliness of personal relations was never interrupted; and as years went on the esteem on the part of Bishop Wordsworth for his brother bishop steadily increased (he used often to express the pleasure he felt in sitting next him in Convocation), and one of his last acts was, after his own illness and resignation, to write him a warm letter of congratulation on his acceptance of the See of London.

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This same year (1869) was memorable for another event. The expediency of reviving the office of so-called suffragan bishops had been talked about and written about; it remained for Dr. Wordsworth, instead of writing about the work and talking about it, to *do* it. There was no reason why it should not have been done before. There was an Act of Henry VIII. which authorized the appointment of suffragans, still unrepealed, but it had fallen into abeyance soon after it had been placed on the Statute Book, and through lapse of time and habitual desuetude came to be regarded as a dead letter.

The revived activity of the Church naturally raised a cry for more bishops, but this obvious plan of relieving the overtaxed bishop of part of his work, though it was not forgotten, had, until Dr. Wordsworth's action, found none possessed of enough energy or courage to carry it out. It had been in Dr. Wordsworth's mind for many years. So early as the 31st of December, 1860, we find him writing to his friend Chancellor Massingberd :—

The main difficulty that strikes me as to suffragans (as they are called) is this: Suppose a bishop to nominate a suffragan, and suppose the bishop to die, and the suffragan to survive, what is to become of him? He is a bishop, indelibly such. Suppose the successor to his chief to be a different man from his predecessor in many material respects, would not a great embarrassment arise? What is the solution? While I own this, I would not deny that some use might be made of chorepiscopi; but it seems to me that the main thing is, aim at the subdivision of dioceses.

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It is almost needless to observe how true a prophet Dr. Wordsworth showed himself in this letter; the "case in view" became a "case in fact," not, indeed, happily through any difference between two successive bishops, but through a subdivision of the diocese.

At the presentation of his portrait to Dr. Parry, the Suffragan Bishop of Dover (December 8th, 1886), the Archbishop of Canterbury said,—

> My honoured and dearest friend, the late Bishop of Lincoln, had been for some time agitating for the revival of suffragan bishops. When we went with Bishop Tait to Mr. Gladstone on the subject, the right honourable gentleman asked Bishop Wordsworth if he himself desired a suffragan. Lifting up both his hands above his head, the bishop said, "I not only earnestly desire it, but daily pray for it."

In the very first year of his episcopate he presented a petition to the Crown, "that he might have the assistance of a bishop suffragan according to the ancient use of this realm before and after the Reformation." He was, as he himself gratefully owns, cordially supported in his petition by the Premier, Mr. Gladstone, and the petition was granted. He sent in two names to the Prime Minister, that of Henry Mackenzie, Archdeacon of Nottingham, and that of Francis Morse, Vicar of S. Mary's, Nottingham. The former was chosen, and on the 2nd of February, 1870, the Festival of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, Dr. Henry Mackenzie was consecrated at S. Mary's, Nottingham, the first

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Suffragan Bishop of Nottingham.[7] Canon Morse preached the consecration sermon. A special interest was given to the consecration service by the presence of Alexander Lycurgus, Archbishop of Syra, Tenos, and Delos, and other islands of the Ægean. The day was a happy beginning of an uniformly happy relationship between the Bishops of Lincoln and Nottingham. From Dr. Mackenzie and his successor, Dr. Trollope, Dr. Wordsworth received most efficient help in his huge, unwieldy diocese. His promptitude, which led him, instead of being daunted by difficulty, to conquer it on the simple "solvitur ambulando" principle, was crowned with the success it deserved. "It had shown," as the preacher of the consecration sermon happily observed, "that by God's mercy one decided man could so put forward and persevere in a principle of righteousness as to carry it in spite of all obstacles." And more than this; it gave an impulse to the extension of the episcopate for which this was only a preparatory step. Dr. Wordsworth was always careful to bring this fact prominently forward, that he did not regard the revival as final, but only as a stepping-stone to a subdivision of dioceses and an

[7] Bishop Mackenzie on the day of his consecration lost his purse, which suggested the following lines to the Bishop of S. Andrew's, who was present and took part in the service:—

Quam fausta sancto cuncta contingunt viro!
Hodie peractis omnibus solenniter,
Ne præsuli quid desit optimo, tibi
Benè consulens fur surripit *βαλλάντιον*

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increase of diocesan bishops. The suffragan was most useful, but his usefulness was limited; he had, for instance, no episcopal jurisdiction (as Dr. Wordsworth pointed out). It was Dr. Wordsworth's happiness to see at the commencement of his episcopate the successful result of the preparatory measure, and at the close of that episcopate the final completion of the work in the subdivision of the diocese. It need only be added that the stipend of the suffragan bishop was paid out of the revenues of the see, but the diminution of his income was to a man like Dr. Wordsworth but as dust in the balance compared with the advantages which the arrangement brought about.

In 1870 Bishop Wordsworth held his primary visitation, and his charge on that occasion was of course listened to with great attention as a manifesto of his future course. It was eminently characteristic of the man. There was much significance in the fact that it commenced with a rapid survey of the state of Christendom, and especially of the Roman and Greek Churches. The former had been brought prominently before his notice by the fact that it had lately held its so-called Œcumenical Council at the Vatican, which, among other things, promulgated the decree that the Roman Pontiff, when speaking *ex cathedrâ* on matters of faith and morals was to be regarded as infallible; while in the Greek Church his interest had been quickened by the recent visit of the Archbishop of Syra, whom he had welcomed

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with great delight at Riseholme, and in the cathedral church at Lincoln, and at S. Mary's, Nottingham. It was not merely Dr. Wordsworth's intense anti-Roman feeling on the one hand, and his yearning for unity (to which he regarded the friendly visit of the Greek ecclesiastics as an important step) on the other, that led him to place these subjects in the forefront of his charge. It was strictly in accordance with his large views of the episcopal office; he felt that he was not only a diocesan Bishop in the national Church of England, but that he also belonged to the hierarchy of the Church Catholic.

In the same year there was formed under the auspices of the new Bishop an "Association for the Augmentation of the Incomes of the Poorer Benefices of the County of Lincoln." The circumstances of the County of Lincoln rendered such an institution peculiarly necessary. Lincolnshire contains a vast number of small parishes, with populations ranging from 40 to 400. In olden times such parishes had been served by clergymen—sometimes the incumbent, more often a stipendiary curate—who lived in the neighbouring market-town. Dr. Wordsworth's two predecessors had both of them made raids upon this system. "We must disturb this nest of rooks," said good Bishop Kaye at Louth, which, as a singularly picturesque and healthy little town, was a favourite place of residence for the clergy. When Dr. Wordsworth came into the diocese, almost every little Lincolnshire village had its parsonage

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and resident parson. This was a beautiful system in theory, but did not work so well in practice, for many of the clergy had both too little work and too small an income; and it was to remedy, in some degree, the latter defect that the Association was instituted. It was at the meeting of a Lay Conference at Lincoln, on the 5th of August, 1869, that the scheme was floated, and it prospered so well that about two years after, when a pastoral staff was presented to the Bishop the donors could congratulate him on the success of the effort; and at each triennial visitation he could report its increased prosperity.

Of course it is not to be supposed that the management of the Association was in the hands of the bishop. It could, indeed, never have succeeded as it did without his stimulus; but he would have been the first to own the great obligation the Association was under to others, and especially to his subsequent coadjutor in the episcopate, the present Bishop of Nottingham, whose long connection with the diocese, and intimacy with many of its leading families fitted him admirably for such an undertaking. Dr. Trollope's munificence and laborious exertions in connection with this Association were highly appreciated by the Bishop, who, in later years, received in innumerable ways most efficient aid from the same source.

One other public appearance of Dr. Wordsworth in 1870 deserves notice. In the spring he attended

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a meeting of clergy and laity of the diocese at Newark called to consider the subject of Mr. Forster's Education Bill, which three months later became law. The feeling at that meeting and throughout the country was in favour of the Bill, but this did not prevent the Bishop from speaking strongly against it. It was one of the first occasions, but very far from being the last, on which he ran counter to public opinion.

As Bishop Wordsworth was the first to revive an ancient Church office, so was he also the first to revive an ancient Church assembly. The Lincoln Diocesan Synod was the first of its kind that had been held for many generations.[8] Synods, like suffragan bishops, had been talked and written about, but it remained for the Bishop of Lincoln to attempt to realize them. Just before his elevation to the bench we find him writing to Chancellor Massingberd, on the 5th of November, 1868 :—

> I am rejoiced to see, my dear friend, that you have lifted up your voice in behalf of Diocesan Synods, and thank you much for allowing me the pleasure of listening to it. I have just been reading your letter to your bishop (Dr. Jackson) with very great gratification, and earnestly hope that your arguments, which seem to me to be perfectly unanswerable, may prevail. If we had had our Diocesan

[8] The Synod held at Exeter in 1851 "could hardly," Bishop Wordsworth remarked, "be called a Diocesan Synod in the proper sense of the term, as it consisted merely of delegates; whereas at Lincoln all priests and deacons exercising ministerial functions in the diocese were summoned."

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Synods in proper working order five years ago,[9] we should have been spared all these profitless and vexatious controversies on ritualistic matters, and not have been in peril of a schism, as a consequence of secular legislation upon them. And I cannot but think that the life of our dear and revered primate (Archbishop Longley) might have been preserved, which was embittered, and I believe shortened, by the worry and anxiety produced by these unhappy bickerings. He is taken away in mercy from the evil to come.

Dr. Wordsworth little thought when he wrote these words that one result of the archbishop's death would be the removal of himself to Lincoln, and that the next application for a Synod would be to himself as bishop of that see. Holding the views he did, he of course received with favour a memorial from 430 of his clergy, requesting him to convene a Diocesan Synod. But at the same time he was thoroughly determined that if it did take place it should be conducted strictly according to ancient precedent, and, above all things, that it should not degenerate into a mere debating assembly. That there was some fear of this is evident from the following private letter to Chancellor Massingberd, which throws some light upon the strong and decisive language which the bishop used on the point at the Synod itself:—

[9] The Bishop of S. Andrew's writes: "These words require to be borne in mind. It can scarcely be said that the plan adopted by my brother in his *single* Synod was one to *work*. . . . I ventured to tell him so at the time. . . . Till your dioceses are smaller, you must be content with delegates (taken from above a certain age, or otherwise chosen), and they must meet annually."

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Riseholme, July 17, 1871.

MY DEAR CHANCELLOR,—Allow me to express an earnest hope that the Committee appointed to submit to me proposals concerning our future Synod will have the goodness to examine and consider very carefully the history of Diocesan Synods, both in the Church Universal and in the Church of England. It is very desirable that in reviving what has long been dormant, we should diligently study ancient precedents, such as are given by Lambertini, and especially since his time by Gavanti, and also those given by Wake and Wilkins, to say nothing of your friend Joyce. I should therefore be thankful for a conference with the Committee before it makes any report to me, and I should be obliged to you to communicate this wish to the Committee at the next meeting.

On the 22nd of July, 1871, he writes to the Chancellor again:—

I am very thankful for the result of the conference at the Archdeaconry yesterday, which at first caused me no little anxiety. I earnestly hope that the members of the Committee will follow your example and that of some others, and divest themselves of the prepossessions which they may have brought to the consideration of this very grave subject, in consequence of the anomalies and confusions which have been most unfortunately introduced into it by modern practice, and that they will carefully and conscientiously devote themselves to the study of the subject, in the records of the history of Diocesan Synods in the Church Universal and the Church of England. It seems to me that a cheap reprint of the earlier portions of your letter to my predecessor would be of great use, together with an extract from the "Reformatio Legum in extenso de Synodo Diocesanâ." I am endeavouring to put together for the private consideration of the Dean and Chapter, a small brochure with the title "Order of holding

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a Diocesan Synod in the Cathedral Church of Lincoln on Wednesday, September 20, 1871, together with the matters to be treated of and agreed on there."

The Synod was duly held. The Bishop sent a notice to his rural deans authorizing them "to desire the attendance of all priests and deacons in their deaneries who were beneficed or licensed therein." A similar notice was addressed to the Dean for the citation of the members of the cathedral church. More than 500 clergy accepted the invitation. They assembled at the Old Palace and proceeded in surplices to the western door of the cathedral, where they were met by the cathedral staff. A special service was drawn up by the Bishop after ancient models, and after the Nicene Creed he delivered his address, the title of which tells its own tale: "Diocesan Synods and Diocesan Conferences their distinctive characters and different uses." In this address he gave a significant hint as to what he wished the Synod *not* to do, as well as what he wished it to do.

No, my reverend brethren, the truth must be spoken however unpleasing it may be to some men's ears in modern times. During sixteen hundred years after Christ a Diocesan Synod was called the Synod of the Bishop. The canons and constitutions published therein were said to be promulged by the bishop. It never occurred to the mind of ancient Christendom that the bishops of Christ's Church, seated in their cathedral churches, would enter into the lists of controversy with the clergy of their dioceses divided into opposite camps. This was not their view of episcopacy. In their eyes the bishop was a father in God;

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and while on the one hand it was presumed that the clergy would trust their spiritual father with filial reverence, it was anticipated on the other that he would endeavour to rule with parental love, and that he would not obtrude his own private opinions on a reluctant clergy, but that he would pray fervently to God for grace and guidance, and give himself to diligent study and devout meditation, and would seek to lead the clergy by wise counsels and gentle persuasion to right conclusions, and with their help would embody and concentrate those conclusions in synodical utterances, which would have great force and weight by reason of previous consultation and general subsequent assent. . . . But perhaps it may be alleged, by some among ourselves, that Diocesan Synods will be tame and lifeless things, unless they are animated by the quick sallies and lively repartees of eager and excited debate. Brethren, such an objection should have been considered, and, I trust, was considered by you, before you desired me to convene the present Diocesan Synod.[1] You have asked for a Diocesan Synod, and I should have been unworthy of your confidence if I had endeavoured to palm upon you a counterfeit assembly instead of presenting to you a genuine and authentic Synod, constituted upon those principles, and regulated by those laws, which were universally received by the Christian Church for 1600 years, and which were specially prescribed for our observance by those holy men to whom, under God, we owe the inestimable blessing of the English Reformation.

These dignified and weighty words gave the true keynote to the subsequent deliberations. After a

[1] It is not perhaps certain whether all who asked for a Synod knew what they meant. Bishop Philpotts' was a *representative* assembly of clergy. That which was becoming prevalent in the Colonies, was a mixed one of elected clergy and elected laity. But Bishop Wordsworth's idea of a Synod was the old one—"totus clerus," meeting under certain restrictions.

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celebration of the Holy Communion the bishop and clergy, two and two, proceeded to the chapter-house. It would seem that the bishop would himself have preferred the nave of the cathedral; but, so long as a principle was not involved, he was always ready to give way. "I believe," he writes to Chancellor Massingberd, on the 9th of August, 1871, "that the Dean would prefer that the nave should not be used for the session of the Synod, and I should be very sorry that he should be in any way disconcerted; and therefore I shall be quite content with the chapter-house, and am quite prepared to say that I appoint *that* place with the consent of the Dean and Chapter."

The Synod was conducted strictly in accordance with the Bishop's ideas, and the matters treated of were of the utmost practical importance. The formation of a Diocesan Conference was arranged; committees were formed for investigating the subjects of Endowed Grammar Schools, of Church Patronage, of Elementary Weekday Schools and Sunday Schools, and valuable reports were drawn up, printed, and circulated by these committees. The sending of a synodical letter of sympathy with the Old Catholics was also approved of. Nor was the Synod a mere echo of the bishop's own sentiments; on the contrary, one very important point, viz. the number of *ex-officio* members at the Diocesan Conferences, was not carried, because the proposal did not meet with the approval of the general

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body of the clergy. The following letter to the Rev. J. Wayland Joyce is a happy instance of that thoughtful courtesy which always distinguished Dr. Wordsworth, and which in this case led him to pay honour to whom honour was due, for Prebendary Joyce had done more perhaps than any living man to make Churchmen understand the proper constitution of Church assemblies:—

Riseholme, Aug. 14, 1871.

MY DEAR JOYCE,—It is due to you, as the author of the learned work on "England's Sacred Synods," to state the principles on which I am endeavouring to restore synodical action in this diocese. I therefore send you the enclosed. You will see by these papers that it is my desire to have *two* distinct institutions in this diocese.

1. The *Diocesan Synod*, constituted in the manner and on the principles received by the Church for seventeen centuries.

2. The Diocesan Conference, a mixed body (*commixtus*) of clergy and laity.

The "*Synod*" is to take its part in all matters concerning "divine learning" and the discipline and sacred offices of the Church.

The "Conference" is to deal with mixed matters, the relation of the State to the Church, finance, ecclesiastical maintenance of clergy and fabrics, &c.

As you have done so much to vindicate and maintain the principles on which we propose to act in this diocese in this matter, and to put the matter in its true light, I write to acknowledge our obligations to you.

It will doubtless have been remarked by those who are familiar with the history of Dr. Wordsworth's Episcopate, that this Synod, far from being

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annual, was an isolated event in that Episcopate. The name of Synod has been applied in other dioceses (whether rightly or wrongly it is not for us to decide), to the annual representative conferences of clergy and laity. This, as has been already seen, was not Dr. Wordsworth's opinion; and the difficulties presented by such gatherings as that just described (especially in a large and scattered diocese like Lincoln, which then contained 1000 clergy), would prevent their frequent recurrence. Less need be said of the Diocesan Conference, which was one of the results of the Synod, and which met for the first time, under the presidentship of Dr. Wordsworth, on the 25th of September, 1872, and continued to meet annually during the whole of his episcopate. Fifteen years ago Diocesan Conferences were not so common as they are now; nevertheless the event was not, like the Synod, almost unique; neither did it bear so markedly the impress of the bishop's own hand. It consisted of an equal number (250) of clergy and laity, each elected by their own order, with the exception of a few *ex-officio* members, and was fairly representative of the diocese. It really was a sort of expansion of the Lay Conference which met for the first time in 1869, and of which (as, indeed, of the Diocesan Conference, too) the present Bishop of Nottingham (Dr. Trollope) was the leading spirit. The main burden of organizing this important assembly lay upon him, but in this as in every other matter

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he acted in perfect harmony with Bishop Wordsworth.

That the Bishop was satisfied with the result of the Conference was shown by a letter to Chancellor Massingberd, which has a melancholy interest of its own as being the last of a long series of letters, extending over many years, to his old friend, who entered into his rest a few weeks after its receipt.

Riseholme, All Saints' Eve.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Pray let me have a line to say how you and Mrs. Massingberd are. I was very sorry you could not be at the D. Conference, and think you would have been pleased with it. What gratifies me most is to think that, by God's goodness, we have now in this diocese,

1. A Synod,
2. A Conference;

each with its proper and distinct functions, and each helping the other in its own way, for the same good and holy ends. With our united love to Mrs. Massingberd, believe me,

Your affectionate friend and brother,

C. LINCOLN.

In connection with this first Diocesan Conference an interesting event took place. Before it met, the pastoral staff, already referred to, was presented to him, the gift of a large number of the clergy and laity of the diocese. The Archdeacon of Stow (Dr. Trollope) had issued a circular to the rural deans, suggesting that "on the occasion of the first meeting of the newly-constituted Diocesan Conference such an offering would probably be considered appropriate."

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An appeal was made and so heartily responded to that "more than sufficient means to procure the most beautiful staff that art could design and skill execute was soon received." The design was carried out by Mr. J. Barkentin, under the superintendence of the Rev. F. H. (now Canon) Sutton. The dedicatory inscription is: "Christophoro Episcopo Lincolniensi et successoribus Clerici et Fideles, D.D., A.S., MDCCCLXXII.—Præsis ut Prosis." The presentation was made in the open air, "with the venerable cathedral on one side, the ruins of the ancient palace of the predecessors of the Bishop on another, and the busy modern city of Lincoln below." Earl Brownlow, lord-lieutenant of the county, after a few introductory words, requested the Archdeacon of Stow to read the presentation address, which touched upon the appointment of a suffragan bishop, the Diocesan Synod, the Poor Benefices' Augmentation Association, and the Lay Council, "now just about to expand into a Diocesan Conference." The Bishop, who looked, it was said, like one of the ancient Fathers of the Church, in his Convocation robes, made a happy and graceful reply, after which, with the staff in his left hand, he raised his right hand and pronounced the Benediction.

The first three or four years of Bishop Wordsworth's episcopate might be described as the era of public meetings; for it was in connection with these that his name came most prominently before the public. Of course such work continued all through

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his episcopate, but it will not be necessary to dwell so much upon this phase of his life in his later years. We have yet two more meetings to describe before we pass to another class of subjects.

In October, 1871, the Church Congress was held at Nottingham, with Bishop Wordsworth as president; and on this occasion the bishop showed, to the surprise of many who had thought of him merely as the learned divine, how admirably he could adapt himself to the difficult task of presiding over a large and sometimes excited assembly. He always kept the meeting well in hand, and, with the utmost firmness, though at the same time with the utmost courtesy, maintained his own position as the head of it. Another feature of his character was brought out on this occasion. The Dissenters of the town not only showed great interest in the proceedings, but also contributed to the completeness of the arrangements by various acts of courtesy. The Bishop gracefully and publicly acknowledged the obligations the Congress was under to them; and some people knew him so little as to express surprise that so stiff a Churchman should have spoken in such terms; but, in point of fact, he was so far from being embarrassed with his task that he evidently hailed with delight the opportunity of expressing kindly Christian feelings without sacrificing any principle.

That Bishop Wordsworth's fulfilment of his duties as President was thoroughly appreciated is shown in

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the last sentence of the official report of the Congress: "The desire to speak the truth in love was one of the characteristics of the Nottingham Church Congress, a result which we trace with deep thankfulness to the presence of the Divine Spirit of truth and love in our midst, and for which, under Him, we are indebted very chiefly to the dignity, and the firmness, and the learning, and the love of our revered and admirable president, the Bishop of Lincoln." "To speak the truth in love" was the very motto of Dr. Wordsworth's whole life.[2]

In 1872 the Bishop of Lincoln was present and took a leading part at a still more important assembly, or at any rate one which commanded a wider interest than any that have yet been mentioned, the Old Catholic Congress at Cologne. This is fully described in the chapter on Bishop Wordsworth's intercourse with foreign Churches.

[2] His family motto, "Veritas," was expanded by him into "Veritas in caritate."

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CHAPTER IX.

THE EPISCOPATE.

BURNING QUESTIONS.

If the first three years of Bishop Wordsworth's episcopate may be termed the "Congress era," the next three may with equal propriety be termed "the era of burning questions." Bishop Wordsworth was the last man in the world to shrink from dealing with such questions. It would not be enough to say of him that he had the courage of his convictions; he had more than that, a sort of chivalrous, spiritual knight-errantry, which led him to search out for such questions, grapple with them manfully, and probe them to the bottom. This combative spirit would have brought him into more troubles than it did, had it not been tempered with the rare courtesy of a truly Christian gentleman, who would never hit an unfair blow, never degenerate into personal abuse, never speak evil of any one behind his back, who always strove to do justice to the good side of an adversary's position, and who, from choice, always preferred to look at the golden rather than the silver side of the shield. But minimized as the bishop's troubles were by the constant exercise of these Chris-

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tian graces, they nevertheless thickened upon him, as question after question followed in rapid succession.

First came his controversy with the Wesleyans. One of the "Agenda σὺν θεῷ" which he put down at the beginning of his episcopate, was "Restoration of Wesleyan brethren to the unity of the Church," and he must have been continually reminded of his resolve by what he saw and heard. Lincolnshire was the birthplace of Methodism, and has been ever since one of its chief strongholds. As the bishop went about from town to town, and from village to village, visible signs of the system would literally stare him in the face in the shape of the old-fashioned square brick buildings, or the new-fashioned quasi-Gothic edifices which are taking their place. And he could rarely be long in conversation with any parish clergyman about parish matters without hearing some mention of the Wesleyan Methodists. He did not shrink from, but courted inquiry into the subject; and the result was the issue of his famous "Pastoral to the Wesleyan Methodists in the Diocese of Lincoln," which was first published in June, 1873, and rapidly passed through several editions. It was an appeal from Wesleyanism to John Wesley, a strong representation of the peril of schism and the blessings of unity, and an invitation to a friendly conference on the whole subject. The pastoral filled the minds of many of the clergy with dismay; they feared lest it should

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bring them into collision with some of the most important of their parishioners, with whom they had hitherto perhaps been on excellent terms. Many of the laity, too, regarded the publication as injudicious, to say the least of it; while the Wesleyans themselves, as a body, were indignant, and hurled pamphlet after pamphlet at the devoted bishop's head. But Dr. Wordsworth quietly, yet firmly, maintained his ground. This was not a question to be slurred over. It was much better that all that *could* be said upon the subject *should* be said; and with Dr. Wordsworth's strong opinions it was simply impossible for a man of his spirit not to "boult the matter to the bran." And if some of the clergy regarded the movement with alarm, many more were deeply grateful to their intrepid champion; while those who disagreed with him most, whether Wesleyans or Churchmen, all owned the purity of his motive and the straightforwardness of his conduct. The bishop himself never repented of what he had done.

There was a curious episode in this controversy with the Wesleyans in the famous Owston Ferry tombstone case. The whole story had better be told in the words of the then Chancellor of the Diocese, Mr. (now Sir) Walter Phillimore, who has kindly furnished us with the following narrative:—

On May 11th, 1874, died at Owston Ferry, the daughter of a Wesleyan minister. The vicar, observing a headstone in preparation which bore an inscription in which she was described as "the younger daughter of the *Reverend H.*

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Keet, Wesleyan Minister," and having an objection to titles being placed on tombstones, requested that the words, "the Reverend" and the "Wesleyan Minister" should be omitted. Mr. Keet then wrote to the Bishop a letter of inquiry as to the ecclesiastical law on the subject. To this the Bishop replied on the 11th June, "that it is the duty of an incumbent to examine the epitaphs which it may be proposed to inscribe on gravestones in the churchyard of his parish; and that he is empowered by law to make objections to anything in them which in his judgment is liable to exception." Mr. Keet having in the meanwhile written to the Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote again to the Bishop, begging his "kind offices with the vicar that the objection may be withdrawn." This elicited from the Bishop a long letter of the 16th of July, in which he set forth his reasons for refusing to interfere. In it he says: "What title should be given you by your own co-religionists is not the point at issue, and I express no opinion upon it. But the question is, whether the title of reverend should be conceded to you on a tombstone by ministers of the Church of England, who are the responsible guardians of her churchyards."

After pointing out that if the title is to imply holy orders, "the laws to which" the Bishop is "subject would not allow" him "to recognize him in that capacity," and that the Wesleyan Conference twice forbade the assumption of the title "reverend," he wound up:—

"For such reasons as these I have abstained from giving the title of 'reverend' to Wesleyan preachers, not (I need hardly say) from any feeling of disparagement towards them, but because I honour consistency and truth, and because I am sure they would despise me if I acted against my conscience, and were to practise that kind of liberality which courts popularity by giving away what does not belong to it."

It will be observed that all that had been asked of the

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Bishop was that he would use his "kind offices" with the vicar. He had indeed no power in the matter. After this correspondence Mr. Keet took the remedy which is open to any one who desires to erect a memorial to the dead in church or churchyard, but who cannot get the incumbent's assent. He applied to the Consistory Court of the diocese for a faculty. He was assisted by the committee appointed by the Wesleyan Conference to watch over their rights and privileges. Under their care an elaborate petition for a faculty was presented to the Court. In this petition all the correspondence between Mr. Keet and the vicar, the Bishop and the Archbishop, was set out; and the whole can be found enshrined in the regular Law Reports.[1] The Chancellor of the diocese, Dr. Walter Phillimore, refused the application for a faculty. On an appeal being brought to the Court of Arches, the judge, the late Sir Robert Phillimore, confirmed the decision, though on somewhat different grounds. The Wesleyans then appealed to the Privy Council, and the Judicial Committee of that body reversed the two decisions, and ordered the faculty.

Though the Bishop was no doubt popularly supposed to have a great share in the Owston Ferry case, he had, in fact, very little to do with it. His share was limited to the two letters above quoted. [The action of the vicar had been quite unprompted by him; he had no real power to overrule the vicar.] He was in no sense a party to the suit; and when the matter came before his Court he left it entirely to his Chancellor. The decision was the Chancellor's own. The Bishop had no hand in it.

The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Henry Kirk, of Epworth, who was at the time a local preacher in the circuit in which Owston Ferry

[1] Law Reports, 4 Adm. and Eccl. pp. 398—408.

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is situated, but is now a staunch Churchman, will be read with interest:—

"The truly Catholic spirit of the Bishop was, I think, clearly shown during the course of the investigation, and to which all the Wesleyans with whom I had any conversation bore testimony. His lordship having occasion to pass through Ferry, called upon Mr. Keet for the purpose of conversing with him on the subject, but not finding him at home, left a note written while at his house, expressing a hope that the affair would be settled, as far as possible, in the spirit of Christianity. The note itself I have never seen, but from what I have heard from Wesleyans, feel perfectly satisfied of its truly pious character, and believe the writer to have been actuated by no other motives than an earnest desire to do justice to one of his own Clergy, and at the same time to exercise true Christian charity to a minister of another religious community."

The Bishop was not in the least daunted by the strictures which his attitude towards the Wesleyans, especially in regard to the Owston Ferry case, drew upon him. The "friendly conference" to which he invited the Wesleyans in his pastoral duly took place. Attended by three chaplains and a lay friend, he met a former President of the Wesleyan Conference and some ministers and other members of the connection. He expounded to them his views of the relationship of Wesleyanism to the Church, laying great stress upon what John and Charles Wesley had said and written on the subject; he proposed terms on which an union might be effected, and requested that his paper might be communicated "with his respectful

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compliments" to the President of the Wesleyan Conference, and "with the cordial assurance that, though the Bishop, while asserting what he believes to be fundamental principles of the Church of England, may have incurred censure and obloquy from some (not, however, from wise, candid, and generous members of the Wesleyan body, or others who would have justly despised him if, for fear of censure or for the sake of popularity, he had sacrificed what in his conscience he is fully persuaded to be true), yet, that he is, and ever has been, animated with feelings of Christian charity towards Wesleyan Methodists, whose zeal and energy he greatly admires, and with whom he earnestly desires to be more nearly associated in the bonds of Christian faith and love; and he earnestly prays, that if the present overtures should produce no other result, they may at least be accepted as an evidence of that desire."

These sentiments were, we believe, reciprocated by the Wesleyan Methodists; they respected Bishop Wordsworth's character, though they did not see their way to accept his overtures; they deeply valued his services as a champion of Protestantism; they believed him to be thoroughly honest, though, in their view, mistaken. The Wesleyan Conference of 1876 was held at Nottingham, and the bishop deemed it a favourable opportunity for publishing his paper under the title of "Irenicum Wesleyanum, or Proposals for Union with the Methodists," with a

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view to its being submitted for consideration at the Conference. It is needless to say that the proposed union was not accepted; but the Bishop always thought that the question had by no means been stirred up in vain.

As if the Bishop had not enough upon his hands with the Wesleyans, he published, in the same year in which he issued his "Pastoral to the Wesleyan Methodists" (1873), a sermon preached by him in Lincoln Cathedral, which, as he must have known, could hardly fail to raise against him a storm of opposition. The subject was "On Temperance Societies," and he spoke strongly against the total abstinence pledge. Expressions were used which were liable to misrepresentation, though perfectly justifiable when taken with their context. A garbled version of the bishop's words, printed in conspicuous type, might be seen exposed, perhaps in a public-house or a beer-shop, amid surroundings which presented the strongest conceivable contrast to the asceticism of his own appearance, and the simplicity of his own habits; while, on the other hand, some advocates of total abstinence went so far as to abuse him most "intemperately" (as he would himself have said) for this expression of his opinion. But he was equally averse to doing evil that good might come, and to keeping back the truth for fear of its being perverted. He dreaded the evil effects of the Manicheanism[2] which attempted to lay down restric-

[2] *See* his "Church History," vol. i. 198; iv. 2, 71, 72, where S.

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tions with regard to meats and drinks, or to marriage, which God Himself had not seen fit to lay down, no less than the evils from which they were, and in favour of which they often produced, a reaction. How strongly he felt upon the subject the following letter will show:—

Riseholme, Lincoln,
Nov. 5th, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter and for the valuable statement of your opinion and experience.

You will pardon me, I hope, for saying that it is very difficult to say who are "total abstainers;" some who are so nominally are not really. Besides, some who abstain from fermented liquors are remarkable for excess in eating and smoking. My travels in Greece brought me in contact with Turks who called themselves "total abstainers," but were notorious for surfeiting and other licentiousness. I fear that many of our "Good Templars" would be found to be "bad Turks."

Yours truly,
C. LINCOLN.

To Dr. Payne, R.N., R.N. Hospital, Plymouth.

It should be added that two years later (on the 6th of December, 1875) he issued a Pastoral recommending the Church of England Temperance Society, though he was careful to add that he did so, among other reasons, because the Society "did not enforce total abstinence on any, as a term of association with itself, and did not venture to condemn as evil any of God's creatures."

Augustine's words are applied to modern times; and cp. "Diocesan Addresses," 1876, p. 44.

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Another instance of the bishop's intrepidity in doing what he thought to be right, regardless of consequences, may be found in the famous "Great Coates" case. Of this case, also, Sir Walter Phillimore has kindly supplied to us a full account.

The circumstances which led to the Bishop's action in the case of the living of Great Coates were as follows:—

Sir John Sutton, Bart., had a life-interest in the advowson of the rectory of Great Coates, this advowson having been put into settlement with the family estates. Being a Roman Catholic, he was unable to exercise his patronage, and he sold his life-interest to Mr. Walsh, a clergyman in priest's orders, for 3000*l.*, the living being worth about 800*l.* a year and a house. Mr. Walsh thus bought an uncertain interest. It might be that the incumbent would survive Sir John Sutton (though this was unlikely), in which case he would have paid his money for nothing. He might get one presentation, he might possibly get more.

In fact, however, the Rev. H. Howson, the incumbent, died on the 30th of May, 1873, and Sir John Sutton (though a much younger man) died only six days after, on the 5th of June.

Mr. Walsh having thus got one presentation, he now proposed to use it in order to make himself incumbent, and being unable to present himself, addressed (after a form which has become common in England) a petition to the Bishop, praying to be admitted to the living.

To the Bishop this transaction appeared to be simony. He regarded it, in his own language, "as immoral," and requested Mr. Walsh "to withdraw" his petition.

The Bishop fortified himself by one of the common definitions of simony. "Simony is the sale or purchase of spiritual things." The temporalities of a benefice are, he said, but accessories to the spiritualities. "Therefore," he

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said, "a clergyman who buys a living does, in fact, buy a cure of souls, for he cannot enjoy the temporalities unless he is first instituted by the Bishop to the cure."[3]

The extent to which the rules against simony in the Canon Law have been accepted in and enforced by the unwritten Common Law of England, and their application to the purchase of advowsons and next presentations, is undefined, and in some points still uncertain. But a few acts which the Canon Law calls simony have been made the subject of express statutable prohibition, some by an Act passed in the reign of Elizabeth, the others by an Act known as 12 Anne, chap. 12.

The Bishop thought that this latter Act fortified him in refusing admission and institution. The scope which he gave to the Act, though larger than that which was ultimately given by the Court, was not so large as that which the late Bishop Phillpotts, of Exeter, had proposed to give in 1867.[4]

The Act, after a curious preamble, stating that some clergymen "have procured preferments for themselves by buying ecclesiastical livings, and others have been thereby discouraged," proceeds to make it illegal for a clergyman to buy for himself the next avoidance of a living or to take and accept a next avoidance so bought.

The Bishop contended, under legal advice, that this is what Mr. Walsh had done. The Court of Common Pleas, however, held[5] that the Act must be construed strictly, that it prohibited a clergyman from buying an actual next presentation, and using it to present himself; but did not make it illegal for Mr. Walsh, who had bought an uncertain interest in the advowson, which might yield him, perhaps

[3] "The Great Coates Case: A Statement by the Bishop of Lincoln," published by James Williamson, Lincoln, 1875; p. 4.

[4] Ibid. p. 5.

[5] Law Reports, 10 C.P. 518.

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no presentation, or one or more, from using the one, though it was in fact the only one, for himself.

The second point taken in the case, though in form a mere technical one, and, indeed, rather suggested to the Bishop by his legal advisers, came round in substance to the same result. The Canon Law, no doubt with the object of discouraging simony, forbad a man to present himself to a benefice; and this prohibition, though possibly for other grounds, had been accepted by the English law. But for a very long time a practice had prevailed under which clerical patrons who wished to present themselves (and of course there are many clergymen to whom advowsons have descended, or who take them by gift) had been in the habit of offering themselves to the Bishop and praying to be admitted; and certainly Bishops had, as a rule, accepted their tender as if it had been a presentation. But there was authority for saying that the Bishop was not bound to accept such a tender; while it was obvious that if he was bound, such tender was in effect a presentation, and ought to be taken as contravening the rule of the Canon and Common Law.

The Bishop urged that he was not bound to accept the tender, and that the circumstances of the case made it right that he, not being bound, should exercise his discretion by refusing.

The Court of Common Pleas, however, thought that long usage ought to prevail, and that a Bishop had no more choice after such a tender than he had after a formal presentation, that there was no substantial difference between them.

This Court was the only one which pronounced any decision upon the real questions. But the case was brought into three courts. Mr. Walsh was advised that he must sue the Bishop as well in his character of aggrieved presentee by *duplex querela* in the Court of Arches (a remedy hardly used since the famous case of Mr. Gorham)

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as in his character of aggrieved patron by *quare impedit* in the Court of Common Pleas. To these suits, by an excess of legal caution, for which, however, his legal advisers were alone responsible, was superadded a suit in Chancery to restrain the Bishop by injunction from collating to the living pending the suit. The proceedings in the Court of Arches were ultimately dismissed as unnecessary;[6] but in the two other courts the Bishop had to pay all the costs, as well as half a year's value of the living as damages. The proceedings went on through 1874, and the decision of the Court of Common Pleas was given on the 15th of April, 1875. The Bishop did not appeal. He would have had great difficulty in instituting the clergyman to the benefice; but it was discovered that in such cases the duty devolved upon the Archbishop, who instituted through his Vicar-General.

There was yet another burning question which within a limited area raised a flame as great as any we have yet referred to. Lincolnshire is essentially a "sporting" county, and in old times there was probably no county in which so many specimens could be found of what is called "the sporting parson." These clergymen were often very popular, and often also very useful, affecting for good a class of people whom other types of clergy could not reach. It is a great mistake to suppose that they always neglected their proper duties. On the contrary, they often performed those duties exceedingly well and effectively according to the standard which they took. They promoted a healthy, manly tone, which sometimes appears to be rather lacking in men of a more spiritual type. They were thoroughly in

[6] Law Reports, 4 Adm. and Eccl. p. 242.

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touch with the laity, that is, with the lay *men* as well as the lay *women*. Undoubtedly they were popular, and perhaps the prevalence of Methodism in Lincolnshire, while on the one hand it intensified the disapproval of their proceedings, on the other hand emphasized the approval of them. To condemn old English sports was Methodistical, to encourage them was sound Churchmanship. It was, therefore, a new departure for one who was regarded as a distinctly High Churchman to set his face against sport. But we should clearly distinguish between two separate things which in this matter were rather apt to be confounded. Sport, such as fox-hunting, shooting, &c., was one thing; training horses for racing purposes, with all the concomitant evils of gambling, &c., was quite another.

The case was this. Tidings came to Bishop Wordsworth's ears that a beneficed clergyman in his diocese was in the habit of breeding and training racehorses, and entering them for races under an assumed name. The bishop wrote courteously but very firmly to the clergyman in question, remonstrating with him on the subject, and intimating his decided opinion that such a course was inconsistent with the position of a parish priest. A correspondence ensued, the upshot of which was that the clergyman, who showed great courtesy and good sense in the whole matter, tendered in dignified terms his resignation of his benefices, for the sake of the peace of the Church, while at the same time

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he utterly denied the Bishop's power to force him either to resign his livings or abandon his favourite amusement.

One question which might have been expected of all others to prove a burning question, but, as a matter of fact, did not, was the question of Ritual. During the whole episcopate of Bishop Wordsworth there was not one single prosecution for ritual in his diocese. And yet his views on this subject were not those of many of his clergy. It should never be forgotten that though he was always, and rightly, regarded as a distinct High Churchman, yet the conservative element and love of simplicity were also very markedly developed in him. It is only necessary to refer to his diocesan addresses for a proof of this. But in those same addresses he also gave some significant hints that he meant to be fair all round, and that if he was to correct excesses he would also take good care to correct defects. Having impressed upon one side that "the course for true Catholics is to cease from strife," he turns to the other side:—

> But in speaking thus, let me not omit to press upon you earnestly the duty of mutual forbearance. Before you pronounce judgment upon a brother for going *beyond the law*, or what you suppose to be the law in ritual matters, examine carefully whether you yourself are not to blame for falling *short of the law*. It is an unseemly thing to be exasperated against those who may be chargeable with some excesses in ceremonial, and yet to have no feeling of honest indignation against ourselves, who, perhaps, may be breaking

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the plain letter of the law in important respects; who, perhaps, not only do not open our churches for daily prayer, but keep them shut on holy days—days appointed by the Church, perhaps even on Ascension Day; and who are content with infrequent Communions, damp churches and high square pews, and cold, dreary, and heartless services. If we are to be angry at all, let us not discharge the vials of our wrath on the head of zeal, and have none left for our lukewarmness, coldness, slovenliness, and unfaithfulness. In a word, let us all agree in a hearty resolve to obey the law, and to live in peace and love one with another.

Again, he taught all his clergy to be loyal to him, by the most indisputable proofs which he showed that he meant to be loyal to them. This was conspicuously shown by his attitude in the House of Lords when the Public Worship Regulation Bill was being hurried through that august assembly in 1874. The nation was passing through one of those hot fits by which it seems to be periodically attacked. The "No Popery" cry of the last century was virtually revived, and one of those who were carried away by it was the Premier of the day, Mr. D'Israeli. The Primate (Dr. Tait), with all the force of a singularly strong character, and with much more sympathy for the supposed sufferings of the laity than for the traditions of Church order, and the feelings of an increasing body of the clergy, was for pressing on the Bill.[7]

[7] Bishop Wilberforce had recently been removed by the accident on the Sussex Downs, which sent such a thrill of sorrow

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The Bishop of Lincoln stood forth as the courageous champion of the clergy.[8] He pleaded earnestly for an opportunity being given for the Church to discuss the measure in her own proper assembly. He cited the instance of the collisions which had occurred between the bishops and the clergy at the beginning of the eighteenth century. He pointed out with great force that to hurry this Bill through Parliament against the wishes of the clergy, through dread of Rome, was really the most effectual way of playing into the hands of Rome, whose strongest argument against the English Church had always been that she was a creation, and continued to be the creature of the State. He showed how it would impair the bishop's own power if he were morally compelled to enforce the law at the instance of three parishioners, Churchmen or otherwise.

The following MS., found among Bishop Wordsworth's papers, and headed by him, "P.W.R.A., 1874," seems worth reproducing. It is all in his own handwriting :—

On Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1874, a meeting of bishops was held at Lambeth Palace, when it was agreed that a Bill should be prepared for the purpose of amending the constitution and procedure of ecclesiastical courts, and of

through the Church in the summer of 1873. Had he been alive, it was almost universally felt such a measure would have been impossible.

[8] Bishop Mackarness voted, we believe, more directly against the Bill than any other Bishop.

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correcting irregularities in the performance of the ritual of public worship, whether by excess or defect.

On the motion of the Bishop of Lincoln, supported by the Bishop of Peterborough and others, it was agreed that a draft of an episcopal allocution to prepare the clergy and laity for such legislation should be prepared, and submitted to the bishops for their consideration.

A draft was prepared accordingly by the Bishop of Lincoln, and sent to most of the bishops. Copies of the draft and their letters are in the Bishop of Lincoln's papers.

Two articles appeared in the *Times* newspaper (I do not remember the exact dates), purporting to give the heads of the proposed Episcopal Bill—much to the astonishment of the great majority of the bishops, who had never seen any sketch of a bill, nor knew what any of its provisions were intended to be. This put an end to the design for an allocution.

On Friday, April 17th, a meeting of bishops was held at the Bounty Board, when the two archbishops produced the draft of a bill, prepared by Mr. Brunel, Chancellor of the Diocese of Ely, under their direction.

This draft of a bill was considered at this one meeting, at which only a portion of the bishops were present, and at this meeting only.

At the close of it the Bishop of Lincoln asked on what day would be the second reading of the bill?

The answer given by the two archbishops, the Bishop of London being present, and a few other bishops, was that it would be on the Tuesday following, viz. the 28th of April.

After the meeting, the Bishop of Lincoln wrote a private letter to the Archbishop with an earnest and respectful remonstrance against this arrangement, and reminding his Grace that the 28th of April was the day fixed for the meeting of Convocation, and that if the bill came before Parliament without any reference to Convocation, a serious misunderstanding, and perhaps an open rupture, would

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ensue between the bishops and the Convocation and the clergy generally.

No answer to this letter was received.

On the following Monday the Archbishop made a statement concerning the proposed bill in the House of Lords.

The expostulation of the Bishop of Lincoln on that occasion is contained in his pamphlet entitled "Senates and Synods."

Also his further remonstrance in the House of Lords on a subsequent occasion, when the bill went into Committee on Thursday, June 4.

The sudden and unexpected apostrophe of the archbishop to the Bishop of Lincoln in the Upper House of Convocation on Thursday, July 9th (if I remember rightly), and the bishop's reply, may be seen reported in the "Chronicle of Convocation."

On Tuesday, August 4th, the bill, having passed the Commons, came back to the Lords, with the amendments of the Commons to be considered, especially the amendment which enabled the archbishop to set aside the exercise of the discretion of the bishop of a diocese in staying proceedings.

The Bishop of Lincoln (who travelled from Lincoln to London) came to the House of Lords at about twenty minutes before five—that is, about twenty minutes before the beginning of the debate—and found in the Bishops' Room there, the two archbishops, and the Bishops of Winchester, Rochester, Lichfield, Oxford, Salisbury, Chichester, Carlisle, and Ely.

The archbishops had received a message from the Prime Minister, Mr. D'Israeli, to the effect that if the amendment of the Commons were rejected, the bill would be imperilled and probably lost.

A message also had come to them from Mr. Gladstone (through the Bishop of Ely), to the effect that if the amendment were not rejected, he (Mr. Gladstone) should

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feel relieved from all engagements to support the Established Church.

The bishops deemed it best to vote according to their consciences, and all present (eight bishops) except one, who did not vote at all, voted against the amendment.

The amendment was rejected by a majority of twelve. The Bishop of Lincoln spoke against it.

On the following day it was resolved, *nemine contradicente*, by the Commons (Mr. D'Israeli and Mr. Gladstone joining together), that they would not insist on the amendment, and thus the legitimate exercise of the discretion of the bishops was preserved, and frivolous litigation stayed. *Pro Ecclesiâ Dei.*

But it is needless to follow further the course of his remarks either in the House of Lords, in the spring and summer of 1874, or in Convocation. It is enough for the point we are aiming at to show how those clergy in his diocese who disagreed with him as to the more or less of ritual, yet learned to look upon him as their friend, and to yield to his guidance. This was shown about two and a half years later, when a resolution to be proposed at the Newark and Southwell Branch of the English Church Union was submitted to the Bishop by the chairman (Canon Hole, now Dean of Rochester) for his opinion. "By that opinion," adds Canon Hole, "I shall not only be guided, but shall be able to influence many others." The resolution was: "In consequence of recent action taken by the court created under the Public Worship Regulation Act, this meeting declares that in its judgment any sentence of suspension or inhibition pro-

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nounced by any court sitting under the aforesaid Act is spiritually null and void, and that should any priest feel it to be his duty to continue to discharge his spiritual functions notwithstanding such sentence, he is hereby assured of our sympathy, and of such support and assistance as the circumstances of the case might demand." This resolution has been quoted in full because it suggests just what actually did take place in other dioceses, and what might have taken place in the diocese of Lincoln. The bishop entered fully into the matter, and gave no less than fourteen reasons why he could certainly not agree with the resolution. The reply of Canon Hole bears so directly upon the relationship between the bishop and his clergy that it must be given in full :—

Caunton Manor, Newark,
Jan. 11, 1877.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—I feel most thankful to your lordship for the letter which I have received this morning, and I am convinced that the publication of it, which you kindly permit, will not only establish, strengthen, settle many a doubtful mind, but will promote in this diocese, and wherever it is read, the spirit of obedience, loyalty, and peace.

Believe me to remain, with affectionate respect,
Your lordship's grateful and faithful servant,
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

So far as the Diocese of Lincoln, at any rate, was concerned, the prophecy in this letter was literally fulfilled. It should be added that though the bishop

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had decided opinions of his own on all the vexed questions of ritual, he pleaded for a large toleration of different views in others, and granted that toleration so far as his jurisdiction extended.

The affection and confidence with which Canon Hole regarded him will be seen from the following letter. The fact that Canon Hole, besides being one of the most effective of living preachers, is an enthusiastic gardener, his "Book upon Roses" being the standard authority upon the subject, may throw light upon the first sentence:—

Caunton Manor, Newark,
May 24, 1887.

DEAR CANON OVERTON,—Not long before he passed from faith to fruition, our beloved father in God sent to me, with other kindly words, the following: "No flower-bed is so beautiful as the bed of sickness and death, where our Lord is the Gardener, as He appeared to Mary Magdalene, and where the fruits are the blessed produce of God's Holy Spirit, the peaceable fruits of righteousness and repentance, of which the full beauty can only be seen in Paradise."

I send you a few of his letters, containing remarks, terse and truthful, upon important topics. These, I know, you will return, because you feel, as I do, that every word which came from that wise head, that affectionate heart, that "vanished hand," is precious to the possessor—to them especially who owe, as I do, more than words can tell, to his instruction, counsel, and sympathy.

"I was never in his presence," it was said to me by one of his brother bishops, "without feeling myself the better for it," and this influence was recognized by all who knew him.

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"When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has fill'd his urn, where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
It is as though an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
And tells us whence these treasures are supplied."

Believe me to be, dear Canon Overton,
Sincerely yours,
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

At the anniversary of the English Church Union on June 16th, when Dr. Pusey and Dr. Liddon were present, the latter, in speaking of the recent conduct of the bishops with regard to the P.W.R. Bill, exclaimed,—

"Sir, let us be just; let us do honour to the noble Bishop of Lincoln (loud cheers), who certainly felt the heart of an apostle beating within him—let us be just; but it must remain a matter of utter astonishment that the whole of the English Episcopate did not start to their feet and say to the Primate, 'We cannot have this.'"

The Bishop of Lincoln's speech on the Bill going into Committee will be found, corrected by himself, in the *Guardian*, June 10th, 1874.

How little he coveted popularity was, however, shown by the fact that about this time he was to read a paper (on Church Patronage) at the Brighton Church Congress; but hearing from a correspondent that "he was to receive an ovation," he withdrew from the Congress, and sent his paper to be read by a friend, Mr. Walter Phillimore, which was accordingly done.

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The two following letters written by the Bishop to Archdeacon Denison and Mr. Berdmore Compton, at this exciting time, will be read with interest :—

Riseholme, Lincoln,
May 30, 1874.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,—In reply to your letter received this morning, I beg to say that while I am unable to add my signature to the declaration forwarded by you, or to any other similar document, yet I have no hesitation in expressing an opinion that, though legislation is necessary for the amendment of the constitution and modes of procedure of our Ecclesiastical Courts; and although the evils and abuses now prevailing in some of our churches in the ritual of public worship, whether by excess or defect, urgently require correction, yet previously to such legislation the Church of England ought to be enabled to exercise that authority which belongs to all national Churches and to define and declare in her Provincial Synods what her own judgment is concerning such rubrics as are now regarded by many as ambiguous, and which have been interpreted in diverse senses by Ecclesiastical Courts, and that she ought to be authorized to revise such rubrics as in her opinion may require revision, for the avoidance of strife and for the maintenance of peace in her communion.

I am, my dear Archdeacon,
Yours faithfully,
C. LINCOLN.

The Venerable Archdeacon of Taunton.

Riseholme, Lincoln,
June 12, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter received this morning, I beg to state my general concurrence in the principles and terms of the printed declaration forwarded by you.

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I have already declared my persuasion that to deal with the Ritual and Worship of the Church of England, without consulting the Church herself in her Synods, not merely by a Bill in Parliament, which contains persons not only not in communion with the Church, but who openly avow hostility to her doctrine and discipline, is to justify the worst taunts of her bitterest enemies, the Romanists, who allege that the Church of England is not of divine institution, and has no spiritual mission or fixed principles, but is only a creature of the State, and dependent for her faith and worship on the fluctuations of Parliamentary majorities, and consequently has no claim on the allegiance of those who believe that Christianity is a divine revelation, and that the Founder and Ruler of the Church is Christ.

I do not doubt that the present Bill is designed by its promoters to support the cause of the English Reformation and to check the growth of Romanism among us; and as far as it does this, and amends the constitution and procedure of our Ecclesiastical Courts, I wish it success. But a long and careful study of the controversy with Rome convinces me that, if this measure is carried on in the manner in which it is now being pressed through Parliament, it will do more to promote secessions from the Church of England to Romanism, and to afford a triumph to Rome, and to weaken the cause of the English Reformation, and to produce discord and disruption in the Church of England, than all the excesses and extravagances of Ritualism, which I most deeply deplore.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

C. LINCOLN.

The Rev. Berdmore Compton.

Before quitting the question of Ritual it may be mentioned that after the Purchas judgment of

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Feb. 23, 1871, the Bishop adopted the practice of wearing a cope at the celebration of the Holy Communion in the Cathedral on high festivals. Once or twice he wore the large scarlet robe lined with white fur which his father had worn at Cambridge as Vice-Chancellor. Afterwards Bishop Trollope gave him a beautiful crimson cope, now used by the present Bishop of Lincoln. It was Dr. Wordsworth's own wish to have the Four Evangelists at the four corners. Canon Beridge gave the "morse" anonymously. Then the Rev. F. W. Sutton gave him a second and simpler cope (white and gold), and an exquisite little black and ivory pastoral staff.

Another instance of Bishop Wordsworth's consistency and courage occurred in 1880. At the time of his entrance upon the episcopate one of the matters affecting the Church which was being agitated in Parliament was "the right of burial in churchyards by other ministers and with other services than those of the Church of England." The Bishop lifted up his testimony against the proposal in his first charge, and never swerved from the sentiments which he then expressed. In 1876 he wrote to his daughter :—

House of Lords, May 9th, 1876.

MY DEAR E.,—We have had a long Episcopal Session to-day concerning the Burials Bill, and though the danger may be averted for a year or so, there seems little reason to hope for any vigorous permanent resistance to the tide which is setting in very strongly against the Church of England as the Church of the nation.

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He rarely omitted to notice it in any of his pastoral addresses, and made it the special subject of his inaugural address to the Lincoln Diocesan Conference in 1877. He felt so strongly on the point that on one public occasion he declared distinctly that "if it were a question between surrendering our churchyards and churches" (he always contended that if the former were conceded the latter must follow) "to be shared as national property by ministers of different forms of belief or unbelief, or else to be disestablished and disendowed, he should unhesitatingly prefer the latter alternative." He thankfully hailed what appeared to be a peaceful solution of the question in Mr. Marten's Act of 1878. But, as is well known, the question was not settled, and in 1880 the Burials Law Amendment Act was passed, with little or no opposition from the bishops in the House of Lords. On this occasion the Bishop of Lincoln fought, almost alone, the battle of the vast majority of the clergy. His own account of his action to the clergy and Church officers of his diocese is very brief and modest. "I felt it my duty to oppose that measure because it seemed to be unnecessary, and to tend to a desecration of holy things, and to open a door to other demands for further concession on the part of the Church." His unflinching courage and consistency were so admired that he was greeted with a ringing cheer, a most unusual thing, as he walked through the lobby of the House of Lords. The present Arch-

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bishop of Canterbury notes "the great silence and impression of the Lords when he spoke on the unpopular side about the Burials Bill. Several have said to me, and one quite lately, how greatly they were struck by his conviction and his courage." He was compared by many to Abdiel,

> "Faithful found
> Among the faithless, faithful only he."

But the models which he set before him were rather men of like passions with himself. It was said, as we have seen, on one occasion, that he "looked like one of the ancient Fathers of the Church," and it was to the conduct of some of these ancient Fathers that he recurred when he thought of the attitude which the Church and her prelates should take in relation to this burials question. In speaking of it he more than once referred to the noble action of S. Ambrose when he was required by the Emperor Valentinian to give up some of the churches at Milan for the use of the Arians. He loved frequently to recall the language which was used by that ancient Father, and which no man, living or dead, could have used with greater sincerity and a more steady determination to act up to it, than Bishop Wordsworth himself. "If you want my property, seize it; if you wish for my body, here it is; if you desire to cast me into prison, or to carry me to death, I will follow you." Bishop Wordsworth was, if any man was, of the stuff that martyrs are made of. "My dear friend," he said to

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the present Archbishop of Canterbury, when they were talking of the gloomy condition of the Church in 1870, "you have this great comfort before you, that probably you may be enabled to live to be a martyr." "And," added the archbishop, when repeating the story, "I believe that is the thing that he would himself have enjoyed more than anything else." In connection with this burial question the bishop loved, too, to think of S, Hilary and S. Athanasius, who, "at the cost of banishment, persecutions, and indignities, maintained the true faith, whole and undefiled, and transmitted it to future generations." It was frequently said of him, sometimes admiringly, sometimes half scornfully, as if it implied that he was out of sympathy with modern life, that he should have been one of the early Christians; and, as far as the courage which would resist unto blood went, he might have been. How thoroughly his conduct on the occasion of the Burials Bill was appreciated by the clergy of his diocese may be inferred from the fact that he received an address signed by more than 600 of their number, expressing approval of the course he took. He also received a similar address from more than 1400 clergy in other dioceses.

The following letter from Bishop Trollope may fitly be inserted here:—

Leasingham, Sleaford, January 25th, 1881.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP AND BROTHER,—Lately I had the pleasure of presenting an Address to you on the part

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of a great number of the Clergy of your own and other dioceses, expressive of their deep thankfulness to you for the valuable services you have rendered to the Church of England. Some of these, however, not content with this expression of their feelings, desired to do more, by assisting your efforts in behalf of the foundation of the See of Southwell, for the relief of your own diocese, and that of Lichfield, which they conceived would constitute the most acceptable additional offering that could be presented to you. The result has been the collection of a sum of 273*l.*, consisting of very many small sums towards that object. This, as President of the Committee, I have now the gratification of placing at your disposition. Trusting that this supplementary addition to the Address will prove acceptable to you, as a further proof of the high regard in which you are held by the Clergy of the Church of England at large, as well as of your own diocese,

I am, with the highest respect,

Your affectionate brother,

E. NOTTINGHAM.

A minor instance of his outspokenness in connection with this burials question was displayed at a luncheon after the reopening of the parish church at Blankney. Blankney is the seat of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, and, therefore, of course, a stronghold of Conservatism. In the presence of Mr. Chaplin, Viscount Folkestone, and other strong Conservatives,—

"There is," he said, "I fear, a species of Conservatism which deals with the Church as if it were a department of the State, and not a divine institution, and which regards the clergy, not as having a divine commission, but as little better—forgive the expression—than policemen in black

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clothes. There is also, I fear, a kind of Conservatism which is very friendly to its enemies, but not quite so cordial to its friends, and which thinks that it may conciliate the former without alienating the latter, and that it is secure of the votes of the clergy; and that its best policy, therefore, is to patronize their opponents."

And then he goes on to instance the Conservatives' conduct in the matter of the Burials Bill, making, however, an honourable exception (among others) of "the noble Earl, the leader of the Conservative party," who was always most cordial in encouraging those who opposed that measure. When the Primate and others referred to Bishop Wordsworth's views as out of date, the Earl of Beaconsfield remarked that those who lived to see would find that the Bishop was right.

The Bishop felt so strongly on the point that he refused to consecrate any more cemeteries, but authorized "any parish priest of the diocese to consecrate any grave severally" by the use of a form of prayer which he drew up.

One little episode may be mentioned in connection with this burials question, to which the Bishop often afterwards referred with great satisfaction. An Act of Parliament (36 and 37 Victoria) enabled persons "to secure burial-places, not exceeding one acre, in trust for the performance of such services by such ministers as they themselves prefer." The Act was of course passed in the interests of those who did not belong to the Church of England. But

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"the door which was wide enough to admit the Trojan was wide enough also to admit the Rutulian;" and the Churchmen of Epworth made the same use of this law as the Churchmen of the Commonwealth made of the law respecting lecturers. They sent a petition largely signed to the bishop, asking him to consecrate a burial-ground at Epworth according to the provisions of the aforesaid Act; the ground was vested in trustees, and consecrated by Dr. Wordsworth, and it remains to this day, in spite of all Burial Amendment Acts, a place in which the exclusive use of the Burial Service in the Book of Common Prayer by a minister of the Church is ensured. The Epworth Trust Deed is frequently consulted by those who are desirous of securing ground for the use of the Church. Those who were present at the consecration service at Epworth speak to this day of the evident delight which the Bishop took in the whole proceeding.

The above have been selected out of the many disputed subjects in which the Bishop thought it right to put himself, as it were, into the attitude of a combatant, because they especially illustrate one of his most distinctive characteristics as a bishop, viz., his fearlessness, and utter indifference as to what the world might think when he was performing what he held to be a clear duty. But in point of fact there was not a question in which the interests of the Church seemed to be concerned which did not draw forth from him a speech, or a sermon, or a pamphlet.

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Whether it was the use or disuse of the Athanasian Creed in divine service, or the Divorce Question, or the marriage with a deceased wife's sister,[9] or the subject of sisterhoods and vows, or that of private confession and absolution, or that of cremation, or the cause of secessions to the Church of Rome, or the religious character of our Universities, there was the Bishop of Lincoln with a very definite opinion backed up with abundance of learning, and more or less acute arguments in favour of his views.

A letter from Dr. Liddon of March 23, 1872, must be taken as a specimen of many others, which show how highly the Bishop of Lincoln's championship was appreciated :—

I think I must be indebted to your Lordship for a copy of your republished speech in Convocation on the Athanasian Creed; and if so, I beg to thank you very sincerely. I had looked anxiously for the promised republication, and before receiving this copy, had sent sixty off by the post, as I hope yet to send a great many more. The speech condenses replies to the current objections to the Creed most admirably. I hope that it is not impertinent

[9] On these two questions he had taken a prominent part long before he became a Bishop. In 1854 a "Declaration of the Clergy on Marriage and Divorce," for which, in less than a fortnight, 6750 signatures were obtained, was drawn up and widely circulated by his means. His "Occasional Sermons" during the same year are remarkably valuable for their exhaustive discussion of the Marriage Question under its various aspects. In 1859 a petition against legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, signed by the Dean (Dr. Trench) and a large number of the clergy of London and Westminster, was zealously promoted by Dr. Wordsworth.

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in me to say that it even adds to your Lordship's great claims to the affectionate respect and gratitude of all true churchmen.

To the Universities question we shall have to revert in connection with the general subject of education; and, of the rest, there is only one on which a remark is necessary. Bishop Wordsworth's arguments against cremation were so misunderstood or misrepresented that he was credited with the absurd theory that the burning of the human body would be an obstacle to its resurrection. What he really did say was, that it might be an obstacle to the *belief* in its resurrection, a very different matter.[1]

He had anticipated such criticism by the ollowing lines in the "Holy Year," hymn 26:—

Although their bodies hid from men,
Like that of Moses be,
Scattered to winds, *consumed in flame*,
Or whelmèd in the sea.

Yet Thou dost count the dust of each;
And at Thy Trumpet's call,
All bodies will again appear,
And each be seen by all.

[1] We are indebted to the Rev. J. Luff, of Weston, near Stevenage, for calling our attention to this point.

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CHAPTER X.

THE EPISCOPATE.

PRACTICAL WORK IN THE DIOCESE.

It will now be a relief to turn from those controverted questions, in which the Bishop took a brave and prominent part, to his practical work in the diocese. And in speaking of this we must begin where Bishop Wordsworth himself always began, with the Cathedral. To a man of his historical and poetical mind both the fabric and the system would be naturally attractive. It was especially in connection with the cathedral that he loved to think of his great predecessors, of Remigius, of S. Hugh, of Bishop Grossteste, of Bishop D'Alderby, of Bishop Alnwick, of Bishop Sanderson, of Bishop Wake, of Bishop Gibson, &c. His sense of the beautiful and the magnificent was awakened by "this stately fabric planted on the top of this noble hill, and looking out far and wide upon the city beneath it, and over the vast plain around it, a conspicuous object at the distance of many miles, like a holy Parthenon on a Christian Acropolis." But it was not merely from the standpoint of history and poetry, but also, and chiefly, from that of practical utility, that he desired

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to regard the cathedral church of S. Mary's, Lincoln. It was to be admired as a grand memorial of the dead past, but it was also to be utilized as a centre of light and life in the living present. "The spiritual life of the diocese should flow from the cathedral as its fountain, like the mystic river in Ezekiel's vision, which welled from beneath the altar, and watered the land, and cleansed the Dead Sea."

To this end he revived a custom which had been in abeyance for more than a hundred years, the triennial visitation of the cathedral body. His first visitation was held in 1873, and in his charge [1] he at once struck the key-note of all his future action. A cathedral was not to be regarded merely as a magnificent fabric, nor as a school of Church music and a model of liturgical order to a diocese, nor as a place which offered rewards for work already done, or quiet retirement for learned leisure. To learn what it was beyond all this he referred the capitular body to their own code of statutes, the "Laudum" and the "Novum Registrum" of Bishop Alnwick (1436—1450). In 1874 he reissued these statutes, and presented them to each member of the cathedral body. Each residentiary canon had his own peculiar work, and in Bishop Wordsworth's opinion the

[1] This address was reprinted in America and "recognized by the writer of an essay on 'The Cathedral System adapted to our wants in America' (Rev. F. Granger), as supplying valuable suggestions for the consideration of the American Church."—'Diocesan Addresses," 1876, p. 98.

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salvation of the cathedral system would be the constant residence of all, and the regular and efficient performance of their proper work. With Bishop Wordsworth to be convinced of a thing and to endeavour to carry it out always went hand in hand, and, therefore, he never rested until he had carried out his ideal. With that instinct for what is striking and effective which he always showed, he commenced his visitation at the Chapter-house of Lincoln and ended it in the Chapter-house of Southwell, and as he used the traditions of the former as an example, so he used those of the latter as a warning. The last Prebendary of Southwell died in this year (1873). Such an event was not one which the bishop would let slip without utilizing it to point a moral. He commenced his address with an impressive abruptness which showed that he had the instincts of a true orator:—

> The grave has closed over the last Prebendary of Southwell. With him the history of this church as a capitular foundation comes to an end. . . . At the close of this visitation I find myself in the Chapter-house of Southwell, without a single prebendary surviving of that long line of ancestry which dates from an earlier period than the pedigree of any noble in the land, or even the monarchy itself.

And then he proceeded to deduce a practical lesson to be learnt, repeating what he had said at Lincoln—that no institution was ever destroyed except by itself, and showing how Southwell had

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been ruined by non-residence, pluralities, want of definite work, and consequent secularity. Southwell, largely through the efforts of Bishop Wordsworth himself, has risen from its ashes to a new and still higher phase of life than that which it enjoyed during the twelve centuries of its capitular existence. Lincoln will long retain the traces of Bishop Wordsworth's episcopate.

In little more than a year after the delivery of this charge, the marriage of the Bishop's third daughter, Mary, to the Rev. J. J. Trebeck, gave the place an additional interest in his eyes, and his visits there, especially his confirmation visits, were among the bright spots of his diocesan work.

Southwell, S. Matthias' Day, 1880.

My dearest E.,—Thank you for your loving letter, which has reached me here to-day, on my entrance on the twelfth year of my episcopate—an Apostolic number. Τῷ Θεῷ δόξα. We thought that we could not spend it better than by coming to hold a Confirmation in the old Minster here, which we hope and pray will, ere long, become a cathedral. Mr. Torr, who has done so much for Liverpool, was a Lincolnshire squire; and this is a good omen. We return to-morrow in order to receive friends on Thursday (Chancellor Phillimore, Archdeacon Maltby, Canons Wilde and Bullock), who are coming to us for the adjourned visitation, which has a good deal of importance, on account of sundry questions which have been raised as to our Constitution and Code of Law. It is rather a serious affair. On Saturday we expect Dean and Mrs. Goulburn[2] for his sermon

[2] Dr. Goulburn, the Dean of Norwich, was a valued friend, in conjunction with whom and with Dean Burgon he afterwards published his thoughts on the Revised Version of the New Testament.

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in the cathedral on Sunday, and on the following day we begin our confirmations. Your dear mother is fairly well, thank God; but has not the faculty of allowing other people to help her. Will you tell John, with my love, that we are to have (D.V.) a meeting at Lincoln of those connected with missionary colleges, early in July (on Dr. Bailey's suggestion), and hope for some representatives from S. Stephen's.[3] Also on July 27, the President of the Royal Archæological Institute is coming to us, and they propose to spend a week at Lincoln and in the neighbourhood. I wish John would undertake a paper on the Milestone and S. Mary-le-Wigford's inscription, and some other points of antiquarian interest recently brought to light, and the Basilica. . . . We hope that *the* honeymoon will be spent at Kingswear.[4] All looks very fair just now, and we have also been made glad by the news of the grandson at Old Swinford.[5] . . . I hope that Esther (Mrs. J. Wordsworth) is well again. Much love to her from us all. I long for a talk with John upon Philo.

Your loving father,
C. LINCOLN.

One point on which the bishop laid especial stress was the part which the cathedral ought to take in education; and this leads us to the subject of education generally in connection with Bishop Wordsworth's episcopate. His one leading idea was to give to all education a Christian tone, and this idea he endeavoured to work out from the lowest to the highest branch of the educational system. To begin with the lowest.

[3] S. Stephen's House, Oxford, recently founded for the training of missionaries.

[4] Of his daughter Dora,, who this year was married to Chancellor Leeke. His second son, Christopher, had married (April 14, 1874) Miss Reeve.

[5] Of his brother, the Bishop of S. Andrew's.

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He found elementary education in a satisfactory state when he commenced his episcopate. His predecessor, Bishop Jackson, had taken a deep, intelligent, and thoroughly practical interest in the subject, and the results were very apparent. Above all, he found an admirable training-school for female teachers established at Lincoln under Bishop Jackson's auspices, to the merits of which, and especially of its most indefatigable and successful Principal, Canon Hector Nelson, he never failed to pay a warm tribute in his pastoral addresses. This training-school had achieved the reputation of being one of the very best—if not *the* very best—of its kind in the kingdom, and it fully maintained its high repute during Bishop Wordsworth's episcopate. Among the "Agenda σὺν Θεῷ" already referred to, one was "Chapel for the training-school," and he lived to see this "Agendum," like most of the rest, become an "Actum." "What," said he to a friend, now a Canon of Winchester, "is a college without a chapel?" "An angel without wings," was the reply, which gratified and delighted the Bishop, who often referred to it. The Principal testified to the great value of this chapel (the first stone of which was laid by Mrs. Wordsworth), as being "a holy bond which bound all parts of the school," as "elevating the religious tone of all the little community," and as "helping to raise the musical proficiency of the school to a higher standard than was attained by any similar institution in England."

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But very soon after the Bishop's coming to Lincoln, elementary education entered upon a new phase in consequence of the Education Act of 1870. The Bishop, as we have seen, regarded with much misgiving the effects of this Act; and if some of his gloomy anticipations have happily not been realized, so far as the diocese of Lincoln is concerned, it is probable that the Bishop's own efforts contributed in no slight degree to the non-fulfilment of his own prophecy. He was never weary of impressing upon his clergy the vital importance of keeping up their church schools, of taking regularly a personal part in the instruction, especially the religious instruction, of straining every nerve to prevent the transference of church schools to school boards, and, if possible, of staving off a school board altogether. The consequence was that in almost all the large towns of the diocese (Lincoln itself included)[6] the requirements of the Education Department were amply satisfied without having recourse to a board school at all. Nor was the standard of religious knowledge lowered in consequence of the want of the stimulus which the hope of a Government grant had previously to 1870 supplied. The regular system of religious inspection which had existed during the time of his predecessor was kept up, and the office of a paid inspector in chief instituted with the happiest effects. A religious prize scheme was

[6] In the case of Lincoln this evil was mainly averted by the self-sacrificing and strenuous exertions of Canon Hector Nelson.

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formed, and still continues to offer a wholesome stimulus to the energy of the children in national schools. The Bishop could urge his clergy to be active in this matter with the clear conscience and with the personal experience of one who had practised what he preached, having been himself a regular and active teacher in his own parish school for nearly twenty years.

Ascending a step higher in the educational ladder we find the Bishop, as might have been expected from one who had himself been a head-master, and who had, in that capacity, made it his chief object to give a Christian tone to his pupils, showing a deep interest in the Christian character of schools for the middle and upper classes. He urged his clergy to do what they could to maintain that character in the endowed grammar-schools of the diocese; this was one of the subjects discussed at the first Diocesan Conference, when a committee was formed to examine and report upon the matter; and by a somewhat unusual, but very proper and graceful act, he conferred a canonry upon one of the most experienced and successful head-masters in the diocese—Dr. Pattenden of Boston. Bishop Wordsworth found himself able, in one instance, to help on the cause of secondary education in what would be in his eyes not its least important form. He was much interested in the "middle school" at Burgh, founded by the deeply-lamented vicar, the Rev. W. E. Thomason; and when that much-

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needed institution, owing to a variety of causes into which it is not necessary to enter, collapsed, Mr. Jowitt suggested and he heartily recognized the suitability of the school-buildings for the purpose of a college for youths who were intended for foreign mission-work, in the early stage of their training. Its past associations (a fact which always had great weight with Bishop Wordsworth) pointed out Burgh as a proper place for this most important project. It was connected with missionary work through two of its vicars. One had been the second missionary bishop in Central Africa, the other had been closely connected with missions in South India. "Here," he said, "Bishop Tozer animated his parishioners with missionary zeal, and kindled the same in those about him. Here Bishop Steere was induced to devote himself to missionary work in Central Africa, so that we may truly say Bishop Tozer lives in Bishop Steere, and W. E. Thomason in both. Though the destination of the building has to some extent changed, there is nothing like difference between the past and the present; the past has glided into the present, as I hope the present will glide into the future." By the indefatigable exertions of the Rev. J. H. Jowitt, then Vicar of S. Mark's, Holbeach, the scheme was floated and went on prosperously. "To him," as the Bishop testified at the opening, "the Mission House at Burgh will mainly owe its existence and prosperous commencement," and he deemed it a most fortunate

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circumstance that they were able to secure for the first Principal one who had spent fifteen of the best years of his life as a missionary in India, and had been the Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta (Rev. Canon Skelton). On S. Paul's Day, 1878, S. Paul's Mission House was opened. The promoters were very modest in their aims. The students were to be passed on from Burgh to a higher college—generally S. Augustine's, Canterbury. The house was to be opened tentatively for five years, but the success during those trial years was so encouraging as to induce them to carry on the undertaking, and the bishop had the satisfaction of knowing before he died that the Burgh Mission House was established on a firm and permanent footing. He contributed largely to its expenses, and made a point of visiting it year by year. And now the erection of a "Wordsworth wing," built with money bequeathed by him, and opened on September 16, 1886, by his successor, whose touching words on the occasion will long be remembered, will associate his name with it for all time.

But it was in his revival of one of the old functions of the cathedral system that Bishop Wordsworth did his most distinctive work for the cause of Christian education. "Residence and work" was, as we have seen, the Bishop's motto for the residentiaries, as "reside or resign" was for the parish priest seeking a protracted leave of absence. And there was no part of that work on which he

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insisted so much as that which fell to the chancellor of the Cathedral. "Our cathedral churches," he said, "were intended to perform functions like those which were discharged of old by 'the schools of the prophets,' in the days of Samuel and Elijah, and we know that in ancient days the cathedral church of Lincoln performed that holy work. Young men came from Iceland in the twelfth century to be educated for holy orders here. Is there not a need that this work of training for the ministry should be renewed here at the present time?" And it *was* renewed. And as the chancellor was "the theologian, the ecclesiastical professor and lecturer, the homilist, the school-inspector, the grammarian, the librarian, and the secretary of the capitular body," upon him the main burden of the work fell. Hence arose the "Scholæ Cancellarii." But on this point, the following account, kindly written for this work by the Archbishop of Canterbury, will render any words of ours unnecessary :—

The first thing about Scholæ was that after I had preached, as Prebendary of Heydour, on May 1, 1870, the Bishop as we went away said, "Now, I will tell you all that is in my heart. First, you must print that sermon, and it must be called, 'Where are the schools of the Prophets?' and *then* you must look forward to this. One day, no matter how far off, you must come here as Chancellor, and you must restore the schools of the Prophets here."

About June, 1873, we had settled into the Chancery, after all the work of renewal and restoration was done,

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and the Bishop became very anxious that the "Cancellarii Scholæ," which I proposed to him as the name of it, taken from the Nov. Registrum, should begin. He gave two rooms in the Old Palace for lecture-rooms, and had them fitted up.

The first two students were Luard and Alfred Hodge —the latter a local preacher. His first Sunday in the Cathedral, with (as he said) the heavenly music of the heavenly words, and the Sacrament, "the clergy and ministers," before the Bishop and about him, and the people on all sides of him, as he sits in the ancient throne in his cope, looking like the father and ruler of all in the Lord's name,—made him feel that the assurances of his old friends that whatever he gained in the Church of England he would lose in spirituality, were all wrong; he had never entered into spirituality or thought that earth was included in heaven before."

The Bishop gave in the most ample way all that was needed for the support of the work, and promised to do so until the fees of the students were sufficient to provide for the tuition requisite. Of course the theory (and practice) was that the Chancellor's organizing work and lecturing and correspondence were his duty, which he owed the Cathedral as its Canon and Chancellor. Then he shortly after provided for Canon Crowfoot's coming, to our great blessing and happiness, who, when the vacancy of the Vice-Chancellorship occurred through the death of an old singing-man who had held the office, was made Vice-Chancellor, and as the students increased and tuition fees with them, and many of the clergy and laity of the diocese subscribed, the Bishop also kept increasing his gifts, and we then had Mr. Worlledge as our tutor, and he was also made a Prebendary. Thus it became a part of the Cathedral organization in the truest sense, as it had been anciently. The Dean in the kindest way, though he had no preconceived affection for theological colleges, allowed

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us once more to fit up, so as not to interfere with any ancient features, and yet to be bright, the Morning Chapel of the Cathedral for our daily prayers. The workmen of the Cathedral soon joined us also, by the Dean and Chapter's permission, and many persons from the Close. The service was exactly one quarter of an hour, always ending at the stroke of eight with the prayer which was being read at the time. Twice a week the service took the form of the Collects of the day, with an address as inward and devotional as it could be made, out of the Scripture, which was explained in course, a Gospel and the Psalms in alternate quarters. Canon Crowfoot's lectures on the Psalms fulfilled to perfection what we desired, viz., to guide the work of the students to their innermost life. In every detail the Bishop took the most minute and fatherly interest—knew and inquired into the history of the students, occasionally addressed them, assisted some of them in the most liberal and affectionate way, and soon considered it to be, what he always hoped, a most effective and rich auxiliary in providing clergy for the great diocese, not University men only, whom he highly valued, but men of large experience often, and often of real devotedness. To deliver ὀψιμαθεῖς from egotism without wounds is a hard task, and the Bishop's care about this was most true and often effective.

As the "Scholæ" grew he was asked one day, "What was to be done for lecture-rooms?" as the lectures had now become much divided up and very numerous. "Would it be a good thing to try to restore the two beautiful rooms, which were in ruins in Alnwick's Tower?" "A very good thing indeed," he said, and instantly devoted to it the 1000*l.* which the diocese had raised to reimburse to him the monstrous expenses to which he had been put in the legal steps by which he endeavoured to guard the presentation to a living from misuse.

It was a most striking sight to see him seated, with

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students about him, sometimes in his robes just as he had come out of the minster, with his pastoral staff leaning against the wall beside him, his long grizzled hair falling about him, his fine deep eyes seeing nothing, every wrinkle and every line of his face made keener by his intense faith, pouring out the most earnest encouragements about their work now and in the future—copious illustrations, quotations from all sorts of literature, allusions, with "You remember, I am sure," to all manner of incidents in history, letters or addresses of the fathers, of which they had never heard, but to know something of which he kindled them up, assurance of confidence in them, and of affection for them and their teachers; the interest of their position in the heart of the glorious monuments of the Church work of old now once more coming into practical force.

When the new hospital was built he purchased, at a cost of 4000*l.* or 5000*l.*, the old buildings, in a magnificent situation overlooking the Lincolnshire plains from the "Sovereign Hill" on one side, and on the other fronting the Cathedral towers, an ideal place for the Scholæ.

His art and his great knowledge enabled him to take at ordination examinations the lessons of the day, morning and evening, and draw out from them the very pith of their original teaching, and also their bearing on the present life of society and the Church. I do not know that he was ever happier in this than one week when he drew out the prophet Zephaniah into a perfect glow of modern life.

Some additional particulars supplied to us by the kindness of Canon Worlledge will not be out of place here. Speaking of the appointment of the Rev. J. H. Crowfoot as tutor, he quotes the Bishop's own words, that—

"He resigned his prebendal stall of Buckden in order to

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give Mr. Crowfoot a dignified position in the venerable Cathedral which is the symbol and centre of diocesan work, and he took the first step (by a gift of 100*l.*) towards the re-endowment of the stall." He did the same when he appointed the Rev. A. J. Worlledge to the Prebend of Dunholme in 1875. The Bishop's own annual subscription to the Bursary Fund of the Scholæ was 100*l.*, commenced in 1874, and continued till his death. This was always given in the offertory on S. Matthias' Day. He resolved to purchase (August, 1877) a house "as a hostel to our Scholæ Cancellarii," as the main question, which was not so much *de domo* as *de domino*, was solved to his satisfaction. The house, "Lindum Holme," was accordingly offered "as a free gift," and opened on February 1st, (Eve of the Purification), 1878.

In the next year (1879) the Bishop asked the opinion of the Chancellor and tutors "as to the desirability of enlarging Bishop's Hostel for the reception of more students." "He had heard such favourable accounts of the result of the experiment of endeavouring to give them the comforts of collegiate life that he was very anxious to see an endeavour to extend them, if possible, to all the students." The advice given was in accord with the Bishop's own munificent design of purchasing the old county hospital for a hostel. This was done at the cost of about 4000*l.* at the end of 1879. "Lindum Holme" remains the property of the Scholæ, and is a source of some endowment. The new hostel was opened on October 1st, 1880. Through the exertions of the Sub-dean (Canon Clements) and others, a fund, amounting in all to about 2830*l.*, was raised for the structural alterations and furnishing.

It is only necessary to add in this place that two warm supporters of the work which was afterwards carried out, Chancellor Massingberd and the Rev.

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Robert Giles, of Horncastle, had passed away while the project was still in its infancy.

The subject of University Education was one in which the Bishop of Lincoln took the deepest interest, and this interest was stimulated by the fact that, as Bishop, he was Visitor of two colleges at Oxford, and one at Cambridge. His interest in his own University, of course, needed no quickening. But circumstances also brought him into closer contact with the sister University.

In June, 1870, the Bishop had a D.C.L. degree *honoris causâ* conferred on him at Oxford. The commemoration was an unusually brilliant one, as the Chancellor, Lord Salisbury, was present in person. The Bishop of Lincoln was the guest of the Warden of New College on that occasion, which was rendered more memorable by the opening of Keble College.

The marriage of his eldest son to Miss Coxe, in that same year, gave him an additional interest in Oxford; and the friendship to which this gave rise with Dr. Liddon, Dr. Mozley (both of whom at different times entrusted important work to his son's care), the Warden of Keble College, the present Bishop of Colombo, Dr. Bright, and others, dated principally from this time. A visit from Dr. Mozley at Riseholme, not long before his last fatal illness, was a delightful episode in the lives of both, and many other visits from Oxford friends might be recorded here.

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In 1879 the Bishop's interest in Oxford was still further increased by the foundation of Lady Margaret Hall, an institution which he always warmly supported, and for which up to the very close of his life he never failed to express his fatherly sympathy, as was evinced by one of the last letters he ever wrote.

As Visitor of Lincoln and Brasenose he felt a special interest in those colleges, of the latter of which his son was a member. His name is associated with the former, among other reasons, on account of the following circumstances, which, whatever the reader may think of the merits of the case, show the vital importance which the Bishop attached to the Christian element in the highest education, for which, as usual, he was prepared to fight without yielding an inch either to fear or favour.

In the year 1881 Bishop Wordsworth, in his capacity of Visitor of Lincoln College, Oxford, found himself in a somewhat painful and difficult position.

In the draft of new statutes prepared for that College by the Oxford University Commissioners, it was proposed to deprive the Bishops of Lincoln of the right to appoint to a fellowship in a college founded and endowed by two of their predecessors, Bishops Fleming and Rotherham, and provided with its chapel at the cost of another, Bishop Williams; and in other ways to cut off the connection between the college and the Church,

At the close of an expostulatory letter dated March

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28th, 1881, and addressed to the Commissioners, the Bishop adds :—

> If this expostulation should be ineffectual (which I can hardly think probable) it will be my duty . . . to make a public protest . . . at a meeting of the clergy and laity of this diocese, in our Diocesan Conference. I shall also be under the necessity (which I would gladly be spared) of moving in Parliament for a humble address to her Majesty to be graciously pleased to disallow this proposal; and in that case I request the favour of information from you as to the time in which it is proposed by the Commissioners that the draft of Lincoln College Statutes should be laid on the table of the House of Lords.

The University Commissioners did not admit the force of the Bishop's expostulation, and he was therefore driven to the step of petitioning her Majesty in Council on this subject. In the case in support of his petition addressed to the Universities Committee of Privy Council, June 16th, 1881, he based his appeal on the grounds already mentioned; on the objects for which the college was founded, "ad laudem Dei, ad augmentum cleri, et profectum Universalis Ecclesiæ;" on the original statutes requiring the rector and all the fellows to take priest's orders, &c., while by the new Code "neither the rector nor any one of the fellows need be in holy orders, nor be a member of the Church of England, nor even be a believer in the Christian religion." Finally he appealed on the ground of the rights of property involved in such a sweeping change, which "would

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serve as a precedent for similar attempts at confiscation."

In the end the matter had to be carried before the House of Lords, in which he moved a resolution on such and such a day that a humble address should be presented to her Majesty, praying her to withhold her assent to the new statutes of Lincoln College. This resolution was carried by a majority of seventy-four to forty-one, and her Majesty complied with the prayer of the address.

In this manner, by his courageous action he was able to preserve the right of appointment of a clerical fellow in the college of Sanderson and Wesley.

The Rev. Andrew Clarke, whom he selected for the post (after consultation with resident members of the college), has proved himself eminently worthy of the Bishop's choice, both as a teacher, and as incumbent of the Church of S. Michael's, Oxford. He explained the whole matter to the clergy of his diocese in his charge in 1882 (p. 64).

It is satisfactory to be able to state that several influential members of the college, who at first regretted what was done, afterwards were convinced that it was a real advantage to them to have an opportunity of reconsidering the proposed changes.

We may add that in the summer of this year the Bishop paid a friendly visit both to Lincoln and Brasenose colleges, passing a few days at Oxford under the hospitable roof of the Warden of Keble

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College, while his eldest son was lying ill from the effects of an accident which interrupted his delivery of the Bampton Lectures of that year.

He was no less diligent and painstaking in the performance of his duties as Visitor of King's College, Cambridge, between whose venerable Provost and himself there subsisted a warm and sympathizing friendship.

The whole habit of Bishop Wordsworth's mind, no less than his sense of duty, would necessarily lead him to attach great importance to the task of awakening and sustaining in his diocese an interest in Missionary work both abroad and at home. He clearly saw the necessity of guarding against what may be termed an insular spirit in regard to Christianity. Hence, as we have seen, he always commenced his charges with a survey of the general state of Christendom; hence his warm welcome of representatives of the Greek Church, and the loving way in which he dwelt on the points on which the English Church agreed with them; hence his readiness to hold out the right hand of fellowship so far as he consistently could to the Old Catholics; and hence, above all, the delight he took in the Pan-Anglican Conference at Lambeth in 1878.

Feeling thus so deep an interest in the Church abroad, Bishop Wordsworth naturally laid great stress upon the duty of every parish in his diocese to take a part in the support of foreign missions. In all his charges he carefully gave the statistics of

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the sums sent from the diocese to the two great missionary societies of the Church, noting their increase or decrease. He impressed upon his clergy the necessity of referring frequently in their sermons to missionary work, and of infusing into their whole ministry a missionary spirit. He contended that "no parish could be said to be in a healthy state where a loving zeal for the missionary work of the Church was not an essential element and an integral part of the parochial system." He made the interest taken in Christian missions one of the two tests by which the clergy were to try the faithfulness and efficiency of their ministry. He urged them to organize a system by which subscriptions might be collected at stated times from house to house. He warned them against "trusting to the stimulus produced by the accidental visit of a deputation (however useful it might be in originating and quickening missionary spirit)," and maintained that, as a rule, the parochial clergy were the best deputations, if they would inform themselves on the condition and prospects of Christian missions. He had a strong faith in the efficacy of prayer on the subject, and insisted on the observance of the Day of Intercession for Missions. He hoped that this might be an occasion for private and family, as well as public prayer, for missions, and composed two prayers "for missions and missionaries, for use in private and family worship in the diocese," which he sent to each clergyman with his pastoral letter on the Day of Intercession.

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His own personal interest in the work of the Church abroad never flagged.

Another instance of Bishop Wordsworth's deep interest in missionary work was the formation of a Missionary Guild in connection with the "Scholæ Cancellarii," on S. Matthias' Day, 1881. The object of the Guild was "to bind together past and present students of the Lincoln Theological College, by the tie of regular stated intercession and almsgiving for missions both at home and abroad, and to unite the 'Scholæ' with every branch of the Anglican Communion throughout the world." But here again we adopt the account given us by Canon Worlledge:—

One of the events in the history of the Scholæ which gave the Bishop the greatest pleasure, was the foundation of a Missionary Guild among the students, due to the example and influence of a singularly earnest young missionary,[1] who, having worked as a layman under Bishop Steere, had been sent home to prepare for ordination before rejoining the mission. The Guild was founded on the thirteenth anniversary of the Bishop's own consecration (S. Matthias' Day, 1881). He contributed 50*l.* to its funds, and delivered one of the most valuable of the many addresses on missionary topics which he delighted to give. It was in this address that he said that "a thorough profound acquaintance with missionary work was an essential part of theological study. In it he saw a corrective to that tendency to isolation, of which there was so much danger, especially in small, remote country parishes. Missionary reading showed how Christian readers might become

[1] The Rev. F. A. Wallis.

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all things to all men, and exhibited the expansiveness, the elasticity, the pliancy, the plasticity, in one word, the *sympathy* of the Gospel." Nor was the moral effect less striking than the intellectual. "To endure hardness uncomplainingly, to meet difficulties unflinchingly, was the true character of the Christian clergy as the leaders among Christian soldiers. And this the students might learn from the example of our noble missionaries. Let them read them, study them, weigh them well, and seek to tread in their footsteps."

The Bishop was present at not a few other meetings of the Missionary Guild and at meetings of a cognate character held in the large library of the Hostel, now of the Anglo-Continental Society, now for the reception of "the Old Catholic Bishops—Bishops Reinkens and Herzog—now to hear an address on Melanesia from Miss Fanny Patteson, or to welcome Bishop Smythies, or to aid in the purchase of a steam-dhow on Lake Nyassa. And the force thrown into the proceedings by the Bishop's earnestness, and grasp of great principles, had, by God's blessing, its effect on many of the students who witnessed his energy, while his kindly dignity drew out very real and affectionate reverence.

But while he entered thus, heart and soul, into the work of Christian missions abroad, he never forgot that charity should begin at home. When speaking of missionary work he was careful to add, "In this I include the evangelization of some of our own almost semi-heathen towns," and he took occasion from the stir aroused by the Salvation Army to urge his clergy to emulate their energy and enthusiasm. "Let us endeavour to show to the nation that the Church of Christ is the true 'Salvation Army,' fighting under the banner of the

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Cross, with the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. . . . . Let us do this by endeavouring to raise up a faithful band of evangelists, preaching in mission chapels in our cities, and going forth into their streets and alleys, gathering the outcasts of society into those temporary folds, till they are prepared to pass into ampler edifices. Let us not bate one jot or tittle of the doctrine or discipline of the Church," &c., &c.

He promoted the formation of an association of clergymen in the diocese, who, under the happy motto of "Novate Novale" (break up your fallow ground), banded themselves to go forth as mission preachers when their services were required. He rightly considered that such an institution might be beneficial (as it has been) in two ways, both to the parishes visited and to the preachers themselves, since it would give scope for the energy of many able men who were settled in the very small parishes in which Lincolnshire abounds. He entered warmly into the work of the nine days' mission at Lincoln in 1876, which was an unusually successful effort, and his pastoral letters before and after the mission are admirable expositions of the principles of mission-work.

He frequently visited that important centre of labour, Great Grimsby, and a memorial of his interest in the place will long remain in a bell given by him to S. Andrew's Church as a thankoffering for the cessation of the small-pox, inscribed

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Voce meâ laudo Dominum pro peste fugatâ,
Hic ægris animis, Christe, medere, precor.

"How grand it will be," he exclaimed, "to hear it pealing the praises of God across the Humber!" He earnestly promoted the establishment of a Home for Friendless Women, in that large and overcrowded seaport, and assuredly no scheme would he have hailed with greater delight than that which has now been set on foot, the Grimsby Spiritual Aid Fund.

He put prominently before his clergy the claims of the two Home Mission Societies in the Church of England, the Additional Curates and the Pastoral Aid Societies, and perhaps there never was a scheme into which he threw himself with greater vigour than the Nottingham Spiritual Aid and Church Extension scheme, which aimed at the noble object of raising 60,000*l.* for home missionary work in that huge town. He started it with the munificent offer of 1000*l.*, on condition that 19,000*l.* more were raised to meet it. He offered to canvass the rich people of the town personally for aid if necessary, and was himself the suggester of the order in which the objects were named—that is, spiritual aid first, church extension second to it—for he held that the living agency was the most important, and that when the proper men were found, and their influence had made itself felt, church extension would follow as a necessary consequence. First the clergyman, then the congregation, then the mission-room, then the church, was to his mind the proper

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sequence of events, and he animadverted very strongly upon the tendency to provide churches before there was a congregation to fill them. This was at a meeting held at Nottingham, January 19th, 1882, under the presidency of Earl Manvers. The Bishop's speech on the occasion was one of the most stirring he ever made, and ended with the announcement, "I am ready to dedicate one-fifth of my professional income to the work we inaugurate to-day."

In fact, in a different kind of way, Nottingham impressed the imaginative and poetical side of his nature as much as Lincoln itself did. He loved to think of the Nottinghams of old, the busy centres of commerce, the Florences, the Venices, the Genoas, &c. Its size, its noble position, its wonderful increase, its spiritual destitution touched him. It was by far the largest town in his diocese. Its population had increased from 57,000 in 1851 to 188,065 in 1881; that is, it had more than trebled itself in thirty years; and he was shocked to find, from a religious census taken in 1880, that not much more than a fifth of this vast population attended any place of worship at all. The standard of morality was not high, as in the Bishop's view it could not be when Christianity was so low. The people of Nottingham had shown strongly a spirit of enlightenment; they had built a noble Museum of Art, or rather turned the grand old Castle, which dominated the town, to that purpose; they had opened a University for secular learning; but the Bishop felt that, good as these objects were

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(and he had taken a leading part in both), Nottingham must "crown the edifice" by bringing Christian influences to bear before any real amelioration could take place. The scheme is succeeding well, and no doubt *will* succeed; but it ought never to be forgotten that the first impulse to it was given by Bishop Wordsworth.[8]

Another occasion on which Bishop Wordsworth made his influence deeply felt at Nottingham was in 1883, when a transference of church schools to the school board was meditated. The Bishop inaugurated the scheme of a Church School Board, the object of which was to secure the continuance and efficient maintenance of the church schools by various means. He issued a letter to the clergy and laity of Nottingham, and attended an important meeting at which such a board was formed, and contributed, as usual, most liberally towards the expenses of the scheme. He paid a handsome but well-deserved tribute to the religious teaching encouraged by the Nottingham School Board, but pointed out that there was no guarantee that the board would always consist of Christian-minded members. He was well backed up in his efforts by Canon Morse, Canon Tebbutt, hon. secretary of the

[8] In speaking of Nottingham we can never fail to recall the sympathy and hospitality shown him by Canon Morse and his family, a name that will be long treasured with reverence and affection in that town, as will also that of the Rev. Canon Vernon Hutton, in the neighbouring suburb of Sneinton.

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fund, and other clergymen and Christian laymen of the town, and the result was that the threatened danger was averted and the church schools of Nottingham maintained, relieved from the embarrassment into which the poorer of them had fallen, and established, it is hoped, on a permanent basis.

This account of Nottingham leads, by a kind of natural sequence, to the scheme which Dr. Wordsworth always had much at heart, and which he just lived long enough to see accomplished—the subdivision of the Diocese of Lincoln. The increase of the episcopate was a matter in which he felt a deep interest long before he became a bishop himself. As early as 1860 he wrote a letter to Viscount Dungannon on the subject, which letter was republished at the request of the "Additional Home Bishoprics' Endowment Fund," with a preface by the bishop, in 1877. We find him writing on December 31st, 1860, to his friend Massingberd on the same matter. In his very first charge (1870), after having spoken gratefully of the appointment of a suffragan, he adds :—

> In making this public acknowledgment I cannot disguise from you my deliberate opinion that the Diocese of Lincoln ought to be divided. . . . The populous county of Nottingham—one of the foremost in England for intelligence enterprise, and opulence—ought to have a bishop of its own. The appointment of a bishop suffragan, with a title derived from it, may be expected to lead to that result.

When the Diocese of Exeter was subdivided, his

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hopes were raised that Lincoln, which was the next in size, might soon follow. When the scheme began to take a definite shape, he helped with a lavish hand to swell the funds. He was well backed by many who spared no pains to further the scheme. At last he brought the matter to a head by publicly announcing that unless it were carried out at once he should resign his see. It would be quite foreign to the character of Bishop Wordsworth to utter an empty threat. No doubt, he meant literally what he said; it was no mere feint to rouse interest in the work. But it was wonderful how rapidly the mere hint of such a thing as the Bishop's resignation did revive the somewhat flagging progress of the Southwell Bishopric. No one wished to lose the great name of Christopher Wordsworth as head of the Diocese of Lincoln. So money flowed in apace, and on SS. Philip and James' Day, 1884, within a year of his own death, he had the satisfaction of taking part in the consecration of the first Bishop of Southwell, and of welcoming him and his wife affectionately at Riseholme.

On Bishop Wordsworth's influence over those who came to receive Holy Orders from his hands, it will suffice to insert the following letter from one of their number, only premising that the Bishop introduced at Lincoln the happy arrangement now frequently adopted, of holding the examination some months before the ordination, so that the Ember Week might be devoted without distraction to the

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strictly spiritual side of the pastoral office; and that he always entertained the candidates for Holy Orders most hospitably at Riseholme.

S. Just Vicarage, Penzance,
Dec. 10, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR,—The thought of my intercourse with the Bishop of Lincoln is one of the happiest memories of my life. The impression he made upon me at ordination times is the experience for which in a life full of such blessings I have most cause to be thankful. The days spent at Riseholme before the ordination Sunday were in the best sense a time of retreat. Every opportunity was given for quiet prayer and quiet intercourse, and in a singular way the spirit of the holy home-life of the family seemed to spread over those who were hoping to become the spiritual sons of that kind host. In turns we all sat by him at meals, and his gracious kindness, ready sympathy, keen wit, and endless charity, make these meals oases in the rather barren tracts of my memory. I never had a conversation with him which did not tend to make me feel very ignorant, very superficial, and very foolish, and yet he paid strange respect to everything one said. I remember how much struck I was by seeing the bedrooms in one long corridor, named after the several descriptions of Charity in 1 Cor. xiii. I used to think that the law of love was really "written in the heart" of my dear bishop. It was sometimes almost amusing to hear how determined he was to think and speak good of all men, though his great knowledge, and in many ways very critical mind, must have made this great charity a hardly-acquired grace.

At least twice each day he addressed the ordination candidates in the chapel, speaking generally (I think) on one of the lessons for the day, and contriving to give us a very complete view of the principles on which his own

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deep convictions were based. I remember the stress he laid upon Old Testament proofs of our Lord's divinity, and the often most beautiful way in which he illustrated the fact of the Sacramental teaching of the "New Testament lying hid in the Old."

But of all else that which impressed me most was my bishop's utter belief in his office in all that belonged to ordination. It was at the time, and has often been since, a great comfort to me to know how entirely and simply he believed that he was commissioned by his Master to give me my commission.[6] He prepared us for ordination, and he ordained us as though he meant it; he knew that Christ was alive, and that His Church could never die. To have been ordained by him is very much the same as it would be to have been ordained by S. Paul, or S. Polycarp, or S. Cyprian; he seemed to live in the first three centuries. I have often felt how grandly he would have fought for a martyr's crown. I think he found it difficult to realize the popular movements of our own times; I remember how he once made me miserable by checking a strong expression of local feeling at an important meeting in Nottingham, called to consider the

[6] This was strikingly emphasized by the inscription pasted in the Bibles (A.V.) put into the hand of each priest ordained at Lincoln, of which the following is a specimen:—"*Johanni Andrewes Reeve*: in memoriam: sacerdotii collati: et: pastoralis curæ commissæ: a Summo Sacerdote: et Principe Pastorum: IESV CHRISTO: *in Eccl. Cath. Lincoln: in Dominica iv^ta Adventus: A. S. mdcclxxii.*: hæc viva Dei eloquia: d.d.: *Christophorus*: episcopus lincolniensis: fausta precans omnia." The Most Holy Name, in red letters in the centre, gives special prominence to the truth conveyed, and, no doubt, often brings it home to the priest in his parish. The text of the Gospels (in Greek) used in the ordering of deacons did not become their property, for it had its history. It was the handsome volume which Dr. Gabell gave to Commoner Prefects on their leaving Winchester. [Latterly a Greek Testament was given to each.—E.W.]

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division of the diocese, when it was not absolutely settled that the new see must take its name from a village rather than from a great and thriving town. And yet on the other hand it was he who worked out a plan for mission districts in Nottingham, which has materially improved the strength and vitality of the Church in that radical town; and it was he who first gave ecclesiastical preferment to that true son of the first and nineteenth centuries whom our Lord has since called to be Archbishop of Canterbury.

Any little detail of our Nottingham work used to interest him. I remember especially his care for the good success of our daily Matins. At his request the service had been commenced soon after I was ordained deacon; not a great many people prayed then with us, and when I was at Riseholme for priest's orders the dear bishop asked me about the numbers of our congregation, and when with some shame I told him how few we were, with a happy revealing smile he asked if I were "counting the angels."

The first time I saw him he was in the pulpit at Westminster Abbey soon after the Vatican Council; he was preaching upon a comparison between S. Peter's at Rome and S. Peter's at Westminster. I was at the end of Poet's Corner, having come in late, but I can never forget the keen, piercing glance of his bright dark eye, or the peculiar fervour of his words. From that day I honoured him and loved him with an enthusiasm I can hardly account for or understand, but it has been a master-passion in my life. It is always my hope that I may in some after time have the joy of rendering some happy humble service to the dear saint of God who has done so much for me.

Your faithful servant,

J. ANDREWES REEVE.

Many a remote country clergyman can look back to the Confirmation visits and other visits of Dr.,

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and, we must venture to add, Mrs. Wordsworth, as bright little oases in the midst of a somewhat dreary existence, when they were refreshed with new ideas, when they were established, strengthened, and settled in their faith, when they were taught by that best of all teachers, example, the blessedness and attractiveness of a simple and guileless piety, and when, if they had any sense of humour, they were amused by some delicate stroke of that humour of which the bishop was brimful. For Bishop Wordsworth rarely paid a visit without doing all those things.

Again the poetical and imaginative side of the Bishop's character, together with his rich vein of historical knowledge, led him to take a vivid pleasure in objects of local interest, and, by imparting that interest to the dwellers, to make them happier in their homes. The following letter from the Rev. C. W. Markham, formerly Rector of Saxby, a pretty village at the foot of the cliff, near Barton-on-Humber, will illustrate this point :—

In April, 1875, the Bishop, with Mrs. Wordsworth, paid us a visit at Saxby for three or four days, and was immensely delighted with the wonderful growth of violets on the hill behind our house. He had occasion to write on business shortly after, and his letter ended, "With kind regards to Mrs. Markham, and with agreeable remembrance of our very pleasant visit to the violet-crowned village of Saxby. I am, &c. You remember that the favourite epithet of Athens was *ἰοστέφανος*."

Stow, with its magnificent Norman fabric, and its

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association with his great predecessor, S. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, besides being possibly the ancient Sidnacester and mother church of Lincoln, possessed, of course, special attractions to him, and he was very anxious that the rector (Stow is a bishop's living) should be, so to speak, in keeping with the place.

In offering the living to Canon Nevile he wrote:—

I am not sure that it is, as some think, the ancient Sidnacester and mother church of Lincoln, but it is associated with the memory of one of the greatest Bishops of Lincoln, S. Hugh, and his spirit would be refreshed, as would that of many good men, by knowing that it was under the spiritual charge of one who would cherish its ancient traditions, and would endeavour, with God's help, to infuse new life into them by his own pastoral ministrations.

And again, on Canon Nevile's refusal:—

Pray reflect on the history and associations of the place. At Stow we do not want mere hand-work and foot-work, but heart-work and head-work. I do not like to be egotistical, but I shall be seventy in a few months, and cannot think that age in your case is a disqualification for such a post. May it not be rather a recommendation?

From these letters it would appear that the Bishop did not always approve of the maxim, which however he often quoted, "Solve senescentem." The same appears from the following letter to the late Rector of Epworth, Canon Dundas:—

It seems to me that there is a great mistake very current nowadays, that no good can be done by any one,

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except by moving about in a hurry and bustle. But we know who says, "In quietness shall be your strength."

Epworth, like Stow, had a peculiar interest for the bishop, but from associations of a very different kind. He was much impressed with the beauty of the epitaph on Samuel Wesley, composed, it is thought, by his widow Susanna, "the mother of the Wesleys:" "Here lieth all that could die of Samuel Wesley, A.M., thirty-nine years rector of this parish. As he lived, so he died, in the true Catholic faith of the Holy Trinity in Unity, and that Jesus Christ was God Incarnate, and the only Saviour of mankind." He quoted it in the pulpit at Epworth Church, and was seen walking about the rectory garden by himself, saying over and over again, "As he lived, so he died," &c. When the living was offered to one who had written about the Wesleys and the Wesleys' times, he wrote, "There would be a special historical and poetical fitness in seeing you there;" and when he was told that it was accepted, "I rejoice in your good news, and I believe that the spirit of Samuel Wesley, and of Charles Wesley (and, perhaps, John) would rejoice in it." He repeated the words at the Institution in Lincoln Cathedral, and there was a gleam of humour in his eye when he said, "and, perhaps, John."

One Sunday morning, as he was walking in the pretty grounds of a country parsonage, while the sound of the church bells alone broke the calm which is so characteristic of the English village

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Sunday, he suddenly turned round to the clergyman, and said, "This is all very delightful; will you change places with me?"

But the historical associations of the past, and the picturesque beauty of the present, never so engrossed his mind as to make him forget that the main object of his visit was not merely to perform official duties, but also to strengthen the faith and kindle the piety of all with whom he was thrown into contact, but especially the inmates of the parsonage. These all felt, when he was gone, that they had been in contact not merely with the accomplished scholar and the learned divine, but, far more, with one "whose conversation was in heaven," and whose thorough belief in the doctrine, discipline, and system generally of the Church of England was a part of his very life.

Bishop Wordsworth's intense religious earnestness was quite compatible with a playful humour, symptoms of which were continually breaking out, even in connection with the gravest subjects. Often this humour was mistaken for simplicity and want of knowledge of the world—as, for instance, when he commenced an address to a number of country clergy, "In that beautiful chorus of the Agamemnon, which you, my reverend brethren, will of course remember;" when he read a speech he had composed in modern Greek to the Greek Archbishop in the presence of a mixed audience, the majority of whom would have a better knowledge of British commerce than of Greek

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literature, and then added, "I will now translate it into English *for the benefit of the ladies.*"

One more point must be noticed on Bishop Wordsworth's relation to his clergy. Both by example and precept he strongly impressed upon them the necessity of study. By example; for the pressing duties of the episcopate did not cause him to relax his own literary work, any more than his literary work caused him to neglect his episcopal duties. It was a great relaxation and relief to him to write his Commentary on the Old Testament. When he was on a Confirmation or Visitation tour he was in the constant habit of getting through much literary work, which was really no laborious work to him, before he appeared downstairs at the breakfast-table. The mere fact that his "Church History" was written in his holidays, with little aid from books, will suffice to prove how little trouble literary work gave him. For he would undoubtedly feel it a duty to his diocese to make his holiday a *real* holiday, so that he might go back to his routine work with renewed freshness and vigour; but this *was* his way of refreshing himself, and his case was far from being unique. Readers of Sir Walter Scott's Life will remember a similar anecdote of *his* way of "refeeding the machine" by some new literary effort. He was not a mere bookworm, for he entered thoroughly into the practical work of his diocese, not merely from a stern sense of duty, but also from a real inclination and aptitude for such work. Yet

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there is little doubt that his happiest hours were spent in his study. As an illustration of this, one of his daughters writes :—

"When at Easter, 1883, he was obliged to come to Harewood on account of my mother's illness, he was restless and unhappy till it was suggested that he might spend his leisure time in translating 'Ethica' into English; he set about it at once, and enjoyed the rest of his visit, as he always did whenever he had any work in hand."

This duty of systematic study he impressed strongly upon his clergy, whatever their sphere of labour might be. He would by no means admit that the care of a large parish was a sufficient cause for the neglect of literary work. He instanced Dr. Hook, who was at once the model parish priest and at the very same time the voluminous writer. "May it not," he asked, "be hoped that the laity in populous places may be induced to relieve the clergy from the care of 'serving tables,' and that the clergy may be enabled, and be resolved, to devote themselves earnestly to the study of theology, the noblest of all sciences?" As to the country clergy, they were urged to devote their leisure to study, among other reasons, because they would find it the best antidote to that spirit of melancholy which a life of isolation is apt to engender, and also as one means by which they might do really useful work for the Church. This counsel he enforced, not so much by general recommendations and arguments (though these were by no means wanting), as by

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showing a special interest in any particular work in which they might be engaged, and by suggesting particular work to them. Sometimes he would directly help a clergyman in his literary work by a contribution of his own. Thus he wrote a Preface to Canon Pennington's "Life of Erasmus," and an Introduction to the Rev. R. M. Heanley's edition of Bishop Steere's Sermons. Sometimes he would suggest some special task to his clergy :—

"I was meditating," he wrote to one of them, "a letter to you, in order to express a desire that you might be induced to undertake to give us a manual of the history of the Church of England from the Revolution to the present time. Palin's book, which reaches only to 1715, is so much blemished by party philippics against Bishop Burnet and everything Dutch and Hanoverian, that it cannot be accepted as trustworthy."

And on the clergyman's reply that he was engaged on another work, he at once sent him valuable suggestions and information respecting that work. As Bishop Burnet is mentioned in this letter, it may be added that, oddly enough, he was always a favourite with Bishop Wordsworth ; and the following story illustrates the gentle, playful way in which he would strive to overcome what he considered the prejudices of his clergy. One of them, who took a very different view of Bishop Burnet, was talking to Bishop Wordsworth about the observance of Lent. "The worst of it is, my lord," he said, "that the absence of social gatherings in Lent makes it a time of enjoyment and not of self-denial to me. I have all the

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more time for reading." "Then," said the Bishop, "I will give you a Lenten penance; spend this Lent in trying to do justice to Burnet." And by an early post there arrived Bishop Jebb's book, containing a republication of the Lives of Hale and Rochester, and of characters from Burnet's "Own Times," in which some of Burnet's writings are highly praised, with a note from Bishop Wordsworth: "Allow me to recommend to you an excellent book on an excellent prelate (though not without blemishes)," &c. On another occasion, "Well, Mr. X.," he said, "what are you writing now?" "I am just now, my lord, busy with an article on Bishop Andrewes." "Then I will send you something that will help you." And by the next post arrived a copy of Casaubon's "Ephemerides," with all the passages relating to Bishop Andrewes marked in pencil by the bishop's own hand. On receiving an essay on Loneliness written by another clergyman of his diocese, he wrote the following neat reply:—

"Zimmerman on Solitude" was a famous book, and cheered the hearts of many in its day, and I hope that "Baxter on Loneliness" will be equally successful. With best remembrances to *her* who prevents *you* from ever feeling lonely, I am, &c.

Bishop Wordsworth also encouraged study by answering letters on intellectual subjects as elaborately as if he had nothing but literary work to attend to. The following letters will illustrate this:—

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To the Rev. Charles Turner, Grasby V., Brigg.

Riseholme, Lincoln, May 17, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you in my dear wife's name and my own for the beautiful copy of the beautiful volume of poems you have sent us, and for your kindness in writing her name together with mine in the first page of it. We have been travelling about in my visitation in Lincolnshire, and have just returned home with thankful hearts after having been in all the large towns of the county, and on Monday we proceed (D.V.) to the County of Nottingham, to make a similar tour there. Your sweet songs breathed from your quiet vale have been a great refreshment to me, and I have read your verses with feelings like those with which one looks on a calm and pure picture of a Holy Family by Fra Angelico, in the picture-gallery, or in the church of some bustling town in Italy. Might I venture to ask, before it is too late, whether you would not be induced to undertake some more systematic and consecutive poetical work? I long for a string for your beads, and for a vase for your bouquet of flowers, and it has occurred to me that you would be doing great service to the faith if your Christian Muse would tune its harp to sing to us of the inner spiritual and evangelical meaning of the history of the Old Testament, beginning with the creation and carrying us on from paradise to the patriarchs and thence to Sion and the prophets, and to the "waters of Babylon" and the songs of the return and "the songs of degrees," and to the twilight of the Gospel. Having made an effort to write a Commentary on the Old Testament in this spiritual sense, I feel very forcibly how rich a mine there is there of genuine ore for the refining hand of the poet; or, to use another figure, what a grand and unworked quarry of the purest marble there is, from which a frieze of the fairest forms might spring forth under

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the creative hand of the sculptor. Will you not be its Phidias?

With our kind remembrances to Mrs. C. Turner,

I am yours faithfully and affectionately,

C. LINCOLN.

Riseholme, Jan. 28, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR,—Let me wish you joy on the publication of your great work—the greatest of the kind that has appeared in England for more than a century.

Your reward is in another world, and in the society of those pious, good, and learned men (may I say it with reverence), especially of him to whose sacred memory your work is inscribed in words of such deep feeling and sober truth.

Believe me, my dear Sir, with much respect,

Yours faithfully,

C. LINCOLN.

To the Rev. F. Field, M.A., LL.D.,
Carlton Terrace, Heigham, Norwich.

The work was a new edition of the Hexapla of Origen, and the sacred memory to whom the work is inscribed is that of Francis Martin, A.A.M., Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and in honour of Antonio Maria Ceriani, of the Ambrosian College Library.

MY DEAR MR. FIELD,—Accept my hearty thanks for your letter and donation to the Southwell Bishopric.

I remember being examined by you when I was an undergraduate at Trinity; and ever since that time I have been under obligation to you for much profit derived from your example, and from your learned writings. In many respects (may I take the liberty of saying it?) you have been the Jerome of the Church of England and of the 19th century; and though I could not venture to mention myself with his younger episcopal contemporary, S. Augustine

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yet I may claim at least the resemblance of looking on you with the affectionate veneration with which the Bishop of Hippo regarded the venerable Presbyter of Bethlehem. Your gift, therefore, is more valuable on that account.

I am, yours sincerely and gratefully,

C. LINCOLN.

To the Rev. F. Field, M.A., LL.D.

Riseholme, Innocents' Day.

MY DEAR MR. DEANE,—Your kind present of the Rev. W. J. Deane's edition of the Book of Wisdom ought not to have remained so long unacknowledged. I am heartily thankful for the publication of so valuable a contribution in a department of sacred literature which has so long and so unhappily remained unexplored. As far as I have been able to form an opinion, the work you have sent me appears to be a model of what such an edition and commentary ought to be, and I hope the editor may be encouraged to extend his learned labours to the wisdom of Bar Sirach. The "Ecclesiastical Books" (I wish they had never been called "The Apocrypha,") served, I believe, a most important purpose under God, in comforting, cheering, and stimulating faithful and courageous men under persecution in the times of Antiochus Epiphanes, the type of Antichrist. Especially may this have been the case with the Book of Wisdom, which perhaps did much for the valiant mother of the seven children whom she joyfully gave up to die as martyrs in the hope of that resurrection to eternal life which is so gloriously and eloquently preached by the author of the Book of Wisdom. I am, &c.

In Wisdom xii. 22, I have sometimes thought that for μυριότητι we might read, perhaps, μετριότητι.

To the Rev. G. Babb, Asterby Rectory, Horncastle.

Sept. 15, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—The discrepancy is an interesting one

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which you point out between the Latin and English Canon XC. of 1603. The Latin being the original which was approved by the bishops and clergy seems to have greater authority. The English translation was, I believe, due to Bancroft, Bishop of London, and was, I think, the copy received and adopted by the Convocation of the Northern Province (*see* Wilkins' "Concilia," iv., 428). Certainly it was the copy received by the Church of Ireland in 1634.

Indeed, in all his letters to his clergy, whether on literary or parochial subjects, the Bishop seems to have grudged no time or trouble in answering them fully. For instance, the Rev. Canon Ebsworth has supplied us with a letter of thirteen large pages written by the Bishop when he was asked to decide in the matter of an inscription containing a prayer for the departed. The opinion appears in his printed works, and therefore need not be here repeated. But two or three letters on parochial subjects may be quoted in illustration of the bishop's thoughtfulness for his clergy on such points. Alluding to the baptism of a young woman on her deathbed at Swineshead, he writes to the Rev. J. Holmes:—

Spridlington (on Confirmation Tour),
March 11, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very thankful for the interesting report in your letter of the administration of the Holy Sacrament of Baptism under such affecting circumstances as you describe. If the catechumen is still alive, pray give her my blessing. As to Confirmation, I heartily agree with you. . . . A Confirmation, not only in what it is in itself, but in the precious preparation for it, and in subsequent teaching and graces after it, represents more real pastoral and episcopal work than almost anything in the

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ministry of the Church. It is hard work also; but, I say it with reverence, I do not know whether there is any season in which I should more heartily join with Simeon in his "Nunc Dimittis" than in a Confirmation tour.

At the baptism of twins, a boy and a girl, in Swineshead Church, the godmother by mistake gave the name of the girl to the boy, and that of the boy to the girl. The vicar wrote to the bishop to ask what should be done, and received the following reply:—

Riseholme, Lincoln, June 30, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have no hesitation in saying that the name *intended* respectively for the boy and the girl ought to be entered as *the* name in the baptismal register. To err is a natural infirmity, and may be pardoned; but to give to a boy a girl's name, and to give a boy's name to a girl, is *contra naturam*, and null and void *ab initio*. In such a case as this the *good intention* must be taken to supersede *the erring act*.

Almost the last act of his episcopate was to present his Commentary on the Bible (a costly work) to every licensed curate in his diocese.

In touching upon the relations of Bishop Wordsworth to the clergy it must not be forgotten that highly as he was esteemed by those of his diocese, he had hardly a less reputation among a large section, at least, of the clergy in other dioceses. The present writer was once travelling with a number of clergy who were all strangers to him, and happened to mention something that the Bishop had said. "Who is your bishop?" they asked. "The Bishop of Lincoln." "Ah! noble old man," was the universal cry. Some of our readers will remember a

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scene at a Church Congress when the Bishop of Lincoln was speaking on the Papal question. The bell had rung twice, but when Bishop Wordsworth had plunged into so favourite a topic he took no notice of bells, and no one thought for a moment of stopping him, or even of saying "Go on;" they merely listened with silent respect to what he had to say. The estimation in which he was held by the clergy of other dioceses is shown in a letter kindly sent to us by the Rev. J. H. Stephenson, Rector of Lympsham, Weston-super-Mare, who is of opinion that "no man could ever listen to his utterances, or peruse his writings, without feeling that he added vast additional lustre to an already immortal name."

As the Bishop was extraordinarily liberal with his money himself, so he deeply appreciated instances of liberality in other clergymen. Canon Pretyman's munificence in the matter of the Mablethorpe Convalescent Home and other good works, the generosity of Canon Spranger White and others in the matter of the "Scholæ," are two instances which especially occur to us; and many others both of clergy and laity might be found.[1]

It is now time to remember that there are other members of the Church besides the clergy, and that Bishop Wordsworth's relations to the "faithful

[1] While these pages are being printed, one of them, the Rev. Canon F. H. Sutton, whose taste in ecclesiastical art almost amounted to genius, and whose personal piety lent additional beauty to his unusual gifts, has passed away.

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laity," as he loved to call them, must not pass unnoticed. It is sufficient to mention the names of Sir Charles Anderson and Lady Welby-Gregory as vouchers for the competency and credibility of the testimony given in the two following letters:—

Lea, Gainsborough, July 8, 1886.

DEAR CANON OVERTON,—I feel it very difficult adequately to express the admiration I had for our late dear bishop as a diocesan and my affection for him as a man. I never knew one who combined such charitable feelings towards those who differed from him, with the greatest courage in avowing his own convictions. There was no flinching from expressing his opinion on disputed points of doctrine and backing them with the authority his deep and extensive learning could supply.

He never stooped to flatter rank, or courted popularity by pandering to the taste for vulgar adulation. I have received from him at various times kindness and sympathy which I shall never forget. I always felt that had I been anxious and doubtful on any private personal matter, I could have gone to him without reserve or hesitation; in fact, I felt him to be a real father in God. He was, to my mind, as grand a specimen of a bishop of the Church of England as ever existed before or after the Reformation.

One year when my late rector was ill I wrote to the bishop, expressing fear there would be no service on Ash Wednesday. The bishop came by train to Lea with his robes in a carpet bag and performed the office of the day and preached an extempore sermon; and I have heard of other instances of the same kind.

I never had any lengthened correspondence with him—how could it be expected I should when he had such constant diocesan work and writing to his clergy and officials? but I send you two letters which he wrote me under severe

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domestic anxiety and sorrow, full of sympathy and comfort; and many others besides, I know, will rise up and call him blessed for similar consolation administered from the same beneficent hand.

Yours faithfully,
C. H. J. ANDERSON.

Denton, March 15, 1886.

DEAR CANON OVERTON,—Your request that I should try briefly to give you my impression of the revered Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln in some ways lands me in more than usual difficulties.

It would be easy merely to echo what I feel will be the universal testimony as to that almost unique combination of dignity, simplicity, and tenderness, which made up so beautiful a type of *fatherliness*. Surely never was there one who, taken as it were out of the closet of the learned scholar and commentator, would at once expand as he did into a sweetness of sympathy and of reverent and patient love for the most ignorant and often least attractive, which was like both blossom and fragrance to those who came within its wide range.

I say reverent advisedly; for was not that the true secret of his dignity? No poorest, roughest, dullest child was to be allowed to suppose itself anything less than a shrine and image of the adorable God of holiness. No sinner or sufferer needing his pastoral offices or sympathy was to be allowed for one moment to think of him except as emphatically a minister ("Ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake"). And that brought an answering reverence, a fearless, willing homage, which this truly apostolic humility must ever produce.

But besides this there were other characteristics most difficult to put into words.

Keen as was his interest in all the concerns, movements, and events of the present day, I never could resist the feeling that his natural standpoint might be summed up thus:

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he was on a visit to the nineteenth century, but at home in the sixteenth. It used sometimes to be noticed with a smile how naturally a conversation would lead to his introducing something which happened "three centuries ago;" and on one occasion when an officer quartered in Ireland was introduced to him, his very first words were "Three centuries ago," and he went on to describe some striking event at the time which present troubles in Ireland seemed to recall. And almost every question that could be broached found an echo of some kind in his vast treasure-house of learning.

It has been questioned whether he repudiated entirely the idea of "cremation." I well remember once saying that I thought the most impressive funeral I had seen was one at sea. He said then with much emphasis that he shrank utterly from anything but "Christian burial" in the earth itself. But with all his tendency to represent and dwell upon what seemed to him the golden ages of the Church, whether in primitive days or in times nearer to our own, he often took one by surprise with the warmth of his response to forms of thought and expression which it might have been supposed would repel him, or at least seem but needless or obscure, if not misleading. He was ever ready with the warmest encouragement for thoughts on great subjects, although, to a scholar, crude and disjointed and full of signs of ignorance and defect of training. He used to say "Let us speak what is given us in all simplicity and be ready for correction; what matter so that we be teachable to the end and faithful to our trust?"

One of the last things he said to me was "We want more books like . . . ," meaning more suggestions on the deeper roots of doctrinal structure, and their connection with principles and facts admitted more or less widely in the secular or scientific world.

Yours very truly,

VICTORIA WELBY GREGORY.

Mr. Lindley, a clerk in a bank, sends us a letter

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describing the courtesy and hospitality of the Bishop and Mrs. Wordsworth to himself and his fellow Church-workers; the Rev. E. Weigall, an account of his thoughtful kindness to a poor woman at Frodingham; the Rev. Canon Hodgkinson, a report of his stirring address to a body of working men, upon which class the Church in Gainsborough has obtained a remarkable hold. But it is obviously impossible to dwell at length upon these and other testimonies, which have been kindly sent to us, of the late Bishop of Lincoln's work in his great diocese. We must be content to quote the following general evidence as to the feelings of the diocese at large.

When the Bishop's portrait was presented to him in 1879[3] (taken in his Convocation robes, because "that was the character he wished to be perpetuated in, doing what he could very humbly and feebly to maintain the synodical character of the Church"), the High Sheriff of Lincolnshire (the present Earl of Winchilsea) in making the presentation, expressed what was really felt by all when he said, "This diocese has been blest with many devout, learned, and wise bishops, but the fame of your own deeds and varied learning has passed far beyond the limits of England, and we are equally proud to possess a bishop at once so distinguished, and whose piety, devotion, and liberality, and the zeal with which you have discharged the laborious duties of this vast diocese, have been a most valuable example."

[3] By Edwin Long, Esq., R.A.

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Some letters have been received which are too interesting and too characteristic of Bishop Wordsworth to be omitted, and yet can hardly be grouped under any special head. The following one is a good specimen of his readiness to give spiritual direction, as a true "father in God" and a sound casuist, to one who wrote to consult him as to whether a Churchwoman could consistently attend Presbyterian places of worship when they were the only accessible means of grace :—

Riseholme, Lincoln,
Monday in Whitsun Week, 1882.

MY DEAR BLANCHE DUNDAS,—Your question is rather a hard one. On the one hand there is to be considered the evil arising from lack of spiritual communion in prayer and praise and other offices of public worship.

On the other, there is danger of seeming to give countenance to a form of Church Government which was not sanctioned by the Holy Apostles and was unknown to Christendom for fifteen hundred years, and was set up in opposition to that other form, the Episcopal, which was universally received in the Church for that time.

On the whole, I am of opinion that it would *not* be right to receive the Holy Communion from the hands of any one who has not been episcopally ordained and has not received an apostolical commission to administer it. But I am more doubtful as to joining with him publicly in prayer, and as to listening to his sermons. Prayer and preaching are not necessarily priestly acts, and, if they are not done in wilful schism (as I do not suppose they are in the case mentioned by you), and if there is no episcopally ordained minister to whom you can resort for such public religious exercises, I should not be disposed to refuse to join in them, provided

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you are assured that the anti-Catholic dogmas of extreme Calvinism (such as the denial of universal redemption by Christ) are not obtruded in them.

The next is a specimen of the singularly graceful way in which the Bishop would write what may be termed a letter of compliment. It was written in acknowledgment of birthday presents—Bishop Andrewes' "Devotions," palm-branches from Algiers, a water-colour of a boat on the Witham, with the cathedral on the hill above :—

To Miss Ruth Venables.

Riseholme, Oct. 30, 1883.

My dear Ruth,—Your beautiful picture is not only a welcome birthday present, for which I heartily thank you, but it preaches to me a very good birthday sermon, for which I ought to be still more thankful; and I hope that I may be allowed in thanking you for your loving gift, to join my grateful acknowledgments to your dear father and mother for their offerings of affection which accompanied yours. In your picture I seem to see myself in the little boat sailing along on the waters of the River Witham, and carried by the wind, and soon passing away and seen no more, and contrasted with the solid and stately fabric of Lincoln Cathedral above, remaining unchanged for centuries and representing the perpetuity of Christ's Church, looking down from its serene altitude on the changeful waters of the world flowing below it; and your dear father [Precentor Venables] reminds me by his precious gift of his edition of Bishop Andrewes' "Devotions" that if my little boat is to be navigated safely and to sail onward in joy, it must be by the help of the fair winds of the breath of the Holy Spirit given to daily prayer; and then I am cheered by your dear mother's present of the palm-branches, the emblems of

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victory, with the glad assurance that, when the voyage of life is over, we may anchor together in the calm haven of everlasting peace, and crown the stern of our little boat with unfading chaplets (*Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuere coronas*) of glory, given to us by our Divine Master and Judge. May I send you my love and blessing?

The next is of a similar character. It was written the day after the baptism of his first grandson from the chancery by the bishop in the old black basalt Minster font, which had been decked with snowdrops, &c.:[3]—

Riseholme, Feb. 25, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. VENABLES,—Would you have the goodness to thank for us all the loving hearts and fair hands which added so much to our happiness yesterday by the beautiful adornment of the font in the cathedral with pure white spring flowers and by the cross of snowdrops, which we hope and pray may be an emblem of the holiness of the life of those two dear little ones who were signed in their foreheads with the Cross of Him who will, we trust, ever live in their hearts.

These specimens of Dr. Wordsworth's miscellaneous correspondence would not be complete without the insertion of some of his letters to his own children, which serve to illustrate the perfect confidence which always subsisted between father and child:—

Cloisters, Dec. 6, 1867 [*his wedding-day*].

MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTERS,—If there were no other

[3] The two eldest children of his son-in-law, Chancellor Leeke were baptized on two successive S. Matthias' Days in Lincoln Cathedral. On the first of these two days a little daughter of Canon Crowfoot was also baptized.

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fruits of this happy day than your love it would be a blessed day; but it has brought with it so many other benefits—like a tree with its many boughs and branches and twigs bearing a never-failing supply of most delicious apples (ask Aunt L— about the meaning of *apples* in the Canticles), that we may well join together and kneel side by side under its shade, and bless God for planting it, and allowing it to grow and flourish for so many years. May God bless you all, both present and absent, is the hearty prayer of Your affectionate father and mother.

This letter refers to the decoration of his private chapel:—

Riseholme, Aug. 22, 1870.

MY DEAR E.,—I am not the less thankful for your letter because I have not answered it, nor am I ungrateful to Dr. Benson, tell him, for his welcome epistle. He will be glad to hear that something was done on Friday for the Theological college; and say with our love that we hope he will be able to come to us for the adjourned meeting. Our German artist, Herr Maevius (no descendant of *Qui Bavium non odit amet tua carmina, Maevi*) is a very modest, intelligent, and grave man, and we think that you, my dear E—, will be pleased with the manner in which he has done his work. He has a wonderful gift of sketching things from ideas in his head, without any drawing before him. We are all delighted with your delights [in a sojourn at the Lakes], and feel that there is such a thing, especially for us old folks, as travelling by proxy, and as climbing up mountains with other people's feet, and seeing beautiful sights with their eyes.

With our loves to you all,

I am, your affectionate father,

C. LINCOLN.

Give our kindest regards to the Bishop of Ely and Mrs. Browne, and much cousinly love and thanks to Mrs. Harrison.

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Aswarby, Folkingham, Oct. 17, 1873.

MY DEAR E.,—We were glad to hear of A—'s safe arrival, and hope that S— is none the worse for the journey. We had a very interesting day yesterday at Osbournby; about thirty clergy were present, and communicated at the church opening. The editor of the *Times* was one of the guests here when we arrived; also Mrs. Sherwin Gregory; Colonel and Mrs. Reeve, Miss Montgomery;[4] and a lady celebrated for her diamonds, Mrs. Leigh of Luton (Beds.).

The only child of the Whichcote's, a girl of about seventeen, is an antiquarian, and seems to have a good deal in her. There is one room here, called the Oak Room, with beautiful Gainsboroughs, &c., which Mr. —— (the editor) values at 30,000*l.*

Mr. Deedes dined here yesterday, and kindly offers to bring us back from Ancaster to this place after our visit, for a confirmation, to Grantham, for which we are about to start at ten o'clock. We had large Confirmations at Horncastle, Boston, and Spalding, where a party of church-workers were invited to meet us. At Boston we had the mayor among the guests, [and] Dr. Pattenden, of the Grammar School, whose son surpassed Miss Rogers in one thing, in the Oxford Local Examinations, and Mr. Garfit. On Monday, after Ely, we hope to have a peep at Aunt L—.

Your loving father,

C. LINCOLN.

I *do* think it *wrong* to *take* a vow of celibacy, notwithstanding all the *fiting* of S. Etheldreda, and am glad to have an opportunity of saying so.

TO HIS DAUGHTER PRISCILLA.

Stanford-in-the-Vale,

March 30, 1868.

. . . Will you tell Miss ——, with my very kind regards,

[4] Authoress of "Misunderstood."

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that I do not forget her wishes with regard to the paper. . . . There is a little leaven of pride in [it] which, unless it is purged out, will assuredly leaven the whole lump, according to the warning twice repeated of another Apostle (1 Cor. v. 6; Gal. v. 9), whose "wisdom," given from above, is acknowledged by S. Peter (2 Peter iii. 15). Spiritual pride is the very παγὶς διαβόλου against which the Apostle warned the Christian bishop, S. Timothy (1 Tim. iii. 6, 7; cp. 2 Tim. ii. 25, 26), and sisters in Christian homes specially need to be on their guard against it. It was to the "pinnacle of the Temple" in "the Holy City" that the Tempter carried our Lord when he wished to make Him fall by the subtlest of all temptations. May God bless you, my dear P—.

TO THE SAME.

Riseholme, Oct. 10, 1870.

I have been using your beautiful present[5] for a week, and have never thanked you for it; but you will know the reason—that my tongue and pen have hardly any rest, except when I am asleep. It is a great pleasure to me, my very dear child, to have your remembrance of me always before me in delivering the charge, and I know that I have the prayers of the giver to help me on in my work. Indeed, if I had not had a supernatural supply of strength vouchsafed to me by our merciful Heavenly Father, I must have fainted and failed long ago. But He has lent me wings and enabled me to fly.

TO THE SAME.

Burghley House, Stamford,
Feb. 28, 1871.

It was a great pleasure to me to receive your letter, and to find that your heart was with us, my dear child, at that eventful time, and to know that I have the help of your

[5] A sermon-case.

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prayers, which I need more and more as old age comes on, and the trials of the Church seem to be thickening more and more about us.

We met with great kindness at Cambridge; but it was a melancholy thing to reflect that, while the University and the Colleges are increasing in material grandeur and splendour, their inner spiritual life seems to be becoming more and more feeble and to be languishing away. But I suppose it is intended that we should not set our affections on any external beauty and glory of ecclesiastical or civil institutions, and should learn more and more to hold communion with the unseen, and to have our conversation in Heaven. . . . God bless you, my very dear child.

Alton Towers, Cheadle,
Aug. 8, 1872.

We have had a long and successful day in this beautiful place—the Earl of Shrewsbury's, who has gathered together a very large number of distinguished persons to take part in the festival of the inauguration of one of Mr. Woodard's wonderful schools for middle classes. . . . The Bishop of Lichfield and Mrs. Selwyn were here in the house, and we have had a great deal of interesting talk with the celebrated Robert Browning, who is staying in the house, to say nothing of Lord Salisbury, Lord Nelson, Lord R. Cavendish, Mr. Beresford and Lady Mildred Hope, &c. Now when are you coming home? Pray write me a line and say. May God bless you, my dear, dear girl. We return to Riseholme to-morrow, and it is nearly time to dress for dinner. Ought I to go to Cologne? Do tell me.

Riseholme, Sept. 2, 1873.

We very often think of you, and should be thankful to have you here, though I am very silent as to letter-writing. When I have retired to the Wolds I hope to do better.

We have had a very interesting visit to Scotland, and I wish that some of your sisters may have had time to write a journal of it. Almost all the places we visited—S.

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Andrew's, Perth, Edinburgh, Stirling—are full of records of horrors, and it would be well to show how Divine retribution in almost all cases followed the perpetration of them.

Then the religious condition of Scotland at this time is full of instruction as to the democratic results of Presbyterianism and Puritanism. I feel more and more persuaded that the world will see a greater development of the two forms of Antichristianism, Infidel and Papal, which will act and react upon one another to the dissolution of civil society and destruction of Governments. But you will say that I used to talk about this ten years ago.

Riseholme, Oct. 11, 1881.

. . . You say that Leeds could not have been more enthusiastic for Mr. Gladstone if he had been the Queen. The fact is—in idolizing him, who is the impersonation of the People's Will, they are worshipping themselves. The Leeds demonstration was a general fête of people-worship by the people themselves as their own priests and deity.

TO MRS. LEEKE.

Riseholme, Lincoln, Dec. 29, 1878.

I have been trying to write two lines for mama's New Year's pocket-book.[1] Will these do?

Quadraginta anni rapido fugêre voluto
Carior et semper carior usque *manes*.

Horkstow, March 8, 1881.

* * * * *

Tell Edward, with my love, that what in my opinion England needs more almost than anything is missions to the rich and noble, who are really more to be pitied than the *poor*. They mean well, but they have so many temp-

[1] His regular annual custom. His daughter, Mrs. Trebeck, writes: "Some of the inscriptions in our New Year's pocket-books are most characteristic. I give two of mine (Mary Trebeck):—

1863. Maria, non amara
Sed apta amari.

1874 (the year of my marriage) Amara amoris amanda."

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tations and worldly friends that it requires great courage in them to be witnesses to Christ in their households by family prayer, and saying grace at dinner. You will remember Burke's noble sentences about the "miserable, poor, *rich* people," and the duty of the Church of England to them. (*See* Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution.")

* * * * *

I am, your loving father,

C. LINCOLN.

To these we may add a letter to a lady, to whose kindness, as well as that of her husband, the Bishop was deeply indebted, especially in his latter days:—

Riseholme, Lincoln, Oct. 20, 1882.

MY DEAR LADY HAREWOOD,—Your letter has come as a very pleasant refreshment to me, in the midst of my seven days' visitation of this diocese.

I cannot say how much I owe to Harewood for the quiet time I have had there for the last three years, and I am amply rewarded for my work there by finding that it is of the least service to you and to others likeminded. I am not without hope that the volume produced there last summer, and now in the press, may not be without interest to you as dealing with many questions which are now being revived, and are pressing for a solution in our own times.

I heartily wish that you could give a good report of yourself; but will you pardon me for saying that in order to work you must, I think, be content to allow yourself more rest? I am glad to hear of the mission at Eccup; if there is *no other* prospect of a Confirmation *after* it, I would (if you could have me) make a point of coming for one.

My dear wife (who has caught a bad cold) desires her best love with mine, and

I am, yours affectionately,

C. LINCOLN.

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The deep interest which Englishmen will ever feel in that Christian hero, General Gordon, is a sufficient reason for adding the following letters :—

Jerusalem, June 9, 1883.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—That I owe your lordship so much must be my excuse for writing to you, but your Commentary has been of much service to me, and I feel sure that you are interested in these parts.

I send you two sketches: one of the boundary of Judah and Benjamin, which I think decides the question of Zion. It is remarkable that all Bible maps give Benjamin all Jerusalem. The question of boundary turns on the whereabouts of En-shemesh, but Septuagint has Boeth samys, and also has same name for the place where King Amaziah saw the King of Israel in the face. Kh. el Sama seems to me to be the Boeth samys and En-shemesh, and gives Judah the Zion Hill. Zion is the Church, the Body. With respect to the other sketch of Skull Hill, I traced the map from the Ordnance map of 1864-5, and it is also remarkable that so little attention has been paid to the skull-like form of Jeremiah's grotto hill; also to where victims were slain, viz. a very altar for so many years.

Your lordship saw so many deep things in the Scriptures, which you just touched on, that it will not astonish [you] to find the law was in the inward parts (Zuchoth)[7] of the figure. We are children from our mother Church. The West Hill is the bad hill, over against Zion, the good hill. Saul, through Jonathan, took entire possession of West Hill, but he could not touch the East Hill. Truth in David alone could take that.

You know Kamînos[8] in Numbers (Zimri and Cozbi),

[7] צוקות, tsukoth, *angustiæ.*

[8] This evidently refers to the LXX., Num. xxv. 8, where the A.V. reads *tent.* εἰσῆλθεν ὀπίσω τοῦ ἀνθρώπου τοῦ Ἰσραηλίτου εἰς τὴν κάμινον.

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Nehemiah's tower of furnaces (which should be ovens), Josephus' women's towers, Herodias' palace, all at West Gate. Tophet is significant of the world, a place of pleasure over Hell: the dark valley of Hinnom, warm and stifling, could scarcely be the Park of Jerusalem. I would place it at the amphitheatre of Jafa Gate, where thousands could assemble, and this place is now the recreation-ground of Jerusalem, though a vast cemetery. The King's Gardens near Siloam are much too confined for any large assemblage of people. Tophet also is circular in form like a timbrel. Isaiah finds the king there (Ahaz). Jeremiah goes out of the Potter's Gate to break the earthen bottle there.

As for the sites of resting-place of Ark of our [the] Lord, Samuel's birth and burial place, &c, &c., at Kinyet el [?] I have sent Rev. R. Barnes of Heavitree all the details of the arguments, in case your lordship would care to see them, but I expect you will at once see that Ramathaim, Arimathaim Ramah, Arimathea, are identical (also Naioth[9] being college), for I took my knowledge from your well. The West Hill is full of business; the Zion Hill is taken up with the Haram enclosure and little else besides. Wheat grows in the northern part; no one ever visits it.

Samuel was sacrificing before Ark of Covenant when Saul came to him.

I will not say more now beyond expressing my conviction that by your Scripture knowledge and the light given you, you would fix the generality of Scripture sites without asking any of the residents' opinions. It is too often the case that we follow in the wake of one another in these matters, whereas the Bible is the safe guide, and also contains all the necessary knowledge for identification. Mr. Barnes has a sketch of Jerusalem with *débris* removed, and it is not astonishing when one thinks that this Hill of Zion should represent the human form; the skull is mentioned

[9] From the verb "navah," to rest, abide; "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide." (Gordon's note.)

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four times. Zion is the Church, the Body, of which Christ is the Head, we are the members. As the resurrection body resembles the earthly body, so the heavenly Jerusalem should represent the earthly. Both are made up of stones, the one living stones, the other dead stones; the living stones are men, they make up the one body of Christ. We could not sit on His Throne if we were not members of His Body; however, I will not pursue this, for I feel I am in the presence of a master in these matters. We have each our Jerusalem in us, and it is in our Jerusalem the contest goes on, of good and evil.

To the left hand, goats; on the right, sheep. If the cross were placed as I have shown it, which is the point one actually stands on, on the Skull Hill, to the left would be towards the abyss, the Dead Sea.

There is a general tradition that waters flow under the Damascus Gate.

Believe me, your lordship's most sincerely,

C. E. GORDON.

Another letter, dated Jaffa, July 17, 1883, is also on the sites of the Holy Land. It concludes:—

I shall probably never see your lordship, so I may say how blessed you have been in your Commentary. You had the key, Christ and His members, One and Indivisible. If ever spiritual men arise who will look on our redemption like this, what treasures we will have in the Scriptures!

Believe me, my dear Lord Bishop,

Yours sincerely,

C. E. GORDON.

No copy has unfortunately come to light of the bishop's reply, though from Mr. Barnes' letters it is evident that some reply was made. The following, addressed to General Gordon at Khartoum, has a

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pathetic interest as belonging to the last year (1884) of which was either of them destined to see the close, and as having been written on the eve of the anniversary of the bishop's consecration, the last before he resigned his see:—

Riseholme, Lincoln, Feb. 23, 1884.

MY DEAR GENERAL GORDON,—I have to thank you for two letters—one from Jerusalem, dated June 6th, 1883, the other from Jaffa, of July 17th last, concerning the "holy places," and for the kind words in them, which I greatly value.

Of that subject I will not now speak; you are very busy with other things, and on them I venture to say a few words.

I have read your proclamation from Khartoum with deep interest; especially that part which concerns slavery. I have no doubt that you have expected to be blamed by many persons in England for it: and so it is. You are condemned for it in many quarters.

But amid this storm of censure, many, I am sure, have asked themselves quietly this question, "What would a Christian Apostle have done in your place?" Happily we have an answer to this inquiry in the Epistles of S. Paul. He denounces *men-stealers* (1 Tim. i. 10), *ἀνδραποδισταὶς*, by which word he meant not only the kidnappers who stole freemen from their own homes; but also those who violently took away slaves from their own masters.

I infer from your proclamation that you would prevent and suppress the raids of slave-hunters and slave-traders: and that you would protect slaves in their legal rights and relations with respect to their masters; and you would also protect masters with respect to their slaves.

S. Paul's Epistle to Philemon seems to supply the solution of the question with which you have to deal.

S. Paul did not constrain the master Philemon to emancipate his slave Onesimus, whom the Apostle had

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converted to Christianity. On the contrary, S. Paul respected Philemon's rights, and sent back the runaway slave, Onesimus, from Rome to his master Philemon, at Colossæ, and he promised to repay the money that Onesimus had taken from Philemon. But S. Paul, having Christianized Philemon, exhorted him to receive Onesimus "no longer as a slave, but above a slave, a beloved brother in Christ" (*v.* 16). You, I am sure, will imitate S. Paul.

S. Paul did not bribe the vast multitude of slaves with which the Roman Empire then swarmed, to embrace Christianity by promising them freedom. He cancelled no existing rights and obligations, but he Christianized them. He said to the slave, "Art thou called?" i. e. art thou baptized; "being a slave (1 Cor. vii. 20) care not for it," let not thy slavery distress thee; "but if thou mayest be made free, use it rather." "Let every man abide in the same calling, wherein he was called." And again he says, "Let slaves count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and His doctrine be not blasphemed" (1 Tim. vi. 1); and again he thus speaks to slaves: "Slaves, be obedient to your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart as unto Christ; not with eyeservice, as menpleasers; but as slaves of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men: knowing that whatever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free. Eph. vi. 6; cp. Col. iii. 22; Tit. ii. 9, 10; 1 Pet. ii. 10. Thus S. Paul dignified slavery: it was service done to the King of Kings. The Christian slave was the Lord's freeman (1 Cor. vii. 22). The slave here on earth would be a saint for ever hereafter.

But S. Paul had a good deal to say to masters as well as to slaves: "Masters, give unto your slaves that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with Him"

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(Col. iv. 1 ; Eph. vi. 9) ; and "Paul the aged, the prisoner of Christ" (Philemon 9), affectionately entreated his friend Philemon to receive back his runaway slave Onesimus as "a brother in Christ." The silent influence of this Apostolic teaching concerning Christ's Incarnation and men's universal brotherhood in Him quietly melted away the icy frosts of slavery. The Primitive Church encouraged the ransoming of slaves as a work of mercy, but did not forcibly take their power from the masters. The Gospel did not exasperate the slaveowner against itself and against the slave by angry invectives and contemptuous sarcasms, and violent coercion, but by Christianizing the master it enfranchised the slave. It endeared every Onesimus to every Philemon. This, indeed, was a work of time ; but at length, especially after the Empire had become Christian, slavery disappeared from Europe.

The same may be done in the same way, by God's help, in Africa. England has enacted laws, and sent her ships, and dictated treaties for the suppression of slavery there. But these will be inoperative unless she invokes the aid of Christianity. You will be the first to acknowledge that your proclamations will be unavailing, unless they are blessed by God, and aided by the Gospel of Christ. You appear to have been raised up by Him to do a great work there ; to do the double work of a civil and military ruler, and of a Christian apostle. In order that the African slave-trade may be suppressed, Africa must be Christianized. You have been called to do the work of a Constantine and a Theodosius, and you will be conscious that you cannot abolish slavery by civil enactments and military force alone, and that you need the help of Christ and His Church. I therefore implore you, my dear General Gordon, to encourage Christian missions, and to welcome Christian missionaries, and especially those who endeavour to raise up a race of native missionary clergy in Africa, which may be produced from ransomed slaves, particularly by the

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help of the "Universities' Mission to Central Africa." I long to see Bishop Smythies coming from Zanzibar to your side, and working with you in the Soudan. It is a blessed thought that one of the oldest Churches in Africa and the world, the Church of Abyssinia, owes its existence, under God, to a Christian slave, Frumentius, encouraged by the king of that country, and consecrated to be the bishop of it by Athanasius at Alexandria.

May not a similar work be done, under your government, in the Soudan?

May God bless you, and keep you, my dear General Gordon, to see the fruit of your labours in the suppression of the slave-trade, and in the spread of the Gospel in Africa; and may He crown you hereafter with everlasting glory, for His dear Son's sake.

I am, my dear General,

Yours faithfully and affectionately in the Lord,

General Gordon, Khartoum. C. LINCOLN.

One more point remains to be noticed, viz., the deep interest which the Bishop always took in the welfare of the City of Lincoln—in its spiritual welfare, of course, first and foremost, but also in its welfare in other respects. Deeply as his loss was regretted throughout the diocese, there was no place where it was more nearly felt than in the City of Lincoln itself. He loved to dwell on the fact that that city, "even before the time of Bishop Grosseteste, formed the rural deanery of *Christianity*—a remarkable word as showing that the neighbourhood of the cathedral was regarded as a luminous spiritual Goshen, contrasted with the Egypt of *paganism*, properly so called, around it." He felt that he had a special

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obligation in regard to the ancient city of Lincoln, and nobly did he endeavour to fulfil that obligation. It will be impossible to describe all his good deeds in connection with the cathedral city. But perhaps it may be permitted, without invidiousness, to select two.

S. Paul's was a new building which had taken the place of what was believed to be the oldest church in Lincoln; and the Bishop had started the scheme for rebuilding it with a munificent donation, as usual. At the laying of the foundation-stone on S. Paul's Day, 1877, he said,—

> In the eight years of my episcopate it has been my happiness to see no less than seven new churches either entirely built, or begun to be built, in this city of Lincoln. At the north, on the side of this old Roman road is the Training School new chapel; here is S. Paul's; a little to the east is S. Peter's in Eastgate, which, I am glad to find has an overflowing congregation, fruitful in good works; to the south are the two spacious new churches of S. Martin and S. Swithin; further to the south is the new church of S. Mark, the spire of which has just been erected by the munificence of one lady; and further is the church of S. Andrew, now still rising from its foundations. There is also the restored church of S. Mary-le-Wigford with its new aisle. And to return to this neighbourhood where we are, we have also the prospect of a chapel-of-ease in the parish of S. Nicholas and S. John.

The next shows that, though the cathedral was the centre of attraction to him, with all its ancient associations "above hill," the spiritual welfare of the busy city "below hill" had its fullest share in his paternal care. Let us take the building of S

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Andrew's Church, erected especially for the foundrymen in the extensive works of Messrs. Robey and Co. The part which the bishop took cannot be better expressed than in the words of the address presented to him at the consecration in May, 1878, by Mr. C. S. Dickinson, one of the churchwardens :—

We, the churchwardens and other parishioners of S. Peter-at-Gowts [the mother church of the parish in which S. Andrew's was erected] . . . cannot forget the many proofs you have given us of your great regard for the welfare of the Church in this parish, which is composed so largely of artisans. After the site for the new building had been conveyed to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, it was you who took the first step towards carrying out the design. You formed a committee; you gave the first munificent donation of 1200*l.*; you induced the late Prebendary Swan—to whom and to whose son this parish will always be so deeply indebted for their great liberality—to give the large sums of money which he contributed; you obtained almost the whole of the contributions, and you have never ceased to take the keenest interest in every stage of the building.

This is only a specimen of what the bishop did elsewhere both "above hill" and "below hill" in Lincoln.

This imperfect sketch of Bishop Wordsworth's episcopate cannot be more fitly closed than in his own most touching words at the conclusion of his last pastoral address :—

Bear with me, brethren, for adding that one who is soon about to enter his seventy-sixth year, and who—even with the cordial sympathy and loving help of his dear brother the Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham—has for some time felt his physical powers to be unequal to the work of the

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large diocese, can hardly venture to look forward to an event so distant as another triennial visitation. Let me therefore thank you—as I do from the bottom of my heart—for your great goodness to me during my continuance among you for nearly fourteen years; and I pray God to send His blessing richly upon you, upon your families, upon your parishes, and upon this diocese; upon the Church and Realm of England, and on the Church of Christ Universal."

The anticipation was realized; when the time for the next visitation came round, the aged prelate had entered into his rest; and surely it may be said that, *quâ* bishop, he was "felix opportunitate mortis." He just lived long enough to see his most cherished scheme, the subdivision of the diocese, satisfactorily carried out, and one appointed to his own see whom of all men he most desired. On hearing of Dr. King's nomination, he exclaimed, "Nunc dimittis," &c., and within a very short time he "departed in peace." [1]

[1] Since the above was in print we have received from the Bishop of Nottingham a letter addressed to him (9 Oct. 1884) containing Bishop Wordsworth's "Farewell to the Diocesan Conference." The following is an extract:—

"Contemplating the probability that it may not please God to restore my powers of active work, after two severe illnesses, and at my advanced age—just approaching my seventy-eighth year—I desire to avail myself of this opportunity of expressing through you at the Conference my heartfelt gratitude to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese for their great kindness to me during my Episcopate; and I wish also to record my thankfulness to you for your loving sympathy and help in the discharge of my Episcopal duties."

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CHAPTER XI.

INTERCOURSE WITH FOREIGN CHURCHES.

§ I. FRANCE. 1830—1885.

As has been already shown, Bishop Wordsworth's interest in the Churches of Continental Christendom began as early as the year 1828, when he first visited Paris. It was hardly possible that with a mind constituted as his the case should have been otherwise. He had always a great love for foreign travel. "Books," said William Wordsworth (speaking of Southey), "were *his* ruling passion, as wandering was *mine*." The love of "books" and of "wandering" may be said to have been combined in his nephew; but it was not so much the study of nature as of humanity, whether in its historical or contemporary aspects, that attracted him. And especially was this the case with humanity looked at from the point of view of religion. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth had the great advantage of being one of the best modern Greek scholars of his day, and hence he was able to take an intelligent interest not only in the Latin but in the Greek branch of the Catholic Church, and to realize the relations of the Church of England to the Oriental Church in a way that is too rare among Englishmen.

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The first outward manifestation of his interest in foreign Church matters was the publication of his "Diary in France," written in the summer of 1844, when he paid a month's visit to Paris, during his Harrow vacation, with the primary purpose of collating some manuscripts of Theocritus, preserved in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, as it was then called. The moment was full of interest to a Churchman. In England the Tractarian wave which had been rushing forward and carrying all before it for the last ten years was curling over for a fall. Already some of those who had been affected by it had thrown down their arms and submitted to Rome. Mr. Newman had withdrawn from Oxford to Littlemore. There was triumph throughout the Papal camp, and at home distress with perplexity, men's hearts failing them for fear. In France the new Church erected by Napoleon on the ruins of Gallicanism was gradually establishing itself in the midst of a hostile population, in the presence of an unfriendly Government. Dr. Wordsworth, whose reputation as a scholar and a theologian had preceded him, naturally came into contact with some of the leading French, ecclesiastics of the day, as Dom Guéranger, Abbé de Solesmes, and head of the French Benedictines, the learned Père, afterwards Cardinal Pitra, Monsieur Gondon, of whom more will be said hereafter, and De la Mennais, who had by this time renounced Christianity. One month's visit to a foreign capital does not give much opportunity for

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controversy, but intercourse with these men caused Dr. Wordsworth to express his sentiments on Church affairs in his "Diary" with some fulness, and led on afterwards to the publication of the two volumes of the "Letters to M. Gondon," which are unsurpassed in their effectiveness as a brilliant polemic against Rome.

The point which seems to have impressed itself most at this time on Dr. Wordsworth's mind with respect to the French Church was the loss of its distinctive national and Gallican character, which resulted in its absorption into the Ultramontane Church centralized at Rome. A further consequence of this was its growing alienation from the State and from the affections of the people.[1]

He writes:—

The bishops, as is well known, are all nominated by the king, but the Pope has the power of refusing his sanction to the nomination, a power which he has sometimes been known to exercise. But what is very remarkable is, that notwithstanding this royal prerogative there are not two bishops in France who are not Ultramontanes, that is, entirely devoted to the interests of the Holy See. This has arisen from the almost entire demolition of the French Church as a *national* establishment; and the real gainer by this extinction of the Gallican Church, as such, is Rome; although that destruction was brought about by principles hostile to Rome, and to Christianity in general.

In France, at present, we see on one side the French clergy and the Pope, and on the other the majority in the Chambers, and the throne—the latter, unfortunately, driven

[1] *Vide* "Diary," pp. 14—16, 193—195, 244.

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by suspicion of, and antipathy to the clergy, into a state of practical opposition to Christianity, and resting for its support on principles not of sound reason and religion, but of a vain and arrogant philosophy, which tends to the destruction of monarchy, and to the dissolution of social order. It is said to be the opinion of the higher powers in France that religion was of great service as a political and moral engine, as long as the people were ill-instructed, and while the science of legislation was little understood; but now that constitutions and codes have been *perfectionnés* by human exertion and skill, Christianity has become obsolete as a safeguard of political institutions, and a religious foundation is no longer necessary to the fabric of government. Certain it is that the throne of France has at present no religious basis, and that the Church has not only been almost wholly severed from the State, but after a very few years from that severance, which took place in 1830, finds itself placed in a condition of direct and active opposition to it. ("Diary," pp. 14—16.)

He goes on to point out in forcible language, quoting the authority of De Maistre, the mischief which the Charte of 1830 was doing in destroying the national and patriotic sentiment among the clergy, in reducing them, in common with other religious denominations, Jewish Rabbis included, to mere stipendiaries of the State, and in thus throwing them into the arms of the Papacy. He compares the French Church of earlier years to a "sacred Delos bound by chains between the Myconos of the Monarchy on the one side, and the Gyaros of the Papacy on the other. But the Charte came in in 1830, and, in an evil hour, it cut the monarchical cable, and the Delos of the Church was seen imme-

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diately looming off to the Romish Gyaros; and the Pontifical fisherman of that island lost no time in seizing hold of *both* the cables, and has now tied the Gallican Delos to himself,

"Immotamque coli dedit, et contemnere ventos.

"The Crown has suffered irreparable injury from this annihilation of the Church as an *Establishment*. The Church being left to itself has become *extra-national*, and, indeed, *anti-national;* it declares in a bold and somewhat menacing tone, that the Crown having now become *unchristian*, has no pretence whatever to *meddle* in the *affairs of the Church*. The King of France, it says, was formerly *Rex Christianissimus; as such* he *had* ecclesiastical jurisdiction; but *now* he has renounced that title, and his *Regale*, therefore, is at an end."

He then goes on to show how the religious orders, especially the Jesuits, are operating a silent and gradual change, of the influence of the works of Ravigna, and Cahour, and their effect on the women and young men of France, of the "miracles, visions, cures, and conversions" which "have come in to fan the fire into a fanatical flame of religious frenzy; and the character of the secular clergy, the priesthood, and even the episcopate, finds itself influenced by a secret and mysterious power which has beguiled it of its religious sobriety, almost without its knowledge, and perhaps against its will."

Another subject which attracted Dr. Wordsworth's deepest interest in France was education.

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We wish we had space to quote his weighty words on that subject, especially on the constitution of the University.

The "Diary in France" was written in the reign of Louis Philippe, and the catastrophe of his fall was anticipated by its author, as may be seen from one of the passages referred to above.

Another work already mentioned, "Letters to M. Gondon," who was one of the editors of the *Univers*, and the author of "Mouvement religieux en Angleterre," &c., and the translator of Dr. Newman's "Essay on Development," appeared shortly afterwards. In it the author set himself to prove the destructive character of the Church of Rome, both as regards human reason, the authority of Holy Scripture, that of the Primitive Church, and of civil government. The whole work, and its sequel, published a little later, is an armoury of offensive as well as defensive weapons, and well deserves the perusal of all who are concerned in the Roman controversy.

In 1853 Dr. Wordsworth paid a third visit to Paris (when engaged in his work on S. Hippolytus), Napoleon III. being now in power. The circumstances of the case were at this time altogether changed. Formerly Louis Philippe had called in the aid of sceptics to restrain the power of a Romanized priesthood, thereby making enemies of one set of men, and not gaining the support of another.

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Now Napoleon III. had made an alliance with that priesthood, failing, however, to gain thereby its cordial support, while he alienated the majority of his subjects. In consequence of the visit there was published (1854) a sort of second part of the "Diary in France," called "Notes at Paris," and in this *brochure* Dr. Wordsworth animadverted on the change which had taken place in the relations between Church and State. The support accorded to religion by Napoleon III. appeared to him to be regarded by the French nation not as springing from genuine faith and conviction, but "as an ingenious and effective machine of Macchiavellian policy," and to be accordingly distrusted by the bulk of the people.

"Is it not," he says, "to be apprehended that the same Papal element which made Louis Philippe jealous of the Church, will now, being cherished by the State, render the government of Napoleon III. obnoxious to the nation, and by its extravagances and impostures, provoke and strengthen the cause of Infidelity and Revolution, and prepare the way for the downfall of his dynasty? Until the Papal element is eliminated from the Church of France, the Church can never be a source of strength to the Throne; it will rather be a cause of peril to it. But if that were done, then the Church and Throne might aid each other, and flourish together." ("Notes at Paris," pp. 11—17.)

On the occasion of his visit to France in 1854, Dr. Wordsworth paid special attention to the state of Protestantism in that country as well as of Roman Catholicism. Feeling a warm interest in the pro-

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gress and welfare of the former he nevertheless came to the conclusion that in its present condition of colourless dreariness and sectarian division it could make no head against either Rome or infidelity.

An interesting conversation which he had with a Protestant pastor may be found in his "Notes at Paris," pp. 36—38.

Eight years later, in 1862, Dr. Wordsworth was again in Paris. The power of Napoleon III. was now at its zenith, and the alliance entered into between him and the Church of Rome for their mutual support spread over the surface of French society an appearance of peace and stability which had, however, no real existence. Dr. Wordsworth commented as follows:—

Gallicanism is almost extinct in France. Ultramontanism reigns supreme in her ecclesiastical seminaries, in the pulpits of her churches, in her ritual, in the pastorals of her hierarchy. It has achieved this triumph in a country which was once proud of its spiritual independence. It has not achieved it by its own strength, or because it is congenial to the feelings of the French people, or even of the French clergy and hierarchy. No; Ultramontanism has not only trampled under its feet the Gallican liberties, but it has also crushed the French episcopate. It has deprived the French metropolitans of their ancient privileges, and has despoiled the French bishops of their apostolic dignity, and has reduced them to mere shadows and cyphers, slaves and bondsmen of the Papacy. Ultramontanism has grown by the errors of politicians. It has been strengthened by the encroachments of secular powers upon the spiritual liberties of the French Church. These encroachments

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have brought the secular power into hatred and contempt, and have made the theory of a National Church to be odious to the spirituality in France, and to be only another name for arbitrary tyranny and Erastianism. The French bishops and clergy cling to Ultramontanism, not so much because they love it for its own sake, but because they have bitter experience of excessive secular domination in ecclesiastical matters, and because they regard the Papacy as a powerful bulwark against the further encroachments of the Crown. It is earnestly to be desired for the sake of France, England, Europe, and the world, that the French nation, and especially the French hierarchy and clergy, may be induced to modify their sentiments with regard to National Churches; and that the Church of England may be enabled to present to their eyes a realization of the idea of a National Church, loyal, but not servile; patriotic in its principles of civil polity, and scriptural, primitive, and catholic in doctrine and discipline. The peace of Europe and the world depends, in no small degree, on the realization of this theory.

Dr. Wordsworth's interest in the French Church and in French education never slackened. He watched their course with anxiety under the Republic as he had watched it under Louis Philippe and under Napoleon III. When M. Loyson made an effort, single-handed, to restore the Gallican Church in 1872, his sympathies went with him. He encouraged M. Guettée, author of "L'Observateur Catholique," "L'Union Chrétienne," "L'Histoire de l'Église de France," and other works, until the latter, despairing of Gallicanism, precipitated himself into the Russo-Greek Church. He kept up a correspondence with M. Garcin de Tassy, the great

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Orientalist, and the most genuine representative of traditional Gallicanism, until his death in 1878. M. Bougaud's "Grand Péril de l'Église de France, au 19e siècle," published in 1878, was a book that he studied with an exceeding interest, and the last labours of the Rev. Lewis M. Hogg, who died in 1883, were to gather for him statistics and information as to the effect of the "laicisation," an inexact term used for the "secularization" of the French schools. M. Bougaud's work is scored page after page by the pencil with which the bishop was wont to mark passages to be remembered or afterwards quoted, and Mr. Hogg's letters were left tied together, and docketed in the bishop's handwriting, ready for future use.

§ II. Italy. 1862—1885.

In the year 1862 Dr. Wordsworth paid a visit to Italy, similar in character to the two visits he had paid to France in 1844 and 1854. The French excursions had been made for the primary purpose of consulting manuscripts in the libraries of Paris. The Italian tour was undertaken with the direct object of observing the state of religion in Italy at a time which he thought "might perhaps prove more important to the Church in Italy than any crisis in her history since the days of the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century." It was a moment when all eyes were fixed on that country. Pope Pius's attempt to make himself the head of a federal Italy had failed.

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In spite of the fatal field of Novara, and the abdication of Carlo Alberto in 1849, the house of Savoy had waxed stronger and stronger, while the Pope having given up his attempt at popularizing the Papacy, had thrown himself into the arms of the Jesuits and Reactionaries, ranging himself amongst the foremost and bitterest enemies of the unity of the Italian people, if that unity were to be realized under a lay sovereign whom he regarded as his rival and supplanter. The battle of Magenta, which gave to Victor Emmanuel the kingdom of Italy, had been fought three years previously to Dr. Wordsworth's visit. Cavour had died only a year ago. The two most prominent statesmen were Ricasoli and Ratazzi, while Garibaldi's was the greatest name in Italy, perhaps in Europe. The ecclesiastical policy of the rising kingdom of Italy was as yet unsettled, and the welfare of Italy and of the Church Catholic was largely dependent upon it. For the moment there was direct and angry antagonism between the Church and State. No fewer than thirty-four bishoprics were vacant because the Pope refused to accept the royal nominations; and while the Italian people was rejoicing in its newly-won liberties, and celebrating them by a national festival, the Pope gave orders to his bishops, and the bishops to their clergy, forbidding them to take part in the festival, and suspending them if they ventured to do so. These grave circumstances at once attracted Dr. Wordsworth's notice and in-

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terest. He states the conditions of the question as follows:—

Throughout the whole of the *Kingdom of Italy no means now exist for filling up any vacant Episcopal See.* Precisely the same difficulty has now arisen in Italy as occurred in France under Louis XIV. in 1683, and under Napoleon I. in 1809. How will this difficulty be solved? Will Victor Emmanuel make a humble submission to the Pope, as Louis XIV. did? Or will he obtain from the Pope a Concordat like that which Napoleon extorted from Pius VII. at Fontainebleau in 1813? Neither of these results seems very probable. And even if the Crown should resort to one or other of these alternatives, will the metropolitan clergy, and above all the people of Italy, consent to an accommodation by which their own ancient rights would be sacrificed? Or will the Crown, the clergy, and the people unite in an earnest endeavour to ascertain their own relative rights and duties in this grave matter, according to the ancient laws and practice of the best ages of the Church?

These questions call for a speedy solution. According to the ancient laws of the Church, as well as the principles of common equity and charity, no Episcopal See ought to be kept vacant above two or three months. At present there is a violent struggle between the Papacy and the Crown, and it is daily becoming more fierce. On one side is the Papal hierarchy, and on the other the Government and the people, and some of the clergy. Religion suffers by this struggle: if it is prolonged, the people may lapse into irreligion, and if irreligion prevails, Revolution will soon follow. ("Tour in Italy," i. 68.)

The author then, as is his wont, refers to the Primitive Church, and commends the example of Ambrose to Milan, the city of S. Ambrose (p. 127):—

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In the age of S. Ambrose the bishops of these sees were *elected* by the *clergy* and *people*, and were *confirmed* by the *metropolitan* of the province, that is, by the Bishop of Milan, and were then consecrated by him and two or three of his suffragan bishops. All this was done without *any reference to Rome.* Thus S. Ambrose in his Epistles, still extant, mentions that he himself ordained the Bishops of Pavia, Brescia, Como, Bergamo, and others.

Dr. Wordsworth was not a man to see a vast problem proposed for solution without attempting to solve it. During his visit to Italy he wrote to Sir James Hudson, then the English Minister at Turin, "Three Letters to a Statesman," in which he dwelt upon the dangers arising both to Italy and to the Church from the conflict between the Monarchy and the National Church, and pointed out that the path of safety for Italian statesmen was that of vindicating the primitive rights both of the Church and of monarchs, and repudiating the usurpations and encroachments of the See of Rome. These letters were translated into Italian by Signor Pifferi, an Italian gentleman living at Turin, and they were widely circulated in Italy by the agency of the Anglo-Continental Society, under the title of "Tre Lettere ad un Uomo di Stato sulla Guerra della Corte di Roma contro il regno d' Italia." The Court of Rome recognized the hand of a master in the art of controversial assault, and felt that a deadly stroke was aimed at her encroachment in this pamphlet. Discovering that it had emanated from the house of Signor Pifferi in Turin, Cardinal de Angelis, Arch-

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bishop of Fermo, shortly afterwards appointed Chamberlain to the Pope, supposing Signor Pifferi to be its author, made him an offer of a provision at the Papal expense, if he would undertake to write and publish no more such letters.[2] But while the Papacy felt its danger, knowing where it was most vulnerable, statesmen who were its opponents did not know where to plant the dreaded blow. The policy of washing their hands of all religion was more in accordance with their temper, and if not wiser at least more easy of adoption. In 1866 the crisis arrived when it was necessary either to defy the Pope by constituting a National Church freed from his control and governed by its own archbishops and bishops, or to seek for reconciliation with the Pope by sacrificing to the Papacy the rights and prerogatives of the Church and of the State. Ricasoli, then Prime Minister of Italy, chose the

[2] "Vive qui in un convento come prigioniero il Card. De Angelis, uomo vecchio ed in predicamento di Papa. Esso ha letto la sua lettera che gli feci presentare per terza mano. . . . Mi ha fatto di poi sapere che se io volessi cessare dello scrivere, mi farebbe avere una pensione del Papa assicurata in un banco all' estero e colla libertà di seguire qualunque opinione io volessi. Queste proposite sono state da mi rigettate, come era naturale, nessuno potendomi impedire per qualunque prezzo di dire la verità. Ma egli non si darà per vinto, ne sono sicuro. Intanto quello che maggiormente li colpì nella lettera fu il secondo punto, cioè l' insinuazione di formare i Vescovi senza il Papa, attaccando il dritto della investitura. Questo è il punto che maggiormente sviluppato potrebbe iniziare questo governo a fare qualche passo nel senso della lettera."—Letter of Signor Pifferi to Canon Wordsworth, August 19th, 1862.

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latter alternative. The nomination to the vacant bishoprics was given up to the Pope. The oaths of vassalage which bind the Roman Catholic Bishops to the Pope, the fetters which fasten the lower clergy to the bishops, were drawn tighter instead of being relaxed; the priests, who, relying on State protection, had been loyal to their king in his contest with the Papacy, were given up defenceless to the vengeance of their superiors. Once again, as often before, a dull statecraft played the game of the Papacy under the name and in the disguise of an enlightened liberalism. Whether this policy was the result of simple blindness on the part of the minister, or whether some royal or diplomatic pressure was put upon him, or whether at this supreme moment he unfortunately turned his eyes to America rather than to England, as the model according to which to shape his measures, is not known; but the policy, however originated, threw back the cause of Church reformation, to which Ricasoli was himself attached, for at least a generation. A hollow peace with the national enemy was patched up when the opportunity had been given of constituting a Church loyal to the throne and in harmony with the institutions of the country. One by one the men who had made themselves conspicuous in the attempt to purify their Church were either starved into submission or died. When the principle of conciliation had been once adopted, there was no stopping in the course which had been commenced, and before

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long the Pope found himself, by the action of the Italian Parliament, more autocratic than ever in Italy, although it served his purpose to play the *rôle* of the prisoner of the Vatican. The following extracts from speeches of Dr. Wordsworth made at meetings of the Anglo-Continental Society in 1867 and in 1871 show how much he deplored the blunder that had been committed:—

The Government, with exemplary self-denial, has proposed to relinquish its claim to the nomination of the chief ecclesiastical dignities of Italy. It is willing to surrender its nomination of the bishops, but to whom does it surrender it? Is it willing to return to the ancient practice of the Church Universal, and to restore the free right of electing bishops to the clergy and laity? Is it willing to do what was suggested by the Abbé Rosmini? On the contrary it is willing to deliver over to the Pope the Italian Church, bound hand and foot, and to surrender the ancient rights of the clergy and people to the Papacy. And what does it expect in return? It expects to have a large share of the revenues. It would barter away the liberties of the Church in return for a sacrilegious confiscation of property which had been devoted to the honour and glory of God, and to the edification of His people. (Report of Meeting, 1867, p. 14.)

I do not hesitate to say that this very year, which has closed the quarter of a century of Pope Pius's pontificate, has witnessed an exaltation and aggrandizement of his spiritual supremacy over the civil power, which has gone far to compensate him for the blow which it was believed had been struck at his temporal monarchy. And why? Because, as you are probably aware, there has been accomplished south of the Alps what I do not scruple to say is a greater revolution than has taken place in France. By the *fiat* of the

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Parliament of Florence, which took away from the Pope his temporal power, a spiritual supremacy has been established far greater than any Pope has ever possessed since the days of Hildebrand. The Concordat which once controlled the Papacy has been dissolved. The temporal power formerly nominated the Bishops of Italy, France, Spain, Portugal; but now the Parliament of Florence has made a present to the Pope of the nomination to between two and three hundred episcopal sees. It has given him absolute authority as regards the nomination to 250 sees south of the Alps, to the sees of Italy and of Sicily. There is no restraint, no *regium placitum*, no *exequatur*; none of those things by which the Papacy was controlled for three centuries. The Italian Government has utterly abolished all the rights of the Italian bishops as regards the nomination or confirmation of their comprovincials, all the rights of the clergy to elect their bishops, all the rights of the laity to approve of their bishops when so elected. All has been sacrificed by the Italian Parliament to the Pope, who is absolute master of the greatest spiritual monarchy that the world has seen since the days of Hildebrand or Innocent III. Can any one congratulate himself on what must be the result? Every one of these 250 bishops has taken in the most solemn manner an oath of feudal vassalage to the Pope; he has sworn to maintain his rights, "to persecute and impugn (that is, assault) all heretics, schismatics, and rebels against his lord the Pope." Besides the absolute control which the Papacy has obtained over the 250 bishops, it has gained a similar control over nearly 40,000 priests, for the bishop may of his own mere will—of his own arbitrary and despotic power—inhibit any priest, and so reduce him to starvation. Thus the priests are the slaves of their bishops, as their bishops are the slaves of the Pope, in order that both may be tyrants over the laity. It has been proved that priests will not give absolution to any one who will not bind himself not to fight against the Pope; it has been

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proved that they will not give absolution to those soldiers of Victor Emmanuel who say they will continue faithful to the king. You see, then, what a spiritual despotism has been inaugurated in the light of the nineteenth century. People talk a great deal about the progress which has been made in our times, but I see a great deal of retrogression; I see a great relapsing into mediæval barbarism. I see the Italian Government abdicating its functions and sacrificing the rights of the clergy and people of Italy to its own selfish ambition. And what will be the necessary result? Why, it must have an infidel populace, if it sets up a slavish and tyrannical episcopate and a slavish and a tyrannical priesthood. (Report, 1871, pp. 5, 6.)

The Bishop's anticipations were unhappily too soon verified. The Reconciliation policy of Ricasoli crushed the Reformation movement among the Italian clergy. The power of the Pope, uncontrolled by any of the checks which had previously restrained it, spread irresistibly throughout the whole of the Italian Church, like the waters of a swollen stream, whose barriers have been removed, pouring down from the mountain and submerging the plain country below it. The vacant sees were filled up by men who gloried in being the willing instruments of the Roman Curia, and they made it their first work to crush out the spirit of reform which had been strong enough and venturesome enough to make the Vatican tremble. They succeeded. At Naples 300 priests were compelled by Archbishop Riario Sforza to choose between unconditional surrender and starvation; 9000 priests who had signed an address prepared by Padre Passaglia, proposing

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to give up the Temporal Power, were obliged to recant, and even then they found themselves enrolled in a black book; in every corner of Italy the Church reformers were hunted down and silenced. Mr. Hogg, travelling through Italy, found that the priests, whose voices had previously been loudest for reform, were now hushed in terror, and that they were even afraid to receive a visit from an English friend, lest it should be reported to their bishop. Finding themselves helpless they returned to the old system, according to which they might believe as they liked, and live as they liked, provided they said and did nothing to the detriment of the authority of the Curia. Priests became more than ever the slaves of the bishops, and the bishops were more than ever the slaves of the Pope. Laymen went their way disregarding both. A bitter feeling that they had been betrayed took possession of the Italian reformers, and they doggedly resolved to eat and drink and sleep like their neighbours, and to make no further effort to amend what was ecclesiastically amiss. Consequently, when, a few years later, the decrees of the Vatican Council created a revolt from Papal authority in Germany, no corresponding movement exhibited itself in Italy. The Vatican decrees were not believed there, but they were accepted with a shrug of the shoulders on the ground that experience had shown that it was the safest plan to follow whatever course the Curia commanded. Nor did any overt anti-Papal action take

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place in Italy for another ten years. Then Count Enrico di Campello, Monsignore Savarese, and Padre Curci, in their different ways, once more struck the chord of reform. With Savarese and Curci, specially with the latter, Bishop Wordsworth kept up a correspondence down to the year 1884, and that remarkable work, "Il Vaticano Regio," which proceeded from Curci's pen, was one of the last books on the state of Continental Christianity which the bishop perused; and in it he found many of his own predictions only too vividly realized.

§ III. The Vatican Council and Germany. 1869—1885.

The year 1870 is one that will be ever memorable in the history of the Catholic Church. It was in that year that the final struggle took place between the two parties which had been contending for domination within the Church of Rome—the Absolutists and the Constitutionalists. A tendency towards Absolutism had manifested itself comparatively early in the history of the Church. It had created a Nicholas I., a Gregory VII., an Innocent III., a Boniface VIII. It invested Bishops of Rome with a primacy, and then transformed that primacy into a supremacy. But it had not yet recognized the Roman Pontiff as the one universal Bishop of the Catholic Church, nor assigned to him a personal infallibility apart from the episcopate. This final step the Jesuits, who had been the ruling power

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in the Church since the year 1850, determined should be now taken. Pius IX. had already on their instigation declared one new article of faith in the year 1854, the Immaculate Conception of B.V.M., and he was now to be the willing instrument of making himself infallible and supreme in all matters of faith and morals, so far as his own voice and the vote of the majority of the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church could make him. It was not to be expected that such an event as this would take place without attracting the attention and interest of Dr. Wordsworth. The Vatican Council was summoned by the Bull "Æterni Patris" on June 29, 1868. Three months later, on September 20, 1868, Dr. Wordsworth was invited by Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, to address the candidates for ordination at Cuddesdon, and at the Bishop's request he took for his subject the proposed Council at Rome. In this address he states what are the conditions of a Council being a General one, and shows that at least four of these conditions would be violated or at least unfulfilled by the promised Council.[2] The real purpose of the Council had not been announced in the Bull that summoned it, but it was pretty well known what that purpose was. Dr. Wordsworth thus refers to it:—

"We cannot, indeed, foresee what may be the dogmatic

[2] 1. Convocation by lawful authority. 2. Freedom. 3. Acknowledgment of Holy Scripture as the final authority. 4. Reception of the Council's decrees by the whole of the Church.

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decrees of the proposed Council. Some there are who foretell that it will declare the Bishop of Rome to be personally infallible. And when this Council is assembled at Rome, and breathes the atmosphere of Rome, and is impregnated by it, who can tell what may be the effect of that potent influence upon it, and to what lengths it may be carried?

It is an unquestionable fact that Bishops of Rome have erred, and have fallen into heresy; Popes Zephyrinus and Callistus were partisans of the Noetian heresy, Pope Liberius lapsed into Arianism, Pope Vigilius into Eutychianism, and Pope Honorius (A.D. 626—638) was a Monothelite; and in ancient times, even to the seventh century, the Bishops of Rome themselves, at their ordination, in the profession of faith which they then made, publicly denounced and anathematized Pope Honorius by name as a heretic; and in that solemn formulary they then modestly acknowledged their own fallibility; and thus they delivered a prophetic protest from the Papal chair itself against an assumption of infallibility on the part of any of their successors. ("The proposed Council at Rome," pp. 21—23.)

At the very same time that Dr. Wordsworth was raising his voice against the Council in England, there was being issued at Rome an "Apostolic Letter of our most holy Lord" Pius IX., addressed "to all Protestants and other non-Catholics," dated September 13, and published September 30, 1868. These Protestants and non-Catholics the Pope described as "not professing the true faith of Christ, nor following the communion of the Catholic Church," and "visibly divided from Catholic unity," and he exhorted them to take the opportunity of the Council

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to return to "the bosom of their holy mother the Church, in which their ancestors had found the wholesome pasture of life, and in which alone the doctrine of Jesus Christ is preserved and handed down in its integrity, and the mysteries of heavenly grace are dispensed." This letter was published in Latin,[4] and was at once translated into the languages of the principal nations of Europe, and widely disseminated. Dr. Wordsworth replied in a most vigorous Latin pamphlet,[5] written with the learning and in the spirit of the seventeenth century divines of the Church of England. This he translated into English, under the title, "An Anglican Answer to the Apostolic Letter of Pope Pius IX." It was also translated into Italian and German, and disseminated in Italy and Germany by the agency of the Anglo-Continental Society. The following is a specimen of this polemical tract:—

> Is it so, then, that we do not profess the true faith of Christ, and that we are to be counted as heathens and publicans,—we who maintain and propagate, to adopt the language of S. Jude, "the faith once for all delivered to the saints"? Is it so, then, that we do not profess the true faith of Christ,—we who (to borrow the words of more than seventy of our bishops lately assembled at London) "em-

[4] "Sanctissimi domini nostri Pii, divina Providentia Papæ IX. Literæ Apostolicæ ad omnes Protestantes aliosque a-Catholicos." Romæ, 1868.

[5] "Responsio Anglicana Litteris Apostolicis Pii Papæ IX. ad omnes Protestantes aliosque a-Catholicos." London: Rivingtons. 1868.

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brace and venerate all the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament as the sure Word of God," and who deliver and commend them to be read by all, with devout prayer to Him? Is it so, that we do not profess the true faith of Christ,—we in whose land new churches are being daily built, and old churches are restored and enlarged; in which the pure Word of God is publicly read and preached, and the Sacraments of Christ are duly administered, and prayers, psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs are ever ascending unto God in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ? We will say nothing of schools, which of late years have risen among us in countless numbers, where our children are trained in the discipline of Christ? We will not speak of our evangelical missions to heathen nations, and of the many episcopal sees founded by the English Church in our Colonies. Is it so, that we do not profess the true faith of Christ,—we who embrace and venerate whatsoever has been established and promulgated in matters of Christian Doctrine by truly Œcumenical and General Councils, and received by the Catholic Church? If to communicate with Christ and His Apostles, and with Apostolical men, who flourished in the earliest and purest ages of the Church, and fell asleep peacefully in Christ, is not to profess the true faith of Christ, then we should be glad to know, what is that "true faith of Christ" which Pope Pius IX. would now set before us to learn? Is it some faith of Christ that has sprung forth into the world in recent days, long after the time of Christ? Is it some faith of Christ which has been devised by the imagination of man? Is it some faith of Christ which has been brought forth into light by the Roman Pontiff out of the cabinet of his own breast. ("An Anglican Answer," pp. 7, 8.)

Dost Thou suppose that Thou hast excommunicated us by these words. No, rather Thou hast excommunicated Thyself. We, on our side, have Christ; we have the Apostles; we have the Apostolic and Universal Church

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of Christ. Thou hast cut Thyself off from the Catholic Church; Thou hast separated Thyself from the communion of past ages; Thou hast severed Thyself from Thy predecessors, from the Apostolic Churches, from the Apostles; Thou hast severed Thyself from Christ. Dost thou charge us with fickleness, dost Thou scoff at us for inconstancy in the Faith, and for defection from the Church? Take heed that the celebrated Proverb be not applied to Thee—

"Healer of others, full of sores Thyself."

("An Anglican Answer," pp. 18, 19.)

It is hardly possible to write the history of this period in Dr. Wordsworth's life without making some allusion to a life which was, as it were, running parallel to it—that of the great Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans.

In perusing the last volume of that remarkable biography, we cannot fail to be struck with the view of the "other side of the shield," and we would ask our readers to study that volume as a most interesting complement to, and commentary on, the present biography; *e.g.* there is a conversation given between the Bishop of Orleans and M. Thiers, p. 88, vol. iii., in which the latter exclaims, after praising the unity of the Roman Church: "Voyez les évêques anglicans, ils se sont réunis l'année dernière à Londres, mais n'ont pas pu s'entendre, et se sont séparés divisés et n'ayant rien fait." Then he cried: "Ah, le prochain concile, s'il est bien fait, peut sauver le monde."

The Anglican bishops, it seems, who were content with re-affirming the primitive Catholic faith, had done *nothing*. The Vatican Council undoubtedly

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"did *something*," but whether France or Europe were the better or worse for the step, is to us no matter of doubt.

In Bishop Dupanloup's life we are admitted to a certain extent behind the scenes; we see the uneasy forebodings which preceded the Council, the intrigues which accompanied it, the crushing down of individual opinion, which was the price at which it was purchased, and the irritation and suspicion which it caused in the political world; and we cannot but feel there is something pathetic in the contrast between the great French prelate, with his zeal, piety, learning, and force of character, sacrificing his own personal convictions in order to maintain a fictitious semblance of unity, and his English contemporary, with his far clearer perceptions of the essentials of Catholicity, speaking out boldly and unflinchingly in defence of the Primitive Apostolic Faith. We cannot help also contrasting the want of national Church life in France, especially the lack of synodical action, with the comparative activity of Convocation and other bodies in our own country.

It was in this year 1868 that Dr. Wordsworth was appointed Bishop of Lincoln, and his elevation to the episcopate, by increasing his responsibility in relation to the welfare of the whole Catholic Church, made him look with still keener interest to the issue of the Vatican Council. That issue came in 1870, and by the vote of 370, of whom 276 were Italians, out of a total of 601, the Pope was declared infallible

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when speaking *ex cathedrâ* on a matter of faith or morals. The opposition to the new dogma had been led by the German bishops, supported by Darboy of Paris, Dupanloup of Orleans, Strossmayer of Diakovar. After their defeat in the Council, men asked what these bishops would do. Bound by oaths of vassalage to the Roman Pontiff, and unable to exercise their functions without his permission constantly renewed, fearing too for the unity of the Church, which they valued more than adherence to the truth, they one and all gave way. The German bishops met at Fulda and counselled submission, but among the Presbyters of the German Church there were men of too great learning to believe the new dogma, and of too great honesty to accept and promulgate what they did not believe. Dr. Döllinger and thirteen associates met at Nürnberg in August, 1870, and refused submission to the novel doctrine. The Archbishop of Munich demanded Döllinger's adhesion. Döllinger replied by an absolute refusal, publicly made, which brought upon him an excommunication in April, 1871. Thus originated the Old Catholic community as a body separate from Rome, and at a Congress held on September 22—24 of the same year at Munich, a commencement was made of its organization upon the lines of the Primitive Church.

A few weeks before the session of the Vatican Council closed, when the conclusion at which it would arrive appeared now certain, Bishop Words-

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worth consulted the Archbishop of Canterbury as to the propriety of the English Church formally issuing a protest against the dogmas to be promulgated by the Papal Council, and against the assumed œcumenicity of the Council itself. The archbishop did not at that time think it desirable to take this step. The Bishop, therefore, with the purpose of calling the attention of English Churchmen to the importance of the event and the duties laid upon them by it, wrote and published a letter addressed to Bishop Harold Browne, then Bishop of Ely, President of the Anglo-Continental Society, in which he urged that the Anglican Church "had now a providential mission such as belonged to no other church in Christendom in the same degree," and that it "was the duty of the Anglican Church to accomplish that mission." This mission was "first to exhibit a religious system, rational, scriptural, and primitive, recognizing and expanding all the faculties of man, and supplying all his needs, conducive to the progress of literature, science, and art, and ministerial to the peace of households and to the welfare of society. Secondly, to show by its own example that a Christian Church might be scriptural and Catholic, maintaining the ancient creeds of Christendom, and dispensing the Word and Sacraments of Christ by an apostolic ministry, and extending itself by Christian missions into all parts of the world, and in harmony with the civil and social institutions of a state and country, without being fettered and enslaved by the

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unrighteous oaths and other servile bonds of vassalage, and by the novel and heretical dogmas which Papal Rome imposes on its bishops, clergy, and people, and by which she would annihilate the divinely constituted rights of the Episcopate, and would subjugate the will, reason, and conscience of the clergy, and would crush the liberties of the laity, and, if she were able, would place the world beneath her feet, and cause herself to be adored as God."

He recalled the example of the English reformers in the sixteenth century:—

When the Council of Trent was sitting, the Church of England did not remain a passive spectator. She did not wrap herself up in sullen independence and insular selfishness. She had a heart enlarged to the whole of Christendom. At that crisis Bishop Jewel was encouraged to put forth his celebrated "Apologia" for the Church of England. It was published, says Strype, with the royal sanction; and was authorized by archbishops and bishops, and was commanded to be kept in churches. It was translated into most European languages, and was rendered into English by the mother of Lord Bacon. It was examined in the Council of Trent, with a view to its being answered by some of the Fathers of the Council; but no refutation of it by them ever appeared.

Nor was this all: the Thirty-nine Articles themselves, in their present form, were produced, if we may so speak, by the Council of Trent.

If, therefore, we have still among us the spirit of those holy men, to whose wisdom, learning, piety, and zeal we owe, under God, the blessings of the English Reformation (which was not innovating, but restorative), it seems, my dear lord, to be now a fit subject for consideration whether

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we ought not to imitate their example, not only in refuting error, but in public manifestation of the truth. Such a course we might hope would save many souls from the gulf of Infidelity into which they are now in danger of being plunged; and would commend the Church of England to the affection and gratitude of thousands, and to the favour and blessing of Almighty God, as promoting both at home and abroad the cause of truth and love. (Letter to Bishop of Ely, June 21, 1870.)

The next year, on June 16, 1871, the Convocation of Canterbury did formally repudiate the authority of the Vatican Council and the dogmas which it promulgated. On the same day, at a meeting of the Anglo-Continental Society, the Bishop expressed his deep disappointment at the tergiversation of the German bishops:—

I did hope that amongst the eighty-eight bishops who withstood, in the name of our common Catholicity, that monstrous figment of Papal Infallibility which has been forced upon the conscience of Western Christendom,—I did hope that some one at least of those eighty-eight bishops would have come forward to protest against it; but I see with the deepest sorrow that out of the seven or eight hundred prelates who, on the 8th of December, 1869, were summoned to take their seats at the Vatican Council, not a single one has arisen to utter a word of protest against the monstrous assumption of personal infallibility on the part of the Roman Pontiff. They are all dumb. It has been left to a few noble-hearted French priests, like Père Hyacinthe and Père Gratry, and to that noble septuagenarian, Dr. Döllinger, who has with such erudition, wisdom, and understanding maintained the truth in his letter to his own archbishop, the Archbishop of Munich. For such reasons as these I believe that God has a mission for the Church of England. (Report of Meeting, 1871.)

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The Bishop did more than any other man except Bishop Harold Browne to awaken the Church of England to the responsibility of the mission of which he thus spoke. Two days before the Old Catholic Congress at Munich, on September 20, 1871, he presided over his Diocesan Synod at Lincoln, and there at his instance a resolution was adopted expressive of sympathy with the Old Catholics of Germany, and he was requested by the Synod to address to them a letter, assuring them of the interest felt for them by the Synod in their work, and the hope that it entertained of their success. The letter was gratefully acknowledged by Dr. Von Schulte, President of the Munich Congress. A few weeks later the English Church Congress was held at Nottingham, and here, too, the Bishop of Lincoln, who presided over it, pleaded the cause of the Old Catholics. Next year the secretary of the Old Catholic committee invited Bishop Wordsworth to attend the approaching Congress which was summoned to meet at Cologne. The Bishop, with the deference which he always displayed towards constituted authorities, consulted the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Cathedral Chapter of Lincoln, and then accepted the invitation in a Latin letter, in which he did not "hesitate to say that we who have been nurtured in the bosom of the Church of England, and who by the mercy of God have enjoyed signal blessings in her communion for many generations, should hardly deserve to be regarded as worthy of the name of Christians if we did not wish you 'God-speed,' and

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heartily pray for your success, and endeavour to afford you our aid to the best of our power." He recalled the friendly interest shown by the Synod of Lincoln and the Nottingham Congress, declared English Churchmen to be the Old Catholics of England, and ended by deprecating the retention by the German Old Catholics of the creed of Pope Pius IV., and by urging an appeal to Holy Scripture as interpreted by antiquity, and recourse to prayer.

When he was on the point of starting for Cologne, the Bishop received a letter from Père Hyacinthe (M. Loyson) asking him to take up the question of the celibacy of the clergy, and to support his right to be regarded as a Catholic priest, and worthy to be received at the Congress of Cologne, in spite of his recent marriage. In consequence, the Bishop wrote a Latin letter to the president of the Congress, defending clerical marriage by citing ancient precedents, the practice of the Eastern Church, and the precepts of S. Paul. This letter he despatched from Bruges. M. Loyson presented himself at the Congress, and no objection was made to him on the ground of his being a married priest.

A few days before the Congress opened at Cologne the Bishop paid a visit to Bonn, where he held with some leading Old Catholics a private preliminary conference, attended by members of the Russian Church and English Churchmen. At this conference, which was commenced with an adaptation of the prayer commonly used at the opening of

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the session of the English Provincial Synod,[e] the Bishop urged the advisableness of beginning the Congress with a form of prayer, which he suggested should consist of the reading of Gal. i. 7—9; Eph. iv. 1—6; 2 Tim. iii. 14—17; 1 Peter iv. 11—13; Jude 3; followed by the Nicene Creed, the Veni Creator, the Lord's Prayer, and 2 Cor. xiii. 14. This proposal was too unaccordant with German custom to be acceptable all at once. For the present it was, however, determined that each section of the Congress should meet separately each morning for the suggested prayers before the public meeting commenced.

A preliminary gathering of a hospitable character took place at Cologne on September 19, at which, in addition to the leading German Old Catholics, Archbishop Van Loos, of Utrecht, and the Bishops of Ely, Lincoln, and Maryland were present. At this meeting Bishop Wordsworth assured his auditors that prayers would be offered for them in the cathedral church of Lincoln, and in the 800 churches of his diocese, adding,—

In conclusion, let me say that I trust by the blessing of God it may come to pass that we may not only be per-

[e] Pater luminum, et Fons omnis sapientiæ, concede propitius ut Spiritus Sanctus, Qui Concilio olim Apostolico aspiravit, deliberationes nostras dirigat, ducatque nos in omnem veritatem quæ est secundum pietatem; ut Fidem Apostolicam et verè Catholicam firmiter et constanter teneamus omnes. Tibique puro cultu intrepidè serviamus, per Jesum Christum, Dominum Nostrum. *Amen.*

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mitted to pray for you, but to pray with you. The time may come, I trust, when we may all be united with you in the same Church, in the same Scripture, in the same prayers, and in the same sacraments, and that having worshipped one God through one Divine Saviour, and by the inspiration of one Spirit upon earth, we may afterwards, when this transitory life is over, be permitted to stand together with you and sing praises for ever and ever, to the Blessed and Undivided Trinity in eternal glory as beatified spirits before the Throne of Grace. (Letter, p. 44.)

The next morning the formal sessions of the Congress began, and after an address by the president, Von Schulte, and from Archbishop Van Loos, Bishop Wordsworth spoke in Latin, to which he gave the foreign pronunciation. He began by pointing to the example of the English reformers, who were, in truth, Old Catholics, and declared that the cause of the excommunication of the Church of England by the Bishop of Rome was—

Because we resolved to return to Christ and His Apostles; because we determined to resort to the Holy Scriptures and to the Ancient Creeds of the Church, pure and incorrupt, and to enjoy the Sacraments of Christ, not mutilated, but entire; and because we renounced and rejected the errors, corruptions, novelties, and superstitions which were repugnant to the authority of Christ and His Apostles, and of the Primitive Church. The Bishop of Rome excommunicated us because we would not communicate with him in his errors; but, by excommunicating us, he not only excommunicated us, but in that respect he excommunicated the Primitive Church, he excommunicated the Apostles, and, with reverence be it said, he excommunicated Christ; and by excommunicating Christ he excom-

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municated himself, he cut himself off from the Catholic Church. (Letter, p. 54.)

His advice to the German Old Catholics was:—

Do what is in your power to restore the Primitive Church. Circulate the Holy Scriptures in your mother tongue, that they may be heard and read by all. Let the Creeds of the Ancient Church, pure and unadulterated, be recited by all in your religious assemblies. Let the Gospel be preached to all, and the Sacraments of Christ, unmutilated and unalloyed, be administered to all. (Letter, p. 55.)

The following day the Bishop received the leading members of the Congress at a dinner, at which kindly speeches were made by one and another advocate of unity, Grace being said by the Archbishop of Utrecht. At the conclusion of this entertainment Bishop Wordsworth took occasion to invite those present to England, promising them a hospitable reception, and in conclusion proposed the following sentiment:—"May it please God to unite all Churches in the true faith and love of our common Lord and Saviour, the Divine Head of the Church—Jesus Christ! May the motto of us all be, '*Unitas in Veritate!*'"

On his return to England the Bishop published a "Letter" to the clergy and laity of the diocese of Lincoln, recounting the impressions he had received from his visit to Cologne, which he sums up thus:—

The movement of the Old Catholics in Germany appears to be a part of the Divine plan for the gracious purposes of neutralizing the disastrous influences of Papal despotism,

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and of its necessary results—Unbelief and Anarchy; and for the salvation of many souls from the shipwreck which now threatens society.

On such grounds as these let us not uncharitably disparage it, because as yet its day may be "the day of small things;" but let us heartily thank God for it, and let us pray Him to bless and direct it. (Letter, p. 74.)

A consequence of the Congress of Cologne was the appointment of a Committee on Reunion, a sub-committee of which was constituted in December, 1873, consisting of Dr. Von Döllinger, Professor Friedrich, Professor Maassen, Bishop Harold Browne, Bishop Wordsworth, Professor Mayor, and Canon Meyrick. The action of this sub-committee, which was appointed for the purpose of carrying on a correspondence between its German and English members, led to the two Bonn Conferences of 1874 and 1875, which Dr. Von Döllinger called with the object of forming a basis on which the non-Romish members of the Catholic Church might combine. Bishop Wordsworth was not able to attend the conferences at Bonn, or the Old Catholic congresses of Constance and Freiburg, held in 1873 and 1874, but his interest was keenly awake to the great issues which were at stake. In some graceful Latin lines he declined the invitations to Constance and Freiburg. The progress of events at the Bonn Conference was watched by him with anxiety, and when, on the petition of the Anglo-Continental Society, the results of those conferences were brought before Convocation, he spoke, in succession

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to the Bishop of Winchester, warmly commending to the sympathies of the English Church the cause of intercommunion with Orientals and Old Catholics.

The opposition exhibited in some quarters in England and the stiffness of some of the theologians of the Oriental Church, discouraged Dr. Von Döllinger from carrying further the effort so hopefully begun at Bonn. And now commenced the most trying time for the Old Catholics, when they had to hold their own and consolidate themselves without the impulse of the first enthusiasm which had set them on foot, and without their having the great *rôle* to play which had at the outset attracted the admiration of Europe. During this time the Bishop's interest in their welfare did not flag. He steadily supported the Anglo-Continental Society, which had been from the beginning the medium of communication between English Churchmen and the foreign reformers, and he took advantage of every occasion that offered itself to cherish kindly relations and induce harmonious action. In 1878, when the Lambeth Conference was held, the important task of drafting the paragraph in the report which referred to the attitude of the Church of England towards foreign churches was committed to him. This paragraph was adopted by the Conference, and since that time it has been accepted as embodying the principle which should guide the action of members of the Church of England. It runs as follows:—

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We gladly welcome any effort for reform upon the model of the Primitive Church. We do not demand a rigid uniformity; we deprecate needless divisions; but to those who are drawn to us in the endeavour to free themselves from the yoke of error and superstition, we are ready to offer all help, and such privileges as may be acceptable to them and are consistent with the maintenance of our own principles, as enunciated in our formularies.

The principle thus laid down by the Lambeth Conference was formally adopted by the bishops of the American Church in the year 1880, who also resolved "that the great primitive rule of the Catholic Church —*Episcopatus unus est, cujus a singulis in solidum pars tenetur*—imposes upon the episcopates of all National Churches holding the Primitive Faith and order, and upon the several bishops of the same, not the right only, but the duty also, of protecting in the holding of that faith and the recovering of that order those who . . . have been deprived of both."

In 1882 the Anglo-Continental Society invited the two Old Catholic bishops, Bishop Reinkens of Germany, and Bishop Herzog of Switzerland, to England. Bishop Wordsworth was not able to attend a meeting at Cambridge, where they were received by the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Ely, and the authorities of the University; but he invited them to Riseholme, where they became his guests, and attended a meeting held at the Bishop's Hostel, Lincoln, over which he himself presided. At this meeting the Bishop having recalled the ancient ecclesiastical relations which existed between

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England and Germany, and between England and Switzerland, pointed out the essential difference between the position of Old Catholic bishops on the Continent and that of Roman bishops in England.

This was the last occasion on which the Bishop had intercourse with the Old Catholic leaders.

§ IV. Greece and the Oriental Church. 1833—1883.

We have already spoken of Dr. Wordsworth's interest in the Greek Church, which may be said to have dated from his visit to that country in 1833. The acquaintance which he made with bishops and priests and laymen during this visit added a personal element to the interest which, in any case, he would have taken as a theologian and a student of history of the Church of the East, whence Christianity was transmitted to the West—the Church which was the mother of Athanasius, Chrysostom, Basil, and Gregory, and, in later times, the antagonist of Papal usurpations. Accordingly he watched with anxiety and satisfaction the process of the creation of the National Church of Greece proper, independent of, and yet in subjection to, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and he was always ready to hold out a hand of fellowship to Greek Churchmen, while not shutting his eyes to the defects of the Oriental Church or the partial corruption of its doctrine. His own words addressed to the Upper House of the Convocation

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of Canterbury will best explain his position towards them:—

I am perfectly aware that there are persons who take pleasure in dwelling on the errors and corruptions of the Eastern Church. Now, I do not by any means ignore those errors and corruptions, but I would rather adopt the words of Archbishop Howley, a prelate remarkable alike for piety, learning, and charity, of whom it is recorded that when some person reminded him of certain corruptions and practices that prevailed, he, in the true apostolic spirit and with tears in his eyes, said, "I know it, but I also know perfectly well that we owe the tenderest commiseration to persons like the members of the Eastern Church, who have been in a state of bondage for many centuries." And then he quoted these two lines from Homer:—

"Ἥμισυ γὰρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
Ἀνέρος, εὖτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἦμαρ ἕλῃσιν." [7]

He expressed himself in like manner in the following year in his Preface to the Life of Archbishop Lycurgus.

Acting upon these principles, Dr. Wordsworth gladly executed the commission entrusted to him by Archbishop Longley, of translating into Greek the Lambeth Encyclic of 1867, together with a letter of brotherly salutation addressed by the archbishop to the patriarchs of the Orthodox Church, both of which were transmitted to the East by the agency of the Anglo-Continental Society. Eleven years later he translated in like manner the Encyclic of the second Lambeth Conference, at the instance of Archbishop Tait.

[7] Speech, 1876.

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In 1870, Alexander Lycurgus, Archbishop of Syros and Tenos, came to England for the purpose of consecrating a church for his co-religionists in Liverpool. The occasion was seized both by himself and by members of the Church of England to improve the understanding between the two Churches of Greece and England. His first visit was paid to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, the next to the Archbishop of York at Bishopsthorpe, and then he proceeded to Riseholme. Here the Bishop of Lincoln, after receiving him with the ceremonious courtesy to which an Eastern prelate is accustomed, presented to him Mrs. Wordsworth and his daughters. "*Πολλὰ καλά*," cried the archbishop, "*κατὰ τὸ ἀρχαῖον ἔθος*" (Very well, this is according to primitive custom). In the evening, the archbishop, accompanied by two archimandrites and a deacon, attended prayers in the chapel, and was delighted by the bishop reading the Second Lesson in Greek, with the pronunciation made use of in Greece at the present day, and reciting the Nicene Creed in like manner in the original Greek. At the close of it he exclaimed, "*γένοιτο, γένοιτο*," with much fervour. The Greek form of the Creed not containing the words "and from the Son," which were interpolated in the Latin form, and were made use of first in Spain, the archbishop rejoiced to join with an Anglican bishop in the recitation of the Symbol of the Church as it was used in his own cathedral at Syros, and on coming out of the chapel

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seized both hands of the bishop and thanked him with tears in his eyes. The bishop's power of conversing with the archbishop without the intervention of an interpreter, as well as his readiness to act himself as interpreter for his guest when it was needed, was, throughout this visit, a great satisfaction to the archbishop.

It happened, fortunately, that the archbishop's visit coincided in time with the consecration of Dr. Mackenzie as Suffragan Bishop of Nottingham. On February 2nd, therefore, the Feast of the Purification, the Riseholme party proceeded to Nottingham, where the consecration was to take place. The church appointed for the ceremony was S. Mary's, Nottingham; the Bishops of London, Lincoln, Lichfield, and S. Andrew's were the consecrating prelates. The Archbishop of Syros, the two archimandrites, and the deacon were placed within the communion-rails on the south side of the altar, and this position they occupied during the whole of the consecration and communion service, standing reverently according to the Oriental custom throughout the time. Next to them stood the present Archbishop of Canterbury, at that time examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln. After the religious services were concluded, and the clergy had withdrawn to the vestry, the archbishop threw his arms round the neck of the newly-consecrated Chorepiscopus, and gave him the kiss of peace, exclaiming "I trust that when the great day comes, you will be able to give a good

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account of the stewardship this day entrusted to you."

In the afternoon the bishop entertained his Eastern guests at a dinner-party in the Nottingham Town Hall, at the close of which the bishop proposed Archbishop Lycurgus' health, recalling, after his manner, the various historical occurrences which had served to bind the Anglican and Oriental Churches together, and ending with a Greek address, delivered with great distinctness, with the modern Greek pronunciation.

The archbishop replied expressing his joy and thankfulness for the love displayed to him and to the Orthodox Church in his person; "and let us," said he, "be the first to give the watchword of that unity which is so much to be desired and prayed for, carefully mending again the robe of Christ, rent now as it never ought to be rent, and is being rent in our own days more and more, on one side by the Western pride, which impiously and licentiously claims for itself the glory of God, and confounds the peace of the whole Church and tears asunder the bond of Christian love, and on the other side by a spirit of ill-understood liberty, which cuts away with a daring hand all bonds of union with the ancient Church, and overthrows the very idea of the One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. Agreeing thus in the unity of the Faith by love, let us fulfil those words of the Apostle, "One spirit, and one body, as also ye were called in one hope of your calling;

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one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

After parting at Nottingham, the bishop and Archbishop Lycurgus met no more. Just before leaving England the archbishop wrote:—

I am going, God willing, straight to Constantinople, where I shall joyfully recount to the Œcumenical Patriarch all that I have seen and heard here, and above all shall impart at length to his Holiness the love which you, so noble, so philorthodox, so philhellenic, have displayed, and in every respect, my beloved brother in Christ, I will do all that is in my power to co-operate for the holy object of the unity of the Churches. For this is the will of our Saviour. This our Oriental orthodox Church prays for night and day. This all who are minded like Christ and live like Christ are seeking. Yes, and they shall obtain what they seek, I am sure of it, through the grace and love of Him who was made man and who suffered for us. His blessing again I invoke upon your house.

Shortly after his return to the East, in acknowledgment of "the magnificent hospitality," as he termed it, which he met with in England, the archbishop sent presents, characteristic of the East, to several of his hosts and friends, and, among others, to the Bishop of Lincoln. Those which the bishop received consisted of cameos of mother-of-pearl, representing the Birth, Baptism, and Resurrection of our Blessed Lord, and a bas-relief of the Transfiguration; of rings and ornamental chains for the bishop's family; of Greek honey and Eastern sweetmeats.

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The bishop acknowledged these gifts in the following lines:—

ΤΩι ΠΑΝΙΕΡΩΤΑΤΩι ΑΡΧΙΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΩι ΣΥΡΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΤΗΝΟΥ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΩι
ΧΡΙΣΤΟΦΟΡΟΣ ΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΟΣ ΛΙΓΚΟΛΝΙΑΣ
ΧΑΙΡΕΙΝ ΕΝ ΚΥΡΙΩι.

Χαῖρέ μοι Ἑλλήνων λογιώτατε, χαῖρε κράτιστε
Ἀρχιερεῦ, σεμνῆς ἄνθος ὁμηλικίης.
Δῶρά σεθεν χαρίεντα, σοφῆς τεχνάσματα χειρός,
ἡσπασάμην ἱλαρῶν ἀγκαλίσιν παπίδων.
Μικτὰ δίδως ξουθῶν ἠδύσμασιν ἔργα μελισσῶν,
ἡδυλόγου γλώσσης σύμβολα, καὶ φιλίας·
Θαύματ' ἐδωρήσω λευκαῖς τετυπωμένα κόγχαις,
ἀγλαὰ σημείων δείγματα θεσπεσίων.
Τὸν ΘΕΟΝ ἔκ τε ΘΕΟΥ γεννώμενον ἄνδρα θεωρῶ,
ἄφθιτον ἐκ θανάτου πρωτότοκον νεκύων.
Ἐνσάρκου βάπτισμα ΛΟΓΟΥ καὶ ῥεῦμα δέδορκα
ΠΝΕΥΜΑΤΟΣ ἁγνισθὲν ζωοδότου χάριτι·
Θαυμάζω ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ δόξῃ στίλβοντα φαεινῇ
εἵματα, καὶ φωνὴν σχιζομένης νεφέλης.
Δακτυλίους, ὅρμους τε, φίλης ἑνότητος ἄγαλμα,
γηθοσύναις παρὰ σοῦ χερσὶν ἐδεξάμεθα.
Ω ΘΕΟΣ εἰρήνης, δοίης δεσμοῖσιν ἑνοῦσθαι
Ἄγγλους Ἕλλησιν τῆς ἀγάπης ἁλύτοις·
Εἴθε μίαν Πίστιν, μίαν Ἐλπίδα, συντηροῦντες
συναίοιμεν ἀεὶ πατρίδ' ἐπουρανίαν.

The archbishop preceded the bishop to "the heavenly country" by some ten years, having taken an active part in the very year before he died in the second Conference at Bonn, at which were drawn up six articles of agreement on the subject of the Procession of the Holy Spirit, which has so long kept the Churches of the East and West asunder.

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The effect of Archbishop Lycurgus' representation of what he had witnessed and experienced in England was very great in drawing out the sympathies of the Church of Greece proper, and of Turkey, towards English Churchmen. The following is the testimony of an English Chaplain on the Levant on this point:—

I found during ten years' residence in the East as a chaplain in her Majesty's service that the favourable report given by Archbishop Lycurgus (of Syros) of the reception his Holiness had received in England, and notably from the late Bishop of Lincoln, had ensured for our Church the most kindly and considerate regard. Whenever the Bishop of Gibraltar came to Smyrna I accompanied him in visits to the Greek and Armenian bishops, and on the 3rd and 6th of May, 1875, invited them to assist him and Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem in the consecration of our two cemeteries there. They attended with their clergy and delivered touching addresses to their own people, who had come in large numbers to witness the ceremonies. In true Christian and brotherly affection they spoke of our branch of the Catholic Church. I venture to affirm that this could not have happened in former years, nor the spectacle have been witnessed of Oriental prelates seated side by side with Anglican bishops in the sanctuary and during the service of our church. The courtesy shown to Archbishop Lycurgus on his visit to England paved the way for such interchange of godly feeling. (Letter of Rev. J. D'ombrain.)

In 1880 the writer of the above letter, the Rev. J. D'ombrain, resigned his chaplaincy at Smyrna and took charge of a parish in the diocese of Lincoln. This event served as an occasion for an interchange of

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kindly communications between Bishop Wordsworth and Archbishop Constantine Chrysopolios, Metropolitan of Smyrna, and Melchizedech, Armenian Archbishop in the same city. The two archbishops gave letters of commendation to Mr. D'ombrain for him to present to the Bishop of Lincoln as a brother bishop in the Church of Christ. Archbishop Melchizedech is an accomplished linguist and a man of considerable learning, who received part of his education in Germany, and his commendatory epistle refers to the Bishop of Lincoln's remarkable labours in the study of Holy Scripture, and speaks with deep gratitude of his sympathy with the Eastern Church.

Bishop Wordsworth saw plainly that if our relations to foreign Churches were to be put upon a proper basis, influence must be brought to bear, not only on French, Italian, German, Swiss, and Oriental Churchmen, but also and above all on the Church of England herself. With the view of taking his part in this work he joined the Anglo-Continental Society very soon after its institution in the year 1853, and served on its committee until his death. He was always ready to support its president, Bishop Harold Browne, at the public meetings of the Society. He permitted no fewer than twenty books or pamphlets of which he was the author, to be published by it in various languages, and to Isaac Casaubon's letter to Cardinal Perron on "The Faith and Unity of the Christian Church," and to Archbishop Lycurgus' Life he supplied prefaces. One of his works pub

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lished by the Society in French and Italian was "Theophilus Anglicanus," the French version of which was sent by him to every bishop in France, accompanied by a Latin letter from the author; the Italian version of his "Three Letters to a Statesman" was presented to every member of the Italian Parliament. His Anglican reply to Pope Pius IX. was circulated in six languages—Latin, French, Italian, German, Greek, and Icelandic. Not only in connection with this Society, but also in Convocation, in Church Congresses, in Conferences, and elsewhere Bishop Wordsworth co-operated with Bishop Harold Browne in awakening the mind of the English Church to her duties towards the members of other National Churches. It is indeed mainly due to these two far-sighted prelates that on the one hand so great an advance has been made upon the Continent and in the East in apprehending the true character and position of the Church of England, and on the other that the Church of England has herself been awakened to her responsibilities as a part of the Church Catholic, and that men have come to see that she has, as such, a mission, not only to the people of England, but to Christendom at large.

We must not quit this subject without reminding ourselves and our readers that not only did Bishop Wordsworth show his active sympathy and his wonted munificence in regard to foreign Churches, but he made their welfare the object of his constant prayers. Among his children's earliest recollections are the

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fervent Sunday-morning petitions both for the Western Churches and "the once-glorious Churches of the East." Among their latest are the solemn words with which, on Sunday evenings, in the Chapel at Riseholme, he was wont to precede the three-fold benediction, committing to God's merciful protection "this household and parish, this city and diocese, the Church of England, the Church Universal, and the *whole family of mankind.*" Fit words for one who every year he lived, seemed to grow more and more in sympathy with all God's creatures, and to desire more fervently His blessing upon them.

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CHAPTER XII.

LITERARY WORK.

FOR several reasons the literary side of Dr. Wordsworth's work ought to be brought out prominently in his "Life;" first, of course, on account of the reputation which he achieved as a man of letters; then, as illustrative of that extraordinary mental activity which enabled him to ply his pen as busily as ever in spite of the overwhelming burden of work which an unwieldy diocese entailed upon him; but chiefly because his own life and character are thoroughly reflected in his works. Though he scarcely ever wrote about himself, all his writings are, at least to those who can read between the lines, a sort of autobiography.

He was a most voluminous writer, and in the later part of his life especially his busy pen was constantly called into exercise about questions which were of great importance at the time, but have now been thoroughly threshed out. He frequently—perhaps generally—took the unpopular side, but in all his battles he never forgot the laws of Christian courtesy; his writings, like his words and actions, were always those of the true Christian gentleman. And hence those who disagreed with him most always respected

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him; his pen raised against him many opponents, but, so far as we are aware, no enemies.

His first group of writings[1] of any note were connected with classical subjects. They include "Athens and Attica" (1836), "Pompeian Inscriptions" (1837), and "Greece, Pictorial and Descriptive" (1839). In his work on "Pompeian Inscriptions"[2] he broke ground hitherto untouched by scholars, in deciphering inscriptions traced by a hard stylus on the cement of the walls of Pompeii. The felicity with which some of these careless scratches of ill-taught slave or idle passer-by are thus illustrated after an interval of nearly 2000 years, is not only valuable in its immediate results, but affects us with a strange sense of the unity and continuity of human life. The *brochure* published on this occasion has been spoken of in high terms by Garrucci, Lenormant, Mommsen, Zangermeister, and others, and may be found reprinted in the author's "Miscellanies," and, in a more portable form, in his "Conjectural Emendations." His works on Greece, "Athens and Attica,"

[1] His earliest publication "On the admission of Dissenters to graduate in the University," appeared in 1834, when he was a Fellow of Trinity. This was followed by an "Installation Ode" (Marquis of Camden, Chancellor of Cambridge) in 1835. His first published sermon was a "Spital Sermon" (giving the argument in favour of Christianity from hospitals), preached before the Lord Mayor in 1838. The Master of Trinity, who had been asked to preach, begged that his son might be allowed to take his place.

[2] "Inscriptiones Pompeianæ, or Specimens and Fac-similes of Ancient Writing on the Walls of Pompeii." Murray, 1837 and 1846.

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and "Greece, Pictorial and Descriptive," are well known. Both these books, which were most favourably received, still hold their ground. "Athens and Attica" passed into a second edition in 1837. In the preface he indicates that he had a larger work in view on the whole country. This was undertaken for Messrs. Orr and Co., Paternoster Row (who were introduced to him by the late Lord Lytton, as desirous of publishing an illustrated book on Greece), and came out in 1839. It was afterwards republished by Mr. Murray, and in 1841 translated into French and published at Paris by E. Regnault. It has passed through many editions, and has recently been thoroughly revised by a very competent authority (Rev. H. F. Tozer, Fellow of Exeter College), who has frequently expressed his admiration of the original work. One of the most interesting points in the book is the ingenious guess, or rather the shrewd deduction, which fixed the site of Dodona, many years before its actual discovery, at the ruins of an old city (about eleven miles south-west of Janina) near a place called Dramisus, which he visited on September 12, 1832, in company with Mr. R. Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton; and few things gratified Bishop Wordsworth more in his old age than the discoveries (published in 1878 by M. Constantine Carapános), which irrefragably confirmed those conclusions.[3]

[3] See the last edition of "Greece" and "Conjectural Emendations," p. 37.

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In our own day when a visit to Greece is an ordinary feat for the University man in his Easter vacation, and when photography has brought the marvels of Hellenic art within the reach of us all, we are apt to forget the difficulties which beset travellers fifty years ago, when the glowing stanzas of "Childe Harold" were fresh in the public mind, and when the enthusiasm for Greece was at its height. Of that enthusiasm the young Fellow of Trinity had his full share. For him, if for any man of his day, Greece lived in the pages of her poets and historians, and amid the inextinguishable beauty of her sculpture and ceramic art, and the still legible inscriptions of her ruins. Every page of the book teems with happy illustrations from the Greek dramatists; it has, moreover, all the charm and freshness of a sketch done on the spot, and the accuracy and firmness of touch which belong only to the well-trained eye and hand. Yet here, as everywhere, the thought of Christianity, if not predominant, was never long absent from his mind. In the city of Socrates, or while gazing on the Stadium and Amphitheatre of Corinth, such a traveller could not forget—which of us could forget? —the presence of S. Paul.

In 1841 Dr. Wordsworth published a volume of Harrow sermons and "Preces Selectæ" for the use of Harrow School, as well as a "Manual for those about to be Confirmed." These are noticeable as instances of the revival of that interest in the spiritual welfare of our public schools of which so striking an

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example was being set by his brother Wykehamists, Dr. Arnold at Rugby and Dr. Moberly at Winchester. In the same year he published King Edward VI.'s Latin Grammar, which maintained its place as the standard text-book in most schools until the publication of the Latin Primer. It was based upon the old Eton Latin Grammar, and was highly esteemed by Dean Gaisford and other eminent scholars. It was published as a companion to his brother Charles' "Græcæ Grammaticæ Rudimenta," which was founded upon the old Eton Grammar, and still holds its ground.

1842 saw the publication of the "Correspondence of Richard Bentley." This work had been designed by Dr. Monk, Bentley's biographer; but on his appointment to the See of Gloucester, Bishop Monk passed on the papers which he had collected to Mr. John Wordsworth, who was busily employed upon the work up to the time of his last illness. Upon his death his brother Christopher took up the task, and one can well understand that to a man who so loved the classics the labour spent upon the correspondence of the first critic and classical scholar of his day would be indeed a labour of love; nor would the thought that the correspondent was one of the many illustrious men who had filled the post which his own father was then filling lessen his interest in his task. It may be added that the preface contains a brief memoir of his brother John, written with singularly good taste and with severe self-suppression.

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We next come to a volume which has perhaps been the most widely influential of all Dr. Wordsworth's compositions. "Theophilus Anglicanus," published in 1843, had in the first instance a very modest aim. It was intended simply to instruct the author's pupils at Harrow in the elements of Church principles; but Dr. Wordsworth even then seems to have foreseen the possible importance of the work and the consequent necessity of being particularly careful in his statements, for he enlisted the aid of two of the best Churchmen of the day, Joshua Watson and his own father, the Master of Trinity, to revise the proof-sheets. He also procured the written approval of Dr. Howley, as archbishop of the province, and Dr. Blomfield, as bishop of the diocese in which it was published.

"Theophilus Anglicanus" exactly met a deeply-felt want, which no man was better able to supply than Dr. Wordsworth. In 1843 the revival of Church principles by the Oxford movement had met with a serious check, owing to the secession of some of the most prominent men in that movement to Rome. Rome was regarded in many quarters as the ultimate bourne of men who were really contending for such principles as were held by the great Caroline divines. It was necessary that those who would successfully combat this notion should be thoroughly well acquainted with the writings of the primitive fathers, and also with those of the great divines of the Church

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of England. Now, perhaps no man living fulfilled all these conditions so completely as Dr. Wordsworth did. The extremest partisans could hardly suspect him of any leaning towards Rome. He was so notably honest and outspoken that no one could dream of thinking that he had any other object than that which appeared upon the surface. On the other hand, like his father and Joshua Watson and many more men of that date than is commonly supposed, he had the firmest grasp of distinctive Church principles, and he was well-read beyond most men of his day, both in early Church history and in the history of our own branch of the Church.

The plan of "Theophilus Anglicanus" is admirably adapted for the purpose which the author had in view. This was to give the young Churchman a clear and definite conception, first of the Church Catholic, then of the Anglican branch of the Church, and of her true position as regarded Rome on the one side and the various Protestant sects on the other; and finally of her connection, as the National Church of England, with the civil power.

These objects were best secured by adopting the method of question and answer; and after every answer, quotations from standard divines are cited, generally in full, and not merely in references which not one reader in a hundred would take the trouble to verify. The early fathers of the Church are most frequently laid under contribution; next to these the great English divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth

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centuries, especially the seventeenth. Hooker is the most frequently quoted; next to him, Barrow, Sanderson, and Isaac Casaubon; to the last name Dr. Wordsworth seems to take a special pleasure in referring; and no wonder, considering the argument which that great scholar's religious experiences supply for the strength of the position occupied by the English Church. The book was greeted by a sonnet from the aged Poet Laureate; and in 1861 was translated into French by Dr. Wordsworth's valued friend, Dr. Godfray, and sent to all the French Bishops, and other eminent persons. There is also an American edition of it entitled, "Theophilus Americanus," adapted to the circumstances of the Church in the United States.

Dr. Wordsworth's excellent edition of Theocritus (1844) will be dealt with in connection with its reappearance in 1877 in a fuller form. The "Diary in France"[4] (1845) and the "Letters to M. Gondon"

[4] *Letter from Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity, to W. Wordsworth, Esq.*—"By the way, you will not be sorry to hear what the Duke of Wellington's opinion is of Christopher's 'Diary.' 'What, my Lord Duke, is your opinion of the state of matters on the Continent—in France, Germany, &c.—in respect particularly to religion, &c.?' So asked Gerald Wellesley, the clergyman, formerly chaplain to Bishop Van Mildert, one morning at breakfast. 'Think,' replies the Duke; 'I think very ill of it. I think they are in a very sad condition. But I have been reading a book by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth—his "Diary"—and I like it much. You must read it, and there you will see what I think and what you ought to think.' This we have twice over, from persons to whom Gerald Wellesley told it. I wonder *how much* Sir Robert Peel would *like* the book *if he were to read it?*"

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(1847) have been treated in connection with Dr. Wordsworth's intercourse with foreign Churches; and the two series of Hulsean Lectures (1847 and 1848) will be touched upon in connection with his sermons generally. The next work, therefore, that now demands our attention is "The Memoirs of William Wordsworth," published in 1851. Considering the great fame of the subject of these volumes, the intimacy which had subsisted between the uncle and the nephew, and the strong sympathy which the latter had with the mind and character of the former, it might have been expected that this would have been one of the most successful of all Dr. Wordsworth's works. But, from the publisher's point of view at least, this was not the case. On the one hand it must be remembered that the life of William Wordsworth was singularly barren of external incident and dramatic situation. Compared, for instance, with that of Walter Scott, a storehouse of racy anecdotes, quaint characters, and entertaining letters, it contrasted as markedly with Lockhart's delightful work, as the "Prelude" and "Excursion" did with the "Waverley" novels. Compared again with the life of such a man as Goethe, the sober domestic happiness of the poet of Rydal could never offer such a field for the biographer as the picture which the highly emotional and singularly versatile and many-sided author of the "Dichtung und Wahrheit" has given us of himself. The poet Wordsworth's real biography lay in "the growth of his own mind," and

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this he has himself written in his works. Again, the very reverence which the nephew felt for the uncle, and the dislike of "personal talk" [5] which was almost traditional in the family, stood in the way of his reproducing the mere chit-chat and gossip which it would not have been difficult to collect in the case of such a man; while he stood too near him both in personal and mental relationship to be well qualified to write a critical analysis of his works.

Yet when allowance for all this has been made we still venture to think the Memoirs of William Wordsworth, if published somewhat later, when the poet's fame had had time to grow and his works become better known, would have produced a greater effect on the public. The book will well repay a careful study, as the best commentary on the poems, as well as for the extracts from the charming journal of Miss Wordsworth in Vol. I., and the poet's admirable letters on education in Vol. II., while the personal reminiscences at the end bring the man's truest and best self before us.

In 1853 Dr. Wordsworth published a small volume to which a singular interest is attached, owing to the light which it throws upon a little known period of early Church history, and to the critical acumen it displays. The volume is entitled "S. Hippolytus and the Church of Rome in the Third Century." It was called forth by the publication of an important Greek treatise ascribed to Origen, under the title of

[5] See the sonnets so entitled.

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"Philosophumena, or a Refutation of all Heresies." Though brought to Paris from Mount Athos as early as 1842, this was not published till 1851, when it was first printed (curiously enough at Oxford) by M. Emmanuel Miller of the Royal Library at Paris. The book at once produced a sensation, only paralleled in our own time by the appearance of the later chapters of S. Clement's Epistle, and the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles." The authorship of Origen was soon seen to be doubtful. Among others the book was attributed to S. Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus. Dr. Wordsworth embraced this opinion, first propounded, we believe, by Archdeacon Churton, with much earnestness, and defended it with great ingenuity and learning.

The question was one of deep interest to him, not merely or mainly as a question of ancient history, but as affecting another question of pressing modern importance, that of Papal Infallibility. S. Hippolytus had been canonized as a saint and martyr by the Roman Church. When his statue was discovered in 1551 it was restored and removed to the Vatican by the then Pope, Pius IV. And yet in the "Refutation of all Heresies," two of the heretics who are refuted, Zephyrinus and Callistus, are two successive Bishops of Rome. If S. Hippolytus was the author, that refutation was written by a learned bishop and theologian of the Roman Church, and a scholar of the great S. Irenæus, and the bearing of this fact upon the question of Papal Infallibility is sufficiently obvious

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The volume brought the author into controversy with two men of great mark, for both of whom he had the deepest personal respect. Soon after its first publication it was attacked with some severity by C. C. J. Bunsen in the Preface to the second edition of his work on "Hippolytus and his Age," published in 1854. Bunsen thought that his earlier book had not been treated with sufficient respect, and complained that his authority had been ignored. He was likewise out of sympathy with Dr. Wordsworth's ecclesiastical conservatism, though agreeing with him on the question of the authorship of the book. The Canon of Westminster defended himself in a pamphlet entitled "Remarks on M. Bunsen's Work, 1855," in which he showed something of that sarcastic spirit which, but for the check that he gradually learnt to put upon it, would undoubtedly have been a conspicuous feature of his intellectual character. Some years later, another theologian of high repute, Dr. Ignatius von Döllinger, tried to weaken the force of the anti-Papal argument by asserting that Hippolytus was himself a Novatian heretic, and in fact the first anti-Pope. In 1880 Dr. Wordsworth issued a new edition of his work on S. Hippolytus, in which he dealt with Dr. Von Döllinger's objections, but evidently with great reluctance, for he concludes:—

> I should have been very thankful to have been spared the necessity of making any other comments than those of assent on what has been said on the subject by a person

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who is justly regarded by members of the English Church with such deep feelings of veneration and affection, both on public and private grounds, as Dr. Von Döllinger.

On the other hand, Dr. Martin Routh, the venerable President of Magdalen College, Oxford, characterized Dr. Wordsworth's "excellent and talented book on S. Hippolytus" as the "production of a writer better acquainted with primitive antiquities than any I had supposed to exist among us."

Passing over the "Notes at Paris," which have been described in the chapter on Dr. Wordsworth's intercourse with foreign Churches, and the Boyle Lectures (1854), which form the Fifth Series of the "Occasional Sermons" preached in Westminster Abbey, we next come to what must be regarded as, in more senses than one, his *magnum opus*, the Commentary on the Bible.

His mind had evidently been inclining for some time towards this great enterprise; for, as we shall see when we come to consider his sermons, he frequently selected subjects which may be regarded as a kind of prefatory excursion towards the Commentary. Indeed, in order to trace out the sequence of Dr. Wordsworth's mind, it would be necessary to deal with many of his sermons before the Commentary; but as both the sermons on the Interpretation and Inspiration of the Bible and the Commentary on the Bible take precisely the same view, the latter being simply an amplification, not a modification or development of the earlier, it is more convenient to

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consider all the sermons together, and not to separate those which bear on the special subject of the Commentary from the rest.

In 1856 the Four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles were published; in 1859 the Epistles of S. Paul arranged chronologically; and in 1860 the General Epistles and the Book of Revelation. The Greek text was "not a reprint of that hitherto received in any impression of the New Testament." Dr. Wordsworth "endeavoured to avail himself of the collations of the MSS. which had been supplied by others, and to offer to the reader the result at which he arrived after an examination of these collations."

It would be presumptuous, as well as out of place in a biography, to attempt to offer any minute criticism or analysis of a work of this magnitude; it must suffice to make some general remarks on the author's qualifications for the task and his method of carrying it out.

And, in the first place, we must never lose sight of Dr. Wordsworth's standpoint. Those who think that the Bible should be studied like any other book, that the mind which is brought to bear upon the matter should be a *tabula rasa* open to receive any impression that may be made upon it, approach the subject from an entirely different point of view. Dr. Wordsworth expressly declares at the outset that he regards "Biblical criticism as a high and holy science, qualifying man for the discharge of the duties of life and for the enjoyment of the bliss of eternity."

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It is most important to notice for whose use the Commentary was in the first instance written. It was designed especially for the use of students in schools and colleges, and candidates for Holy Orders, and for such the expositor thinks it "his first duty to supply them with food derived from Scripture itself, for the hallowing of their affections and for elevating their imaginations, and for nourishing their piety and animating their devotion, and for enabling them to see and recognize with joy that Holy Scripture best interprets itself and supplies the best discipline for the mind as well as satisfies all the aspirations of the soul."[6] He is very explicit on the point that an expositor requires that moral and spiritual preparation which none but the Holy Spirit can afford. "If Scripture is to be believed, we are sure that no one can rightly interpret it without the aid of the Holy Spirit by whom it was written." He must also bow reverently to the voice of the Church. "The ancient fathers of the Primitive Church are the guides whom he will, above all, follow. In matters of doctrine, the province of expositors of the New Testament is to hand down the sacred deposit of ancient interpretation, illustrated by clearer light, and confirmed by the solid support of a sound and sober criticism." "It is an illusive hope that advances can be made in the work of sacred interpretation by the instrumentality of any who reject the expositions of Scripture received by ancient Christendom, and who propound

[6] Preface to the New Testament, p. xiv.

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new interpretations invented by themselves at variance with the general teaching of Scripture as received by the Catholic Church." Next to the early fathers, Dr. Wordsworth places the theological literature of the Church of England. Indeed, he thinks in some respects the divines of England have enjoyed advantages for the doctrinal exposition of truth which were not possessed even by the fathers themselves. He quotes Bacon to show that "one of the best commentaries on Scripture might be extracted from the writings of English divines:"—

"Especially," he adds, "is this true of those who were imbued with a spirit of reverence for the works of Christian antiquity and who applied the teaching of the fathers to the exposition of Holy Writ, and to the refutation of the errors of their own times. Who can excel Hooker and Bishop Andrewes in expounding the words of S. John? Who more successful than Bishop Sanderson in applying to cases of conscience the reasonings of S. Paul? or than Bishop Pearson in bringing together a well-marshalled array of Scriptural testimonies in defence of the doctrines of the Christian Faith?"

It should next be observed that Dr. Wordsworth began his Commentary with the New Testament, not with the Old. He did this deliberately, and not without a very intelligible reason. In his "Lectures on the Apocalypse" he explains the text, "When those living creatures give glory and honour and thanks to Him that sat on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever, the four and twenty elders fall down before Him that sat on the throne" (Rev. iv. 9, 10), as indicating

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that the New Testament gives a voice to the Old; the Old Testament finds its true meaning for the Christian when he has first read the New; in the light of the latter he must interpret the former. This idea is amplified in two very interesting letters which he wrote to the editor of the *Literary Churchman*, and they bear so directly upon the subject of which we are treating that we quote them in full:—

SIR,—The fundamental principle of my Commentary is that in order to understand the *Old* Testament aright, we must begin with the *New*.

In dealing with sceptics and gainsayers, we must, I think, do as the ancient Church did in dealing with Jews and Manichæans, and convince them, in the first place, of the Divine nature and mission of CHRIST.

I would take as a specimen S. Justin Martyr's argument against Trypho the Jew, and S. Augustine's books against Faustus the Manichæan. We must, I think, pursue a similar method to theirs in dealing with sceptics who sneer at the incidents recorded of the patriarchs in the Old Testament, and who treat these incidents with profane contempt and jocular scurrility. We shall, I am sure, fail to convince them if we argue with them from the *letter* alone. Are we not rather to remind them that these histories of the Old Testament have been received as true by Christ, and as divinely inspired, and have also been received as facts by the Holy Apostles and by the Primitive Church Universal, and that we have been taught by Christ and His Apostles not only to regard them as historically true, but as containing divine mysteries?

To say that this *spiritual* interpretation of the Old Testament will not of itself *proprio vigore* convince sceptics and refute gainsayers is perfectly true. But I am sure that we shall only *confirm* sceptics and *create* gain-

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sayers by limiting ourselves to the *literal* method of interpretation. And I also believe that if we follow the teaching of our Blessed Lord, and of His Holy Apostles, and the Apostolic Fathers, and all the best ancient interpreters, and *begin* with inviting sceptics and gainsayers to examine the evidence of Christianity, and if we have done our duty in leading them to read the *Old* Testament by the light of the New, then the value of all such spiritual interpretations of the Old Testament as are supplied to us by the Holy Spirit in the New, and by the teaching of the Church Universal, will be readily admitted; and the objections of sceptics and gainsayers will have been prevented, and many thousands of souls, which will otherwise perish, will be saved from the perils of Unbelief.

I venture to speak more strongly on this subject because the dangers to which the Faith of England (especially in regard to the Old Testament) is now exposed have arisen, as you well know, from the abandonment of the ancient, Christian, Apostolic, and patristic system of interpretation of the Old Testament for the frigid and servile modern exegesis of the literalists, who see nothing in the Old Testament but a common history, and who read it (as S. Paul says the Jews do) "with a veil on their heart," "which veil" (he adds) "is done away in Christ."

To act in the spirit of this Apostolic declaration and to raise the Biblical exegesis of the Old Testament from the miserably low level to which it has now unhappily fallen seems to me to be the noblest work of Biblical exegesis in these perilous times.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

November 26, 1864.

DEAR SIR,—The great problem of the times is, I conceive—How to deal with sceptics and gainsayers in their warfare against the Old Testament. For my own part, I

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candidly confess that many of the *answers* which have been put forth to their objections have caused me more regret than the objections themselves.

In many of these answers it is taken for granted that the Old Testament is like a culprit at the bar, and the answerer comes forth to deprecate and arrest a sentence of condemnation by means of arguments derived merely from the bare letter of the Sacred Text. He does not remind the gainsayer that the Old Testament stands in a position of dignity and majesty far above all earthly tribunals, that it has received the divine sanction of Christ, and that those histories in it at which the sceptic and gainsayer scoff have been received as true by Him, and that they have also been declared by Him and by the Holy Spirit speaking in the New Testament to be not only historically true, but also to be full of spiritual meaning and of divine life and light.

But by foregoing such pleas as these, and by placing his client in the humiliating position I have described, the modern apologist of the Bible almost ensures a verdict against it. If men are to wait till all the objections of sceptics are answered, they will never believe in the Old Testament.

How different was the treatment which it received from the Holy Apostles and all the ancient fathers who ever wrote on the Old Testament. S. Paul does not hesitate to say that the *letter* of the Old Testament *killeth* (2 Cor. iii. 6)—that is, the letter when taken alone, without the spirit; and I need hardly remind you that all the expositions of the Old Testament which have come down to us from the ancient Church are grounded on this principle.

Either, then, our Blessed Lord and His Apostles and the whole of the ancient Church of God were in darkness and error in their treatment of the Old Testament and in their vindication of it against the objections of gainsayers and sceptics, or else the modern Biblical exegesis of those

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who confine their arguments against gainsayers and sceptics to the letter of the Old Testament ought not to be hailed as a triumph, and ought not to be eulogized as an advance in the noblest of all sciences—the science of Biblical Criticism; but it ought rather to be deplored as a lamentable decline and downfall from the true principles of Scripture Interpretation; and ought, with the help of God, to be raised up again and restored to that standard which was set up by the hand of Him who is the Truth.

I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

It should, however, be carefully observed that though Dr. Wordsworth lays so much stress upon the spiritual, figurative, typical meaning of the Old Testament, he never spiritualizes away the facts, which are always literal facts to him in the first instance. He invests them with a deeper spiritual meaning, that is all; but it gives to him the only true key to their significance.

To return, however, to the New Testament, which, as we have seen, he, of deliberate purpose, completed before he began to publish the Old. The first thing that strikes us is the extraordinary wealth of patristic learning with which he fortifies his interpretations. In doing this, he was drawing from stores which he had been accumulating for many years. Even so early as 1842 the Master of Trinity (than whom no man could be a better judge) wrote to his brother the poet:—

With respect to Christopher, even you perhaps are very imperfectly aware how, in his amazing activity and perseverance, he has, by his leisure evenings at Harrow from school

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business and his vacations, qualified himself for the office [that is, the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge]. Even in one department only, I verily believe that there is perhaps no one English scholar now living who has at once so extensive and so accurate a knowledge of the great body both of the Greek and Latin fathers as he has, and I rejoice to say all the conclusions he is in the habit of drawing from his studies are in strict harmony with the genuine principles of the Church of England.

This letter is dated "Buxted Parsonage, Uckfield, Nov. 7, 1842." During the interval which elapsed between the date of this letter and the publication of the Greek Testament, Dr. Wordsworth had been continually adding to his store of patristic learning, so that when he wrote, he was not only thoroughly acquainted with the writings, but also thoroughly permeated with the spirit of the early fathers. Hence the many analogies which he draws and the figurative meanings which he finds. To some they may appear at times fanciful and far-fetched, but those who are at all acquainted with the writings, for instance, of Origen, Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine, will understand how a deep and reverential student of them, as Dr. Wordsworth was, could hardly fail to catch their tone. It is singular how this feature in Dr. Wordsworth's Commentary attracted and impressed a man whose training and ways of life differed widely from his own, the late General Gordon.

No less striking is the vast amount of knowledge which he shows of the great divines of the Church of

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England. Those of the seventeenth century—Andrewes, Hammond, Pearson, Barrow, Sanderson, Mede, Lightfoot—are the most frequently referred to; the eighteenth-century writers, with the exception of Waterland and Bingham, are rarely mentioned, and yet he possessed a knowledge of the eighteenth-century theology far greater than any but a specialist on the subject possesses. He had also made himself thoroughly acquainted with the voluminous German commentaries, both of the last and of the present century; while with the writers of his own day and their immediate predecessors he shows a minute acquaintance, with which perhaps, he has been scarcely sufficiently credited. Those who hint that Dr. Wordsworth was not in touch with modern ideas can hardly have understood how thoroughly he kept himself *au fait* with the most modern theological literature. If he preferred to quote the older writers more frequently, it was because he thought "the old wine was best," not because he had not tasted, or rather quaffed deeply, the new. In fact, perhaps the most striking feature of this Commentary is the extraordinary amount of reading, both of ancient and modern theology, which it indicates.

The next point to be noticed is the writer's intense belief in the oneness of the Bible. He loves to point out instances of the fact that the Gospels are not four but really one; that the Acts of the Apostles are a continuation of the Gospel,—the

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one telling of all that Jesus *began* to do and to teach during His bodily sojourn on earth, the other what He continues to do and to teach when His bodily Presence is withdrawn, but His spiritual Presence for ever abides with His Church on earth; that the Epistle to the Hebrews is a complement to the books which enter so minutely into the details of the Jewish ceremonial law; that the Apocalypse is "the seal and colophon" of the whole Book, and "the sequel and completion" of the prophecy of Daniel. But it would be endless to give instances in detail; the idea runs as a thread through the whole work, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of the Revelation, and having given the clue we must leave the reader to follow it out for himself.

The Old Testament came out at intervals between 1864 and 1872. Dr. Wordsworth adopted the authorized English version in the text, with alternative renderings in the notes. As all his writings show, he laid very great stress upon a right understanding of the Old Testament.

"There is reason," he writes, "to believe that the Old Testament will be the battle-field of Christianity. If the Church of Christ has skill and courage to fight that battle well, she will win glorious victories there; but if she mismanages the campaign, she will sustain an ignominious defeat and imperil the foundations of belief, not only in the Old Testament but in the New, and, therefore, in Christianity itself."

Nowhere is Dr. Wordsworth happier than when commenting on some portions of the Old Testament.

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We should like to specify, not only the Book of Job, the Psalms, but the somewhat less familiar books of Ruth, Esther, Ecclesiastes, and, above all perhaps, Zechariah and Ezekiel. The grandeur of the last-named obscure and wonderful book breaks upon one like a revelation in his pages, and no mere scholar, no one who had not something of the fervour of a poet, and the devout intuition of a saint, could, we think, have entered fully into that wondrous life and prophecy, with its strangely typical symbolism, recalling Dante, alike in its vivid, homely reality, and its weird and majestic sublimity. In reading Ezekiel under Dr. Wordsworth's guidance we forget the nineteenth century and the human commentator, and are swept upward to the threshold of the ideal Temple, and onward in the flight of the mystic Cherubim.

It is no doubt true that the reader may occasionally consult the Bishop of Lincoln's Commentary and find little or no notice taken of an important or difficult point. Some readers might have been thankful to Dr. Wordsworth, if, instead of giving them something of a catena representing the views of various authors on important points, he had been contented to produce something more entirely his own, so as to leave a distincter effect upon the mind. It is the merit of the Introductions (which in many respects are the most valuable parts of the work, and deserve to be printed separately), that they do, to a certain extent, accomplish this. And as he proceeded further and further in his work, he seems to have felt more

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and more the importance of *grouping* his ideas, as we think will be noticed by any one who compares his work on the Old Testament with that on the New.

His special merit as a commentator seems to be his wonderful power of bringing to a focus a number of ideas from all parts of the Bible; he sees the vast masses of which that great literature is composed in their relation to one another; he illustrates in a way peculiarly his own, Holy Scripture by itself; he sees the unity that runs through it all, and it is by this constructive power, rather than by minute analysis or textual criticism or apologetic skill, that he will be found helpful alike to those who believe, and to those who are still in doubt. Readers of religious biography will often have observed that men and women in difficulties have been won, not by answers to objections, but by the living unity of the Catholic Church. It is this living unity as displayed in Holy Scripture that Dr. Wordsworth has done so much to bring out. Take, for instance, his Commentary on the Levitical Books already referred to, the inner meaning of the yearly festivals, the sacrifices, the array of the Temple, and the attire of the High Priest, and see how the Mosaic Law is shown to be no dead letter, but instinct with life and spirit; or take some single word, let us say, e.g., the word "Bethlehem," the word "Shechem," or the word "Moriah," and see how he groups ideas around it. His treatment of the difficult passage about "the first resurrection" in

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Rev. xx. 5, is a masterpiece of this kind of interpretation, and Holy Scripture in his hands seems to become like a rich and stately fugue by some great contrapuntist, when the ear catches with delight a snatch of the same exquisite melody repeated first by one instrument and then by another in new keys and moods, and strange inversions, while the very fact of its endless and mystic variety seems to deepen the listener's consciousness that one master-mind, one supreme Creator originated and sustains it all.

The Commentary appears on the surface to have more of an exegetical than of a devotional character. Explanations are given at full length, and both the notes and the marginal references show that he had carefully studied the Hebrew original; while, on the other hand pious reflections like those of Scott and Matthew Henry are very rare. But it is easy to perceive that from first to last he had a practical end in view, and his references to modern times[1] show that he did not consider the Old Testament as the literary monument of a dead race in a dead language, but as the utterance of a living and life-giving Spirit for all time.

In the interval between the completion of the New Testament and the commencement of the publication of the Old, Dr. Wordsworth wrote the article "Son of God" in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. In the same year (1862) he published "The Holy Year" and it is obvious that the character of that

[1] *E.g.* in the Introduction to the Book of Daniel.

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work was greatly influenced by his recent studies. The way in which Holy Scripture is woven in and symbolically applied is one of the most marked characteristics of "The Holy Year." As he says himself, "The materials for English Church hymns are to be found, first, in the Holy Scriptures; secondly, in the writings of Christian antiquity; thirdly, in the Book of Common Prayer."[8] "The Holy Year" draws from all these three sources. Next to Holy Scripture the writer ranked Christian antiquity. "The works of the early Christian fathers supply many thoughts, images, and expressions; and it will be well for a hymn-writer to have ascertained how the same subject has been treated in the poetry of the Ancient Church." Dr. Wordsworth had evidently ascertained it, and in estimating the literary merits of "The Holy Year" it should always be remembered that the writer aimed, not so much at writing what he considered to be the best poetry in itself, but what would be in accordance with the tone and spirit of the Primitive Church. But what may be termed "the speciality" of "The Holy Year" is its faithful adherence, not only to the general teaching, but also to the details of the Book of Common Prayer. The writer brings out far more fully than any other Church hymnologist with whom we are acquainted, this teaching in detail. For example, all Church hymn-books contain a more or less extensive collection of hymns on the subject of the season of Advent. But who except

[8] "Miscellanies," ii. 247.

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Dr. Wordsworth has followed the course of the Church in drawing attention Sunday after Sunday to the various advents of our Blessed Lord—the Advent in the Flesh, the Advent in the Word, the Advent through the Ministry, and the Advent to the individual Christian in his times of trouble? All Church hymn-books have their hymns for the season of Epiphany; but where, except in "The Holy Year," are the various Epiphanies brought out as they are brought out in the services of the Church of England —the Epiphany to the wise men at Bethlehem, the Epiphany at His Baptism, the Epiphany at His first Miracle, the Epiphany in trials and troubles, and the great Epiphany at the Day of Judgment? All Church hymn-books have hymns suited to the Festival of Christmas and the three succeeding Festivals; but where, except in "The Holy Year" and in the "Christian Year" is the connection between the Birthday of Christ and the birthdays into a better life of the three types of the different kinds of martyrs, —the martyr in will and deed, the martyr in will, and the martyr in deed, brought out distinctly? Other instances might be given, but the above will suffice to show what, in our opinion, is the peculiar excellence of "The Holy Year," its illustration in detail of all the teaching of the Book of Common Prayer.

Regarded simply as poetry the work has no doubt been surpassed in its own particular line. The very title, for instance, "The Holy Year," naturally sug-

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gests "The Christian Year" of John Keble. And it is interesting to compare these two kindred works by two kindred spirits who would hold generally the same views on the sacred subjects of which they both treated. Of course, as compositions, there is no comparison at all between the two volumes. In beauty of thought and language, and, with the exception of some occasional roughnesses, in melody of rhythm, "The Christian Year" is unique. It is the production of a poet whose mind has a strong theological bias; "The Holy Year" may, on the other hand, be called the production of a theologian whose nature possessed many poetical elements and sympathies, but who is at times somewhat deficient in the "accomplishment of verse." At the same time, "The Holy Year" filled a place which the "Christian Year" could not do. The language and ideas of the latter have now become so engrained in the minds of all Churchmen that they may not find it easy to realize how difficult both appeared to a former generation; but those whose memory can carry them back thirty or forty years will remember how frequent were the complaints of its obscurity, even in the mouths of highly-educated people. Now Dr. Wordsworth aimed at being "understanded of all;" his purpose, as shown in his Preface, would not have been answered if he had not been. If the "Christian Year" was thought by some to err on the side of obscurity, the "Holy Year" may be thought by some to err on the side of simplicity, even to the

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verge of baldness; but this very simplicity confers sometimes a force of its own.[9] The "Christian Year" was meant for private and family reading, "The Holy Year" for the public congregation. That the author of the former appreciated the work of the latter will be seen from the following letter:—

Sea View, Ryde, May 9, 1862.

MY DEAR DR. WORDSWORTH,—Will you accept my very sincere, but too tardy thanks for the kind present of your collection of hymns? It came to me without your name, and I looked with much interest at the Preface, and saw it was by no common hand; but having no idea from whom it came, put it by for the present. Now I have to thank you again for calling my attention to it, and enabling me to thank you as the author, after reading it, but in too cursory a way, for, of course, it is as little as any the kind of book to run over. To judge of it properly, it must take at least a year to read; for every hymn, of course, should be read on its own day—as a flower to be fully prized must be studied *in situ*. It is not for me to praise or criticize; but you will allow me to thank you, as I do most sincerely, for the principles of it as set forth in the Preface—that the Hymn-book should be the handmaid of the Prayer-book; that therefore it cannot well be too doctrinal; that it should be objective rather than subjective, on which account the singular number should rarely be used—never, perhaps, except where, as in the Psalms and the Canticles, the whole

[9] Such lines as

"O never, never, when distrest
To doubtful means resort;
Christ's bark when on the billow's crest
Is safe as in the port,"

will perhaps serve to illustrate our meaning.

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Church may be spoken of as one Person. It seems to me that you have not only laid down these principles in a way which, by God's blessing, may do us much good, but have also put forth sundry happy exemplifications of them—e.g. in your distribution of Advent subjects; in the two hymns for the first Sunday in Lent; in hymns [1] 24, 50, 70, 96, 115, &c., &c. Of course in so ample a work, so full of thought, no two persons would exactly sympathize from beginning to end. But indeed I feel very much obliged to you, and so I think will a great many—were it only for your acceptance of the old symbolic interpretation to such an extent.

Pray believe me,
My dear Dr. Wordsworth,
Very truly and thankfully yours,
J. KEBLE.

One more point deserves notice in connection with "The Holy Year," viz. its happy use of a somewhat uncommon metre. Perhaps the two most popular and successful hymns in the book are that for All Saints' Day,—

Hark! the sound of holy voices chanting at the crystal sea;

and that for Ascension Day,—

See the Conqueror mounts in triumph, &c.

That for Easter Day,—

Hallelujah! hallelujah! hearts to heaven and voices raise

is hardly less successful, and other good hymns in the same metre might be mentioned. The remarks of Dr. Wordsworth on this metre, in which he has been so exceptionally successful, are worth quoting:—

[1] In later editions these numbers are 26, 52, 73, 99, 123.

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It was an ancient rhythmical principle that the Tetrameter Trochaic of fifteen syllables should be specially employed on occasions when there is a sudden burst of feeling, after a patient waiting or a continuous struggle. The metre never finds its place at the beginning, but is reserved for a later period in the drama, both tragic and comic, of the ancient stage. The long rapid sweep of this noble metre and the jubilant movement of the verse, render it very suitable for use on the great festivals of the Christian year, such as Easter and Ascension, when, after a severe trial, or quiet endurance, the Church is suddenly cheered by a glorious vision, which gladdens her heart, and evokes a song of rapture from her lips.[2]

In 1879 the bishop put forth his "Miscellanies, Literary and Religious," in three volumes. He employed, he tells us in the Preface, "the comparative leisure of a summer vacation in putting them together, with the hope that, if they were of any value and were worth being preserved, they might thus perhaps acquire a permanence, which in their separate form they could hardly hope to obtain." If there was really any fear of their losing their permanence, it was certainly a happy thought of Dr. Wordsworth to mass them together, for there are among them some of the most interesting of all his writings. Though he divides them into "literary and religious," they have all, like almost everything he wrote, a directly religious bearing; but the term "miscellanies" is certainly an appropriate title, for they deal with a most miscellaneous set of subjects.[3]

[2] "Miscellanies," ii. 251.

[3] The first volume is devoted to foreign topics:—Pompeian

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Many of the subjects have been already touched upon in this volume, but on some of the others a few remarks seem requisite. And first of all we must draw attention to the remarkable Dissertations on the Inspiration and the Interpretation of the Bible, both on account of their intrinsic merit, and also on account of their direct and important bearing upon the Commentary we have just been considering. Dr. Wordsworth had published in 1861 five Lectures on the Inspiration of the Bible, and five on

Inscriptions, Notes in Greece, in France, at Paris, in Italy, at Rome; the Greek Archbishop of Syros, the Vatican Council of 1869, the Congress of the Old Catholics at Cologne. The second volume deals mainly with matters of faith and worship:—The Inspiration and the Interpretation of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, the Ascension Day and Rogation Days, Special Forms of Prayer, Church Music, the Holy Year, Religious Faith and Worship in Art, Christian Art in Cemeteries, Cremation and Burial. The third volume has to do with religious matters generally:—Religion and Science—with special reference to Sir Isaac Newton, Religious Uses of Classical Subjects, "Ethica et Spiritualia," the Spread of Infidelity and the Need of a Learned Clergy, the Destiny of Mohammedanism and the Decline of Mohammedanism, Bishop Sanderson on Human Conscience and Law, Ecclesiastical Legislation and Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, Diocesan Synods and Diocesan Conferences, Clerical Non-Residence, Marriage and Divorce, Enforced Clerical Celibacy, Sisterhoods and Vows, English Cathedrals, the Mission at Lincoln, Pastoral to the Wesleyan Methodists, the Burials Question, Labour and Capital, Capital Punishment, the Church of England—Past, Present, and Future, the Continuity of the Church of England and S. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, Welcome from the Church of England to the Church of America, Letter to the University Commissioners on the Proposed New Statutes for Brasenose and Lincoln Colleges, Letter to the Archbishop of Cyprus.

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the Interpretation of the Bible; and the subject is continually touched upon in his published sermons. Of course it was one of vital importance in his eyes; the inspiration of the Bible and the right interpretation of the Bible lie at the foundation of Christianity; if they are not firmly established, the whole superstructure is in danger of falling. His keynote to the true theory both of the inspiration and the interpretation of the Bible is given in his own poetical language, "We must lift up our eyes from earth to heaven, and see the Bible in the hands of Christ; as subscribed by His Sign-manual, and sealed by His Seal, and delivered by His authority to the Apostolic Church Universal, the divinely-appointed Keeper and Interpreter of the Word of God." This idea is worked out with great argumentative power, and with a perfect wealth of illustration. "Novum Testamentum in Vetere latet; Vetus Testamentum in Novo patet." This saying of S. Augustine furnishes the best clue to the bishop's Commentary on the Bible; and the full significance of the two points is nowhere better brought out than in this dissertation.

A modern reader will perhaps feel some surprise that in treating of a question like Inspiration the teaching given is so entirely *deductive*. The author scarcely alludes to the well-known difficulties habitually brought forward by the sceptic. Having once established our Lord's historical position, and adduced the testimony to His Divinity from the

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Apostolic and sub-Apostolic times, he is content to waive all speculative questions, and (as was said before of his Commentary) to construct where others would analyse, and to employ the trowel rather than the sword. It is well for the Church and for us all that this side of Christian teaching should not be lost sight of—as we fear it too often is—in merely defensive warfare. And there is a sense of relief to the mind weary of speculation on topics which are rather theistic than distinctly Christian, in coming back to the definite teaching of an earlier generation, and listening to the clear ring of its utterances and the firm echo of its footsteps, so free because so sure, so sure because so full of faith.

Another dissertation, published in the "Miscellanies," claims attention, not only on account of its intrinsic interest and originality, but also because it forms a link between the Bishop's classical and his theological studies, It is entitled, "Religious Uses of Classical Subjects," and will be found in Vol. II. The Bishop inserts at the commencement the Preface to his edition of Theocritus, in which he vindicates, in excellent Latin, the use of classical studies to the divine, and cites, with evident satisfaction, names (chiefly belonging to the great men of the seventeenth century) which were equally distinguished in theology and philology. He then treats in detail of the character of Horace as displayed in his works, and proves that he was much more

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than a mere man of the world,—that he had a noble, lofty, and patriotic, as well as religious side to his character, and maintains with Bentley that in proportion as Horace advanced in years his poems improved in moral tone and elevation of sentiment; and then he draws from the whole subject the practical lesson that we have reason to be thankful to Christianity, and to Christianity alone, for that higher system of ethics in which we have been trained. As he had shown many years previously in his sermons to the Harrow boys, there is no better preparation for the study of Christian morality than the thoughtful and wisely directed study of such writers as Horace, Juvenal, and Aristophanes.

Another portion of these "Miscellanies" which requires special notice is the "Ethica et Spiritualia," originally published in a separate little volume in 1872. It consists of about 500 pithy maxims, chiefly drawn from Latin sources, classical and patristic, but interspersed with several Greek and English ones, and a few French and Italian, and some of his own composition. That he could find time and inclination for such a task, in the midst of all his diocesan work, is another proof of his extraordinary mental activity. The "Ethica et Spiritualia" were, he tells us, partly collected, partly composed for the use of the students of the Theological School at Lincoln. He published the English version, with several additions, in 1883, under the title of "Guides and Goads." Another

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paper, "Notes at Amiens" (Misc. I., 131, &c.), exposes with much learning and ingenuity the absurd conjectures and pretensions which had grouped themselves around the name of "Saint Theudosia."[4]

It has been thought well to treat of the "Miscellanies" immediately after the Commentary, because, as we have seen, one of the most valuable pieces in those "Miscellanies" throws the best light upon Bishop Wordsworth's views on the functions of a commentator. But in point of date, the "Miscellanies" were preceded by two works which should not pass unnoticed. In 1877 he reprinted an English translation of Bishop Sanderson's Lectures on Conscience and Human Law, and in the same year he also put forth a new and fuller edition of his Theocritus, which had been originally published in 1844. The history of this work shows what Dr. Wordsworth might have done had he devoted himself (as some bishops in earlier days were wont to do) to editing and annotating upon classical authors. In the interval between 1844 and 1877, several different editions of Theocritus had appeared, especially in Germany, and Dr. Wordsworth discovered, "not without some pleasant emotion of

[4] It is perhaps to be regretted that there is no index to the "Miscellanies;" the tabular view of contents is hardly a sufficient substitute for one. There is abundant material for a fourth volume to complete the collection. And perhaps it would be well in any future edition that portions (such as "The Holy Year"), which tend to swell the work somewhat unduly, should be omitted, and left to stand upon their own substantial merits.

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mind," that "the latest and most learned" editor had incorporated some of his own notes. This encouraged him to issue another and improved edition of his own. One may almost call him an enthusiast on the subject of Theocritus. The fresh, sparkling verses and delicate humour of the pastoral poet appealed to his inborn love of nature. And what was still more attractive to him, Theocritus appeared to be not only the poet of nature, but also the poet of natural piety.

"No one," he writes, while indignantly deploring the misdirected zeal of the Christian Emperor Theodosius in sweeping away the treasures of heathen literature, "no one can have accompanied in his mind the shepherds of Theocritus to their rural harvest-home at the village feast of Phrasidamus, and have reclined with them beneath the shade of elms and poplars near the fountain of the Nymphs, and amid the murmur of bees and the plaintive note of the stockdoves, and the rich autumnal produce of apples, pears, and plums, strewn at their feet; and have listened to their simple strains of pious thankfulness to Demeter, holding the ripe stalks and poppies in her hand, without some feeling of regret that their piety, which might well stimulate some who enjoy the blessings of a purer faith, was often exposed to fanatical insult and outrage, without perhaps any substitute for it."[5]

The following letter, from the present Archbishop of Canterbury, on the subject of his Theocritus will be read with interest:—

Rose Castle, Carlisle.

I was once sitting with the late Master of Trinity (Dr.

[5] "Church History," vol. iii. pp. 11, 12.

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Thompson) when he was speaking with great admiration of the Bishop's genius for scholarship. "A pity," he said, "that he took to Divinity—he would have been the first scholar in Europe. Even now he is the only one almost of living men whom the Germans appreciate." He then went on to say that he had been re-reading Theocritus just lately with the utmost care, and "possessed myself of all the latest German editions up to this moment, and read them. Why! they are all made out of or based on Wordsworth's notes and text, which he published when he was quite young: it was a wonderful thing." When I next saw the Bishop, I told him that the Master had said he had been re-reading his edition of Theocritus with great pleasure and found the Germans so largely indebted to it, and that they had not gone beyond it. The Bishop smiled with a look of great amusement and, with his eyes brightening, he said, "Did he say so? Did he really tell you that about the later editions? I know a good deal more about Theocritus now than I did then,"—and with a smile he passed off to some other subject. The very next summer holidays which he had, he looked up his accumulating notes, and brought out the beautiful new edition, which really was a great advance even on his own old one, with its exquisitely written Latin preface. It was the work, I believe, of a very few weeks, and by no means the only work.

It is clear that the preparation of his admirable editions of Theocritus was no weary task to him, but a real labour of love, as delightful at seventy as it had been at thirty-seven.

We next come to what is regarded by some competent judges as the crowning work of Dr. Wordsworth's literary career,[6] his "Church History." Some

[6] "His literary work, crowned, as we think, by his 'Church History.'"—*Church Quarterly Review*, April, 1885.

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will not quite agree with this estimate, but all must admit that, considering Dr. Wordsworth was no less than seventy-three years of age when he published the first volume, and seventy-five when he published the fourth and last; considering also that the work was written chiefly during his annual summer holidays,[7] when he could have had but few books of reference to verify his statements,—the "Church History" was a marvellous *tour de force*. The marvel to a great extent ceases when we remember that, as his sources of information were of course mainly the early fathers, he was really giving to the world the results of the study of a lifetime. We have seen how, nearly forty years before, his father and Dr. Routh had spoken of his theological scholarship. Since those early times he had been continually adding to his vast store of patristic learning. Moreover, this work of his old age had evidently been projected in earlier years, for he tells us in the Preface to the first volume, "It has *long* been the author's wish to offer to the rising generation a view of the history, doctrine, and discipline of the Christian Church from the Day of Pentecost to the Council of Nicæa." It would seem from this that his original design was com-

[7] Much of it appears to have been written at Harewood, the home of his daughter Priscilla, whither, especially in his later years, he loved to retire. He frequently refers in his letters to the kindness of his daughter and her husband (P. A. Steedman, Esq.), both in other respects and also in copying out his MS. of the "Church History."

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pleted in the first volume; but the work grew upon his hands, and the History was carried on in three subsequent volumes to the year 451 A.D.

It has sometimes been said that this work bears the traces of having been written in too great haste; that it would have been all the better for a little compression and condensation; that both style and substance need a little more of the "limæ labor." If this be the case the reason is assuredly not because the author underrated either the importance or the difficulty of his subject. On the contrary, he speaks of both in terms which would certainly appear exaggerated to any who took a less lofty view of what the Christian Church was, and is. "To treat Church History aright, especially the Church History of the ante-Nicene age, is a task which might seem fit to employ the pen of Inspiration" (Preface to Vol. I.). This seems strong language, but not too strong, when we remember the exalted estimate which Dr. Wordsworth took of the nature and functions of the Church. In his very first page he strikes the keynote of all his future history:—

> There is one Church of God from the beginning of the world to the end. In Paradise, after the Fall, under the Patriarchs, under the Levitical Law, after the Incarnation of the Son of God, even to His second Advent, the Church has been, is, and ever will be, one. Holy men before His coming believed in Christ to come; holy men after His coming believed in Him having come. The times of the Church have changed; her Faith is always the same. At the Incarnation of the Son of God, the Church acquired

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universality in time and space, and became partaker of the Divine nature by her mystical union with Him as His Bride, and as Queen at His right hand, and was admitted to an inheritance and partnership in that Kingdom which will never be destroyed.

And so he goes on, without the faintest shadow of a doubt that the history of the Church was the History of the Saviour's work *on* Earth *from* Heaven. It was the history of "the progress of a great struggle between the two antagonistic powers of Good and Evil, Light and Darkness, the city of God and the city of the World." It was the history of "the establishment and extension and final triumph of the Fifth Great Monarchy, the only indestructible and universal Monarchy, the Kingdom of Christ," for which the four great empires of the world had been unconsciously preparing the way. It was the history of that which "is likened in the Canticles to a 'Lily among thorns,' by reason of the calm, silver light with which she shines in peace, in the dark shade, and in the midst of the briars and brambles of the manifold contradictions of earthly strifes." "He proposed to himself an endeavour to realize the leading idea which guided the ancient Church historians, and which animated S. Augustine in his work 'On the City of God,' and which is unfolded in the Revelation of S. John, in the representation of the destinies of the Church from the first Advent of Christ to the end of the world."

It was a magnificent conception; and if the execu-

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tion was not always equal to the conception, the cause lay to a very great extent in what really constituted one of the chief attractions of Dr. Wordsworth's character. He wrote so much out of the fullness of his soul and out of the fullness of his mind that he could not stay to polish, or elaborate, or condense. The very last reproach which can be cast upon his "Church History" is that it is "a piece of book-making." He did not "get up" his subject in order that he might write about it, but he wrote about it because he had thoroughly mastered the subject. He did not write—he never wrote—for effect, but because he had something to say. The sketches of S. Ambrose, S. Jerome, S. Augustine, S. Athanasius, Origen, and Tertullian, perhaps the best parts of the book, are evidently sketches of men whom one can hardly help calling old familiar friends of Dr. Wordsworth. He shows in a way that seems quite undesigned and that is indescribable, that he knew all about them long before he essayed to depict them. An instance will best illustrate our meaning. The memorable incident of the Council of Nicæa is described by Dr. Wordsworth, by Gibbon, the historian, and by Dean Stanley. The two latter, with a consummate skill in word-painting, present the whole scene in the most striking light to the reader's eye. From a purely literary and artistic point of view their portraits are unquestionably more effective than Dr. Wordsworth's. But dramatic effect was the very last thing the Bishop aimed at.

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His object was to represent the contest between truth and error, according to what, from the bottom of his heart, he believed to be truth and error. Hence by far the most effective parts of his narrative are, not the account of the imposing array assembled, but the description of the insidious character of that Arianism which the Council condemned, and the portrait of that intrepid spiritual champion who was the very life and soul of the whole Council. The whole subject is treated with direct reference to its application to modern times.

> But there was a man in Alexandria at that time who had been nurtured by Alexander as a spiritual son in the Faith, and who held a position in the Church immediately under him as his archdeacon, and who was endowed with singular gifts of holiness and wisdom, and with profound learning, drawn from Holy Scripture and from Catholic tradition, and also from secular philosophy; a man of masculine intellectual vigour, clearness of perception and logical acumen, and also gifted by the Holy Spirit with the moral qualities of indomitable perseverance, patience, and courage, in defending the Faith, and who united magnetic attractiveness with adamantine firmness. This was Athanasius, who was raised up at that critical time, and continued, through good report and evil report, to strive earnestly for the Faith, which he was in God's hands a chief instrument in establishing at the Council of Nicæa, and in maintaining for nearly half a century after it. (I. 424, &c.)

One reads this last paragraph with special interest! because Bishop Wordsworth has himself been termed the Athanasius of the nineteenth century; and the comparison is at least so far correct, that if all the

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world had been against him, he would, as his whole life shows, have been a second "Athanasius contra mundum."

Dr. Wordsworth's "Church History" was written for a practical purpose. Hence the constant analogies he draws between the events he is recording and the events of later days. The Nicene Council might be regarded as a witness against the novelties of the Papacy on the one side, and of Presbyterianism, Independency, Methodism, and all other novel and un-Catholic forms of Church government on the other. It also "disproved another form of Church polity commonly called *Erastianism*." (I. 462.)

Marcion, who "was not so much a Gnostic as a *Rationalist*," was "the precursor of that so-called 'higher criticism' which, by the action of 'its inner consciousness,' subordinates Revelation to its own subjective notions, and rejects all those portions of the Holy Scripture which it cannot reconcile with the results of its own investigations" (I. 199). Valentinianism "did not, like some Gnostic systems, reject the Holy Scriptures; on the contrary, it patronized them, and it favoured its disciples with more enlightened and transcendental interpretations of them, like the Swedenborgianism of later days." "The

[a] Soon after Dr. Wordsworth's death it was well pointed out by a writer in the *Guardian* that he had unconsciously depicted himself in his portrait of the Christian Gnostic. (See "Church History," I. 261, 265.)

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reader will recognize in it many elements which made themselves manifest in the theology of sectaries on the Continent and in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, some of which are still active; and also in some speculations which are now put forth in some modern systems of metaphysics" (I. 210, 211). The fact "that a person of Tertullian's masculine intellect and definite Catholic teaching should have been fascinated and ensnared by the extravagant reveries and wild rhapsodies of Montanus and his female associates," reminds the Bishop of "another example of such a psychological phenomenon in one of our own most vigorous logicians and acute controversialists, as well as most spiritual theologians, who did not escape the fanatical spells of Jacob Boehmen—William Law" (I. 236). The "liberal culture and general unprofessional training" which S. Ambrose had received, and without which "he would not have been an instrument of so much good as he was, in acting, writing, and speaking, to the Catholic Church," are compared with that which "has made our own public schools and colleges such excellent seminaries for the ministers of the English Church" III. 72). S. Augustine is enlisted to bear his testimony to the desirableness of "the subdivision of dioceses and the multiplication of bishops when the spiritual needs of a population require it" (IV. 65), to the Bishop's own view of the question of "*temperance* and *total abstinence*" (71) and of "introducing the *unfermented* 'juice of the grape' instead

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of wine in the Holy Eucharist" (72), and of cremation in lieu of Christian burial (96).

It must not be thought that because Dr. Wordsworth was so uncompromisingly orthodox he was unable to see the good points of those who diverged from the paths of orthodoxy. Two of the most striking and attractive of his many striking and attractive sketches of the Christian Fathers are those of Origen and Tertullian, both of whom held on some points heretical opinions. Origen, "by his wonderful many-sidedness and versatility, came into contact and sympathetic communion with minds of all classes, temperaments, and antecedents, and thus he won many to Christianity." Tertullian became a Montanist, but "there were some important truths underlying the errors of Montanism," on which the Bishop dwells with real appreciation (I. 236). "Both these great men have just claims to be admired and imitated for what was noble and good in them; and let both be judged charitably for their failings. The benefits conferred, by the goodness of God, on the Church by the instrumentality of both were permanent; and even their infirmities, though occasions of temporary mischief, have been made conducive to her welfare" (I. 280).

Not less ready is Dr. Wordsworth to recognize the good side of heathenism. His classical enthusiasm made this a favourite theory with him, as we have seen in his essay on "The Religious Use of Classical Studies." And so he points out that there

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was "some truth in the Pagan allegation that the fall of Rome was to be imputed to the neglect of the heathen religion and worship. Every religion has some elements of truth in it; and Roman heathenism had much in it that was true, noble, and beautiful; and by means of these elements of truth Rome flourished. It flourished by belief in the existence of divine beings who governed the world. It flourished also by means of faith in a future State of Rewards for justice, honesty, temperance, and patriotism; and of eternal Punishments for injustice, fraud, licentiousness, and treachery. It prospered by means of national belief in the omnipresence and omniscience of its deities, which guarded the sanctity of oaths and secured social confidence" (III. 260). He shows with evident delight that "the devout heathen did not begin his daily meals without prayer to the Divine Being;" and that "the duty of daily morning and evening prayer had been inculcated by Hesiod" (III. 11).[9] "Christianity,"

[9] A letter, kindly sent to us by Canon Crowfoot, shows that the Bishop laid stress upon this point :—

[On "Saying Grace."]

Riseholme, Lincoln, November 8, 1879.

My dear Canon Crowfoot,—As I am leaving home early on Monday, I shall hardly have the pleasure of receiving the letter you promised to send; and so, without waiting for it, I write to say that I suppose the proverb to which the allusion was made, is that which is mentioned by Plato in his Euthyphro (c. 2) and Cratylus (p. 491, *a*), ἀφ' Ἑστίας ἄρχεσθαι; compare Homer's hymn to Vesta and Mercury (v. 4),—

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he says, "did not appear upon earth in the nobler days of Greek heroism, which displayed itself at Marathon, Salamis, and Platææ; nor in the hardier times of the Roman Republic, prolific in such

οὐ γὰρ ἄτερ σοῦ
Ἐλπίναι θνητοῖσιν, ἰν' οὐ πρώτῃ πυμάτῃ τε
Ἔστίῃ ἀρχόμενος σπένδει μελιηδέα οἶνον.

It is remarked by Athenæus (iv. 27) that none but Epicureans and Atheists began their meals without some act of religion. The words of Homer are very expressive, as witnesses of heroic piety:—

οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
Πρὶν πιέειν, πρὶν λεῖψαι ὑπερμενέϊ Κρονίωνι.
Iliad, vii. 480.

You may remember also the beautiful scene (where Athena and Telemachus are entertained by Nestor at Pylos), so descriptive of primitive religion, in the Odyssey, iii. 35–50; and the delightful lines in Horace, 4 Carm. v. 28:—

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis,
Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores;
Hinc ad vina redit lætus et alteris
Te mensis adhibet Deum:
Te multâ prece, te prosequitur mero
Defuso pateris, et Laribus tuum
Miscet numen, uti Græcia Castoris
Et magni memor Herculis.

Compare the remarks of Mitscherlich and Orelli on this passage, and Virgil, Æn. v. 62:—

adhibete Penates
Et patrios epulis, et quos colit hospes Acestes.

It is to be feared that the custom of saying Grace before meat is dying out among us at the tables of fashionable society in London and elsewhere; and that in this and in other respects the old traditions will rise up in judgment against us at the Great Day.

I am your affectionate
C. LINCOLN.

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patriotic self-sacrifice as that of the Decii; nor in the glorious epoch of the Scipios" (I. 324). One of the most interesting parts of the History is the description of Symmachus, the last of the great heathen orators (III. 23), pleading for the Altar of Victory.

Perhaps he insisted all the more strongly upon these points because he wrote his "Church History" "mainly for the rising generation, especially young students of theology;" and, as we have already seen, he desired to commend to such students a general, and especially a classical training as essential to those who would make themselves good divines and good clergymen.

In the same year in which the last two volumes of the "Church History" were published (1883) there also appeared a little volume which showed another side of the Bishop's mind. This is entitled "Conjectural Emendations of Passages in Ancient Authors, with other Papers." The emendations suggested are very ingenious, and show the greatest critical acumen; and not the least interesting part of the work is the opening paragraph, which gives us a glimpse of the happy relations which always subsisted between the Bishop and every member of his family. The essay is in the form of a letter addressed to his eldest son, the present Bishop of Salisbury.

The "other papers" in this volume are the two extremely interesting ones, "Where was Dodona?" and "Pompeian Inscriptions," which have been already noticed; and a paper "On the Study of

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Archæology," an inaugural address at the annual meeting of the Royal Archæological Institute, held at Lincoln on the 27th of July, 1880, in which he sets forth in very poetical and eloquent language the religious use of archæology.

There yet remains a very important branch of Dr. Wordsworth's literary work to be noticed. His sermons, far more than most sermons, fall under this head, for the following reason. He rarely preached a sermon which had not some direct reference to matters of immediate interest, either to the public generally or to the special audience which he was addressing. Hence, while they have all the vigour and eloquence of spoken addresses, and are as far removed as possible from the "dry essay" style of sermons, they have yet all the literary interest of the pamphlet written on the burning question of the day.

The first, in point of date, are the Harrow Sermons, which are interesting, among other reasons, as illustrative of the very definite conception which Dr. Wordsworth had formed of the function of the public school. That function was mainly to build up a society of consistent young Churchmen who should thoroughly understand the system and doctrines of the Church of their baptism. To this object their classical and mathematical attainments were to be subservient:—

"The knowledge which you acquire here of the Greek and Latin languages gives you immediate access to the original

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of the most precious Book in the world, and to numerous sources, otherwise not open to you, whence you may derive indescribable advantage and delight, both spiritual and intellectual. Your mathematical studies carefully pursued will fortify your reasoning faculties, will enable you to understand and value the strength of evidence in support of our most holy Faith, and to maintain its truth with wisdom and power, and to stand proof against all the sophistical subtleties of scepticism. My brethren, this career of a Christian gentleman and scholar devoting his influence, his abilities, and his learning to the promotion of the cause of God and of His Church in God's appointed way, is indeed a noble one. If this be your course, everything that you now possess will be increased a hundredfold in value. Here you have the best incitements to industry, and to the improvement of all your talents. If employed in this service, your abilities, your means, your station in society, will be so many steps in a glorious ladder which will lead you from earth to heaven and place you before the throne of God." [1]

"The Church is the School of schools; thither we must resort for our principles of discipline. In this manner much, by God's blessing, may be effected by Christian schools, both for her and for themselves. By *school discipline upon Church principles* we may hope to promote, according to our measure, the cause of Church discipline, and thus to advance the glory of God and the welfare of mankind. . . . The grammar-schools of England are the nurseries of the Church, the *plantaria et seminaria Ecclesiæ;* this is their true *character*.[2]

His remarks on Horace and Aristophanes from a

[1] "The Practical Uses of Instruction concerning the Church." (Discourse V. in "Discourses on Public Education," published 1844.)

[2] "On the Relations of School Discipline to Church Discipline."

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Christian point of view, are very valuable;[8] but his opinions on these matters have been already noticed.

Of course these sermons dwell in detail on many other subjects which one would naturally expect to find touched upon in sermons addressed to a public school, but the extracts above quoted show the hinge on which all the preacher's teaching turned.

In 1847 and 1848 Dr. Wordsworth delivered the Hulsean Lectures at Cambridge. The first series is "On the Canon of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and on the Apocrypha;" the second "On the Apocalypse" (see p. 128). The first is a most valuable vindication of the Canon, justifying the attitude taken by the English Church, as against Rome on the one hand, and the extreme advocates of private judgment on the other. The preacher's lucid statement of the true position and value of the Apocrypha, or, as he prefers to term many of the writings which go by that name, the Ecclesiastical Books, is especially worth careful study; and since he addressed himself particularly, as numerous passages in his lectures show, to the younger part of his audience, he took care to bring his arguments well within the compass of the popular comprehension. Hence the volume is quite as much adapted for the general reader as for the specialist or trained divine, though the immense stores of learning from which he draws can be properly appreciated only by the latter.

[8] See "Discourses on Public Education," Sermon XXII.

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The second series, on the Apocalypse, deals with the most profound and mysterious subject which has ever exercised the human intellect, a subject which has called forth more various theories and interpretations than any which could be named. Dr. Wordsworth dealt with it, as he was sure to do; that is, with the utmost courage tempered with the most profound conviction of its awful sublimity; believing not only that its every detail was full of meaning, but also that that meaning was intended to be gathered by us. Very characteristically he begins by grappling boldly with a question which was more frequently discussed forty years ago than it is now—the question of the Millennium. He quotes numerous texts against the Millenarian, and discusses with learning and ingenuity the one text (Rev. xx. 1—3) on which the doctrine mainly rests.

He is equally explicit on the vexed question as to the identity of Babylon with Papal Rome; and even those who disagree with his theory entirely will admit that he maintains it not only with learning and ingenuity, but also with unfeigned sorrow. His words on this point are so striking and so like the man that they must be quoted:—

> The Church of Rome, my brethren, was planted by the Apostles of Christ; it was watered by the blood of martyrs; it was fostered by dews from heaven. For many years in succession its faith was spoken of through all the world. It was long the burning and shining light of Western Christendom. To affirm, then, that this Church, having been once

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espoused as a chaste virgin to Christ by Apostolic hands, has been false to her plighted troth; that she has forgotten the love of her espousals; that she has allured, and still allures, the nations of the earth to spiritual adultery; that she is portrayed by the Holy Spirit in the Apocalypse as a second Babylon; that she is designated by Him—not, as she claims herself to be, the mother and mistress of all Christian churches—but as the mother of spiritual fornications and abominations of the earth; and to make this assertion publicly, in this the church of a Christian university, is to venture upon an act which involves the deepest responsibility, and which cannot be performed except with feelings of awe and emotions of bitterest sorrow. But the assertion, my brethren, is now solemnly, deliberately made, made under an imperative sense of duty, made in your ears, in the presence and house of God. (Lecture X.)

Nor must we suppose that the Apocalyptic prophecies concerning the Church of Rome were those which exclusively occupied Dr. Wordsworth's attention. In his Hulsean Lectures we find the germs of the interpretation of Rev. ix. 9, which he afterwards expanded in a striking sermon on "The Mahommedan Woe," published in 1876, when the thoughts of all were turned towards the East by the troubles in Bulgaria..

In fact the Apocalypse was a book which Dr. Wordsworth especially loved, partly owing to his strong sense of the sublime and beautiful, partly because of his intense belief in the unity of Holy Scripture, of which this mysterious book was, in his opinion, the seal. He frequently seems to be quite rapt in his glorious theme; and no one

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can rise from the study of these remarkable lectures without—we do not say being convinced by all the arguments adduced—but without an increasing sense of the acuteness, erudition, fervour, and charity of the writer, and also—what he would have far more earnestly desired—an ever-deepening awe and veneration for the marvellous and mysterious Book itself.

Next follow Dr. Wordsworth's Westminster Sermons, which fill several volumes, most of them published under the title of "Occasional Sermons in each Year, after the period of residence during which they had been preached." These are particularly noteworthy, because it was in the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, more than anywhere else, that he achieved his reputation as a preacher. As specimens of these we may take first the sermon entitled "Counsels and Consolations in Times of Heresy and Schism," which was the consequence of the secessions to Rome in 1849. In the case of Archdeacon Manning especially it is needless to say how deeply this perversion was deplored by one who had known him and his family from boyhood, and who had done all that in him lay to dissuade him from the step.

The next group of "Occasional Sermons," which created a wide interest in their day, is on the Gorham case, which, it will be remembered, opened up the whole question of Baptismal Regeneration as taught by our Church. No more helpful treatise can be found, within a moderate compass, on that subject than

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these extremely able and carefully studied discourses. The Romanists were not slow to take advantage of the unhappy decision of the Privy Council in the Gorham case, as may be seen in a quotation from a sermon of Dr. Wiseman in March, 1850, cited by Dr. Wordsworth in his sermon on "The Church of England and the Church of Rome in 1850" ("Occasional Sermons," Vol. I. p. 195). Shortly afterwards Dr. Wiseman was made Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and this evoked a striking sermon on "Diotrephes and S. John," and some others, including one on "The Dogma of the Immaculate Conception," on the 2nd of February, 1851, which is full of patristic learning, as well as of vigorous argument.

Two most graceful and appropriate sermons on the Great Exhibition of 1851 show him in a somewhat different light. The following is a specimen of the way in which he treated the subject:—

We may derive a lesson of meekness and of wisdom from a consideration of the perishableness of nations and national institutions, compared with physical power, even the most insignificant. What a lively interest attaches itself to the name of Greece, and especially to that of Athens! What a prominent part has she played in the history of the world! How extensive was her commerce, how valiant her prowess, how victorious her armies, how renowned her arts, her eloquence, and her laws. And how is she represented in this Synod of Nations? A few slabs of marble drawn from the quarries of Pentelicus, a few jars of honey from the thyme-clad slopes of Hymettus, are her contributions to this Great Exhibition. While her population has been subject to various

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vicissitudes, while her civil institutions have been often changed by successive revolutions, and while scarce a vestige remains of her former maritime glory, the humble community of the bees murmuring among the purple flowers in the lonely dells of the Athenian mountains, have pursued their peaceful labours, undisturbed by chance or change, from generation to generation, for more than twenty centuries, and the natural veins of her limestone hills teem in exhaustless abundance with their snow-white marble, as fresh as when more than two thousand years ago those noble fabrics of Athens,—the Temple of Theseus, the Parthenon, and the Propylæa,—arose in stately majesty from the Pentelic quarry, and the Panathenaic Frieze, sculptured by the chisel of Phidias, issued from the silent chambers of the rock.

So, perhaps, it may be with England. The time may come when the din of human industry may cease within her borders, and then it will appear how transitory and fleeting are the efforts of *man*, and how short-lived is *his* glory, contrasted even with inanimate powers, or with those of irrational creatures and vegetable life.

When the mills of Manchester are silent, and the forges of Birmingham echo no more; when the furnaces of Glasgow are extinct, and the docks of Liverpool are untenanted; when few vessels of commerce or of war may be seen floating on the bosom of the Thames and in the harbours of England; when some of the streets of London may be overgrown with grass, or almost choked with sand,—then, in some foreign exhibition, in some distant clime, in some future age, the wealth and glory of Britain may be represented not (as now) by the produce of her smoking factories, but by some lowly herbs culled in her woods or meadows, or at the side of her winding brooks, or by the mineral produce of her native hills.

The subject of education next engaged his attention. The year 1851 was a landmark in the

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national history, not only on account of the completion of the Great Exhibition, but because it saw the rise of much which has assumed more serious proportions since. A work bearing the title of "A Scheme for Secular Education" was published in London and at Manchester in 1851. It suggested a system under which "the children in those schools which it is proposed to erect should be instructed in such kinds of useful knowledge as the growing intelligence of the people may demand," that "the schools shall impart *secular instruction only*," &c.

This produced a sermon which may well be studied in our own day, "On Secular Education," followed by another "On the Use of the Church Catechism, &c.," in which the preacher warmly advocated the cause of the National Society, of which he was a most active member.

A sermon on an Education Rate shows how gracefully he could adapt his classical learning to modern needs:—

> Who does not recollect with pleasure that beautiful picture drawn by the Roman poet of his own affection for his father? Many of my younger hearers in this ancient and royal college will remember the passage with delight, and perhaps it will touch the tenderest feelings in the hearts of some among them by reminding them of the sacrifices which *their* parents have made and are making for their sakes, particularly for their education. Well then, my brethren, this Roman father, this heathen parent to whom I refer, and who was not a rich man, but a poor one—*macro pauper agello*—did not set himself to calculate, with parsimonious anxiety, for how *little* he could educate his son; he

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did not wish to be *relieved* of his child by an Education Rate; he would not send him to one of those dearest of all places —dearest often, I mean, in moral and intellectual loss—a *cheap school*. . . . And what, my brethren, was the result? He gained his son's heart for ever. He inspired him with feelings of affectionate gratitude and filial reverence, to which his son has given expression in words that will never die :—

"Nil me pœniteat sanum patris hujus."

Such is his testimony. On the other hand, it may be remembered that another Latin poet, living about a century after him to whom we have just referred, and portraying the selfish luxury of his own age, sums up the melancholy description in which he displays the degraded condition to which the State was reduced, by saying that men would make any sacrifice for their own appetite or ambition, but not for the education of their children.

The sermons on "The History of the Church of Ireland" form part of the same series, (see p. 132) being preached at Westminster Abbey in 1852. They are peculiarly interesting, as dealing with a subject not very well known. Of course the preacher views it from a distinctly Anglican standpoint, and his conclusions would, no doubt, be challenged both by Romanists and Orangemen. But Dr. Wordsworth was not a man who could easily be impugned in his facts; the most that could be complained of would be the colouring that he puts upon those facts. He begins, of course, with S. Patrick, and maintains that though the great Apostle of Ireland was not opposed to Rome, as she then was, yet he was not sent by

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Rome, and that his Creed (which he quotes) was something very different from the Tridentine confession: "S. Patrick and the Church of S. Patrick were independent and free." From the age of S. Patrick we pass on to the age of S. Columba, whose mission he compares with that of S. Augustine from Rome, much to the advantage of the former. He contends that "in the sixth and seventh centuries the ancient churches of Ireland and Britain were of one mind. They did not acknowledge that the Bishop of Rome had *supremacy;* no, they did not acknowledge that he had any jurisdiction over them; and when Rome put forth a claim to jurisdiction by requiring conformity to her own usages, it produced a rupture between them and her." How and when, then, did Rome become dominant in Ireland? "It was," says the preacher, "through the agency of the Anglo-Norman Church, which had already fallen under the yoke of Rome, that the ancient Church of Ireland was brought under the Papal sway in the course of the eleventh century. Anselm and Lanfranc consecrated bishops for Dublin, Limerick, and Waterford. Canterbury did the work of Rome. By means of England a schism was introduced, and a footing gained for Rome in Ireland." He then shows that it was not until the twelfth century that the first Papal Legate was sent to Ireland (A.D. 1106), and that an Irish archbishop first received the pallium from Rome (A.D. 1151). King Henry II. resorted to Rome for aid in the conquest of Ireland.

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England was under a mysterious fascination, she was spellbound by Rome. The whole matter is thus eloquently and lucidly summed up :—

Christianity in a pure, Apostolic form was planted in Ireland early in the fifth century, and for many centuries after, Ireland was free. Then Ireland was one of the brightest luminaries of Western Christendom ; illustrious for piety and sanctity, the seat of literature and learning. She flourished in prosperity and peace, and evangelized Scotland and England by her missionaries. But from the twelfth century to this day the shadow of Rome has hung over the land like the deadly shade of some dark tree, which chills life and checks vegetation beneath it. England owes to the Church of Ireland a debt which has been accumulating for 700 years. We then enslaved Ireland ; we ought now to emancipate her!

The preacher contends that after the twelfth century, for more than three centuries scarcely a single memorable name in the Church of Ireland can be cited. "The rise of the Papal power was a signal for a general collapse,—intellectual, literary, and religious." From the time of Henry II. to the time of Henry VIII. was a period of deadly feuds. This brings us to the era of the Reformation, which, Dr. Wordsworth strongly argues, was effected in Ireland, as it was in England, by the Church itself. There was no House of Convocation in Ireland, therefore the Irish Episcopate was sufficient ecclesiastical authority ; and as the Irish Episcopate accepted and effected the Reformation, the Church of Ireland reformed itself. The terrible hindrances which this ancient Church has met with since, the long want of

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Bible and Prayer-book in the Irish language, the sacrilege which was perpetrated, the alienation of tithes, the prevalence of Puritanism as the inevitable reaction from Popery, are feelingly dwelt upon; but, in spite of these hindrances, the preacher shows that the Church of Ireland since the Reformation can show a list of great names such as no other religious community could boast. "No Roman Catholics in Ireland produced a single theological work of acknowledged celebrity; but the National Church of Ireland has had her Usshers, her Bedells, her Bramhalls, her Jeremy Taylors, her Boyles, her Berkeleys, her Edmund Burkes, her Alexander Knoxes"—a brilliant galaxy indeed. The preacher's stirring appeal in favour of maintaining the Irish Church as an Established Church will not, perhaps, appear quite so vain now as it might have done twenty years ago, when the experiment was in its infancy. It is interesting to compare these sermons with another history of the Church of Ireland thirty-five years later; the calm, judicial impartiality of Dr. Ball is markedly contrasted with the fire and vehemence of Dr. Wordsworth, but we doubt whether there is any substantial difference as to facts between the clergyman and the layman.

An important group of sermons belongs to the years 1854—1857, of which the leading ideas may be said to be personal sanctity and domestic purity. It contains the Boyle Lectures (nine) on Religious Restoration.

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Before we quit the "Occasional Sermons," we venture to suggest that, as they have never been collected into a separate or single work, this might be done. They could be compressed within two volumes octavo, and if so published, with a good index, they would form a most interesting and valuable addition to the library of the theological student.

We now come to the sermons preached by Dr. Wordsworth during his episcopate. There is a cynical saying, "Make a bishop and spoil a preacher." It would be too much to say that in the case of Dr. Wordsworth the reverse would be nearer the truth; but it is not too much to say that his episcopate gave larger scope for a kind of preaching in which he peculiarly excelled. A bishop's sermons, more frequently than those of any other preacher, are required for great occasions,—for occasions connected with some important local event, and often some event which has its associations with the past. Now, no one could better rise to a great occasion than the Bishop of Lincoln; no one could more gracefully connect the present with associations of the past. His poetical cast of mind led him to welcome such opportunities *con amore;* they appealed to his imagination; and his vast stores of historical knowledge enabled him to make the most of them. Hence his "official sermons" (if we may use the expression) as bishop were never what has been irreverently termed "sermons with a tail;"

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that is, sermons that would do for any occasion, with a little appendix tacked on, more or less ingeniously, to suit the particular circumstances. He could always throw himself without an effort into the spirit of the occasion; he regarded the circumstances which called for his presence with a poet's eye and with an historian's knowledge. Let us take one or two instances. When he was called upon to preach, at the restoration of the church of Colsterworth, the parish in which Sir Isaac Newton was born, he seized the opportunity to dwell at length on the great philosopher's career. When he preached at the opening of Clee Church, in which there was a Latin inscription "on the slab in one of the Norman piers near the south porch" to the effect that that church was consecrated "in the year of Our Lord, 1192, by Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, in the time of King Richard," it was no effort to him to draw from the fulness of his stores, a sketch of the continuity of the English Church for 700 years. When he preached at Brant Broughton, he turned, as it were, naturally to a former rector, the famous William Warburton, with whose writings (as the present writer happens to know) he had a singularly minute acquaintance. When he preached at Epworth it was a real delight to him to dwell from the pulpit on the fine epitaph on Samuel Wesley already quoted. When he preached at Benniworth, after a journey on the newly-opened railway between Louth and Lincoln, he took the opportunity of showing

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how the great military roads of the Romans had opened the way to the spread of the Gospel, and vividly described S. Paul's journeys along the Egnatian and the Appian ways. In fact there was rarely a place or an occasion on which he was called to preach, when he could not utilize some local event which took his sermon quite out of the ordinary groove. Among his episcopal sermons those on the Maccabees, preached at Cambridge in 1871, ought to be noticed; but we must be content to refer the reader to these admirable discourses.

We must not close this sketch of Dr. Wordsworth's literary work without noticing two publications to which an almost sacred interest is attached; for, if they were not exactly his dying utterances, they were both written after the "beginning of the end" had come. One is a paper on "John Wiclif," which he wrote for the Lincoln Diocesan Conference in October, 1884, but was too ill to read himself. It will be remembered that a hot controversy was then going on about the celebration of the Wiclif Tercentenary: the Bishop, with characteristic fearlessness, sums up impartially the strong and the weak points of Wiclif's career, regardless of the attacks of both sides—Wicliffites and anti-Wicliffites—which he might reasonably expect. The other is a little volume entitled "How to Read the Old Testament," and was "written at Harewood during December, 1884, and January, 1885, and given by the author to

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his daughter, Priscilla Steedman, as a legacy for his grandchildren." The reader will observe that it was written when the hand of death was already upon him, and it is perfectly marvellous to see how clear his intellectual faculties must have been, even after his bodily powers were hopelessly shattered. For the book is not, as one might have guessed from the Preface, an ordinary child's book, which could be written without much mental effort. It is a brief, but very thorough, though simple, sketch of the spiritual or mystical interpretation of the Old Testament, a subject which would keep the intellectual powers of a scholar in the prime of life and vigour at their fullest strain. And there is not the slightest trace of falling off, either in the matter or the style. If one read it without knowing the date of its composition it would be impossible to give any reason for attributing it to one part of his life more than another, except that one might guess that it belonged to the period when his mind was more than ever imbued with scriptural knowledge. It seems to us one of the most striking instances conceivable of a man's mental vitality and activity surviving his bodily.

To sum up the character of Dr. Wordsworth's literary work. Its chief feature was its extraordinary copiousness, lucidity, accuracy, and variety. Dr. Johnson objected to the poet Gray that "he was a barren rascal," because he produced so little. The same objection could certainly not be alleged against

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Dr. Wordsworth. Of course mere bulk is no test of merit. The writer of one little story, "The Vicar of Wakefield," has achieved a higher reputation as a novelist than many who have written whole libraries full of romance. But there is, after all, something to be said for fertility in composition, unless indeed the work composed be absolutely without value, and no one can say that of even the poorest of Dr. Wordsworth's writings. It may be admitted that much of his work would have been better for condensation. But the wonder is that one who poured forth so vast an amount of matter could have maintained so uniformly high a level, and that one with whom the graces of composition occupied at all times a secondary place, could have written so much that is graceful.

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CHAPTER XIII.

CLOSING DAYS.

We must now enter upon the closing chapter of the Bishop's life, of which the last few years were marked (as the Appian way, before reaching Rome, is marked by tombs) by the graves of his dear friends. In 1878 he lost his beloved sister-in-law, Miss Frere, very shortly after the completion of her seventieth year, on which occasion he had written her a characteristic letter full of affection, and of half-playful reference to the "perfect number" which her days had reached. A dear brother-in-law, Mr. George Frere, had died not long before. Bishop Selwyn had passed away in 1878. The last time when the two bishops and their families met in anything like prolonged and happy intercourse was at the Lakes in the summer of 1877; and the survivors well remember a delightful day at Coniston when the two bishops and Mr. [now Lord] Cross had an informal meeting to discuss the affairs of the Southwell Diocese, which, it will be remembered, affected Lichfield no less than Lincoln. A still more delightful day was that of their visit to Easedale, where Bishop Wordsworth and his family occupied Mr. Fletcher's house, and one long afternoon was spent by the com-

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bined party rambling along the side of the Rotha, in the familiar ground where so much of the "Excursion" had been composed, up Sour Milk Ghyll, and to Easedale Tarn. Dean Jeremie had died some little time before, and his place had been taken by Dr. Blakesley, who shared with the Bishop many early Cambridge recollections; Lord Charles Hervey, always delicate and suffering in health, though a younger man, had preceded his old college friend to a better world; the brilliant light of Bishop Wilberforce had, as we have seen, suddenly gone out; Lord Beaconsfield closed his eventful career in 1881; Dr. Pusey's long life had terminated in 1882; Sir Bartle Frere, a kindred spirit in more senses than one, passed away in 1884; and another dear friend and connection by marriage, the Rev. H. O. Coxe, had died in 1881, leaving an irreparable blank behind him. In the diocese and county of Lincoln death had been no less busy. Bishop Mackenzie had gone to his rest in 1878, and many a name will suggest itself to some at least of the readers of this biography, of good men and women, honoured and well known, whose deaths had seemed in turn like another grave and reverberating stroke of the knell which rings for all.

With the noble and affecting words at the end of his last charge,[1] the Bishop may be said—in a certain sense—to have closed his public career.

[1] See supra, p. 342.

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Assuredly there could have been none better fitted to express his feelings in looking backward over a long life, and forward to the infinite and eternal future. But he was still comparatively vigorous, more so than many a younger man, and often astonished those about him by the display of mental and bodily power. Well does the writer of these pages remember, a little later than this, a conversation with Mark Pattison, then Rector of Lincoln College, who inquired with some interest as to the health and physical capabilities of the visitor of his college, with whom, as is well known, he had had some not unfriendly controversy with regard to the right of appointing a clerical fellow in the college, which was decided in the Bishop's favour. The contrast between the infirm and fragile and almost cadaverous invalid in his bath-chair, and the bright, hale, and vigorous old age of the Bishop was very remarkable.

Hitherto little trouble had come within the family circle. The gaps had been all made by the happy marriages of two sons and three daughters. In 1882 the illness and death of a valued servant seemed like the first appearance of a cloud on the horizon, which soon was to overspread the entire sky. Next came seasons of great anxiety on account of Mrs. Wordsworth, who with a heroism of which few of the young and strong would have been capable, had accompanied her husband on his diocesan journeys with uncomplaining cheerfulness at a time when she herself needed careful nursing and repose. After one or

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two premonitory attacks, she completely broke down during a Confirmation tour in the spring of 1883, and had to withdraw to Harewood, near Leeds, the residence of her son-in-law, P. A. Steedman, Esq., to whose professional skill and unselfish affection both she and the Bishop felt they owed a debt of gratitude which could never be repaid. The daughter who endeavoured to take her place for the short remainder of that Confirmation tour will not easily forget the extraordinary and various work which the Bishop compressed into four or five days. It comprised a Confirmation and an address to Sunday-school teachers in S. Mary's, Nottingham, a journey the next day to Worksop, and a Confirmation there. The same evening he proceeded to dine and sleep at the Duke of Newcastle's (Clumber), where he was kindly received by Lord and Lady Edward Clinton; and all this involved constant exertion in the way of conversation at spare moments when not in church, and with people of the most varied characters—Canon Morse and his family, and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse,[2] the Nottinghamshire clergy and aristocracy, &c. At Clumber he addressed the servants in the library on the morning of the Tuesday before Easter in a manner suitable to the season. He never left a country-house without trying to do something of this kind for the servants. Afterwards he went on to the colliery districts and spent two nights at Annesley, under the roof of Mr. and Mrs. Prance, holding Con-

[2] The author of "John Inglesant."

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firmations there and at Sutton-in-Ashfield. He then returned to Nottingham for another confirmation and a farewell meeting of the clergy. On the following Thursday he returned to Riseholme, to be greeted with the sad news of Mrs. Wordsworth's increased illness. Good Friday was, of course, a day of comparative quiet. On the Saturday he drove to Dunham to hold another Confirmation. Easter Day was spent quietly at Riseholme. In the evening, as was his custom, he had a Bible-class for the younger servants, at the close of which, we believe, he commended their sick mistress most touchingly to their prayers. On Easter Monday, worn and out of health as he himself was, he started alone for Harewood, as the house was not large enough to afford accommodation for any additional guests. Mrs. Wordsworth rallied for a time, and was able eventually to return with him to Riseholme, but things never seemed the same afterwards.

Twice in the summer of 1883 he travelled up to London on purpose to vote, at the second and third readings, against the Bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

In the autumn of 1883 he had also the very great pleasure of visiting Rochester, where his eldest son had recently been made Canon and Oriel Professor of Interpretation. The charm of the place and the cordial welcome given by its inhabitants, the Cathedral services, at which he loved to be present, and the delightful rambles about the old castle and in

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the many places of interest in the city and neighbourhood, made this visit one of many bright memories. He used sometimes to express a wish to retire to Rochester on his resignation.

In the course of some other visits to friends that summer, he spent a few hours at Buxted, seeing the church and churchyard, and his father's grave, and having an interview with the blind old schoolmistress, one of the few survivors of earlier days.

On January 16th, 1884, he attended a meeting in 7, Whitehall Place, when the Southwell Bishopric was practically founded. Though this involved him in considerable personal expense and liability, he was, it is needless to say, most deeply thankful that the matter should have been so far accomplished. On February 13th, Dr. Ridding was appointed bishop of the new see, at the same time as Dr. Stubbs was appointed to the Bishopric of Chester, and both prelates were consecrated at S. Paul's on the Festival of S. Philip and S. James, May 1st.

16, *Great College Street,*
Jan. 17, 1884.

MY DEAR E——, God be thanked, the See of Southwell is founded. All went well. Love to Aunt Anne, A——, and S——.

Your very loving father,
C. LINCOLN.

On January 23rd, Mrs. Wordsworth, herself at the time a great invalid, writes:—

Your father and C—— spent yesterday at Nottingham, to open a new mission church, and to hold a Spiritual Aid

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meeting; all at S. Mary's Vicarage, I need hardly say, were very kind to him, and so were many more, who considered it, as it was, I suppose, his last episcopal act there. J. T—— was present, and said he spoke beautifully.

This year he was again confirming in Lincolnshire in the early spring. To the first of this year's Confirmations (that at Nettleham) Mrs. Wordsworth accompanied him for the last time. She had scarcely recovered from an attack of illness. The weather was cold: he caught a severe chill early in March, and had to come back to Riseholme, where he was for some time invalided. His wonderful constitution, however, enabled him to rally, and for a while he seemed almost like his old self. Bishop Trollope and Bishop Kelly were most kind in assisting with the remaining Confirmations. As usual his mind was active. In the Christmas holidays he had been full of eagerness about Padre Curci, whose work "Il Vaticano Regio" had been studied by him with the deepest interest, The following summer found him somewhat weaker in body, but with mental faculties as strong as ever, making researches into the history of John Wiclif with all the energy and freshness of youth.

That his eye and brain had lost nothing of their quickness was evident from the zeal and success with which he set himself to work to decipher Bishop Bokyngham's Registers, a MS. which would have taxed the faculties of many younger men, but which seemed to him like a recreation. On S. John the

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Baptist's Day he baptized a little grandson in Riseholme Church, the last baptism ever administered by him.

Early in July, 1884, he spent a day or two under the hospitable roof of his sister-in-law, Mrs. George Frere, 16, Great College Street, Westminster, where, among other things, he had an important interview with Miss Ayckbowm, better known as the "Mother" of the Kilburn Sisters of the Church, who was accompanied by his niece, "Sister Charlotte." Convocation was at that time busy with the subject of sisterhoods, and the Bishop expressed himself much gratified with the interview.

On Wednesday, July 2nd, he made his last important speech in Convocation in support of his amendment on a resolution sent up from the Lower House on the Ecclesiastical Courts' Commissioners' Report. The amendment ran as follows: "That this House, while recognizing the duty of maintaining the constitutional exercise of the Royal Supremacy in causes ecclesiastical as well as civil, is of opinion, that for the final determination of questions of doctrine and ritual, the advice and concurrence of the bishops of the province in which the suit arises, or of a majority of them, shall be necessary." The amendment was lost by thirteen to three on the following day. The principle involved in it was however reaffirmed by the Lower House, and the Bishop expressed great gratification when on the Thursday evening the news was brought him by

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Lord Alwyne Compton, the then Prolocutor of that House.

On Thursday, July 3rd, he dined at Lambeth—seeing, as it proved, for the last time his old friends the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Browne, and the Archbishop and his family. Little did he or the Archbishop think that the next act of friendship performed by the latter would be to read the funeral service over him.

On the 4th he paid a farewell visit to his old haunts at Bishop's Stortford, to open a memorial reredos in Thorley Church, where he was the guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. Bartle Frere. The following letter to his daughter Priscilla will give an idea of his feelings on the occasion :—

Twyford House, Bishop's Stortford,
July 4, 1884.

On this, your birthday, I ought to write to you from this place, where I was made happy by your dear mother's love, forty-six years ago, and where I have so much reason to be thankful for the fruits of that love in you and all our dear children, and in their children also. To-morrow I am to preach in the church where we were married on December 6th, 1838, and near which are the graves of those who dwelt in this house where I am now writing, and who dearly loved us, and whom we dearly loved. The outside of the house is very much the same that it was

You will have seen the report of some of our proceedings in Convocation in the *Guardian*. I am thankful to say the Lower House came nobly to the rescue, and have saved the Church from what seemed to be a terrible disaster and disgrace. But that would be a long story.

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On the Saturday following he preached in Thorley Church, on the Intermediate State, on the occasion of the erection of the reredos already mentioned. It was a very impressive occasion, and felt to be so by those present: the Bishop's figure in his usual dress, the scarlet and rose-coloured Cambridge hood, black chimere and white lawn sleeves, conspicuous in the gloom of a summer thunderstorm which passed over the little church during the service, and his face deepened in its expression of gravity by the solemn effect of the darkness around him. He had to go forward on his journey after the service; the carriage dropped him and his companion at Bishop's Stortford station, and there was still a quarter of an hour to spare. He walked into the little town, to look for "the house where I slept the night before my wedding-day;" he glanced in another direction, "Ah, there is dear Aunt L——'s house," adding "She is now in Paradise."

A few moments afterwards he was whirling away northwards, through the gradually deepening shades of the summer evening, never again to tread the paths which had once been so dear to him.

It was one day in the course of this summer that he performed the funeral of an old neighbour, the Rev. E. V. Stuart, of Nettleham; the last funeral he took, the last at which he was present.

The summer of 1884 was a remarkably hot and dry one, especially in Lincolnshire, where hardly any rain had fallen.

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On July 10th there were the usual meetings at the Bishop's Hostel of rural deans and diocesan inspectors, at which the Bishop presided with all his wonted vigour. At the afternoon meeting, the windows being open on account of the great heat, there was a sudden downpour of rain with a cold wind. The Bishop felt a chill, which, in his still weak state of health, proved the beginning of his last illness. He walked back to Riseholme, talking, as was his wont, on various subjects of interest relating to the city and the diocese, and apparently in his usual health and spirits.

On Sunday (13th) he attended Riseholme Church for the last time. It happened that Baxter's beautiful hymn was sung—

> Lord, it belongs not to my care
> Whether I die or live.

After the service he and Mrs. Wordsworth walked out arm-in-arm, "looking like a bride and bridegroom." They were never in a church together again. He felt poorly in the afternoon, and during the next two or three days was in a state that caused his family great uneasiness. There was a judge's dinner-party on the 22nd, and a houseful of guests for it, but he was unable to be present. On the 23rd his condition was most critical, and continued so for some days; acute internal inflammation, and the remedies which it was thought necessary to apply, causing him great suffering.

On one of those days he was going over a certain

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list of things which he had desired to do during his episcopate, and somewhat as Archbishop Laud does in his journal, reckoned up one after another as "done—" the Theological College, the Southwell Bishopric, such and such new churches, and the like. "There really seems nothing left for me to do now," he added.

One poor church in Lincoln (S. Botolph's) required a new aisle; he sent a sum to help to carry out this work. The district of Burton Road in Lincoln was much in want of an additional church; he gave a sum of 500*l.* to the vicar, to be devoted to this good object, "as a thankoffering, whether I die or live."

He took an affectionate farewell of the Rector of Riseholme, Archdeacon Kaye, and of Dean Blakesley, himself at the time weak and suffering, but who, in spite of his own ill-health, took the trouble to come over to Riseholme and say a few brave and cheering words to one whose course, like his own, was nearly run. Canon Hole also paid him a visit; the Bishop dictated the message quoted in a former chapter in reply to a very kind letter.

The day of the Dean's and Archdeacon's visit, Saturday, August 9th, the Bishop had almost given himself up. His exhaustion was very great, and the heat overpowering. In the evening came a refreshing thunderstorm—and as verses of the beautiful 29th Psalm were being repeated in his room, and the longed-for drops began to fall outside the window, it seemed as if he rallied a little, and during the

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next few days he gradually gained ground. On the 14th he came downstairs for a short time, and for a few days there was something like an attempt at the resumption of old habits. Once or twice he sat a little while in his study or in the garden, or went for a short drive; but he seemed like a mere shadow of his former self, and the so-called convalescence was almost more trying than the actual malady. On Monday, the 18th, he and his wife and daughter went to Harewood under the care of their son-in-law, Mr. Steedman, who had been with him during the greater part of his illness.

Here he seemed to revive gradually; he enjoyed driving about, and was able even to walk a mile or two without being the worse for it, and to have interviews with friends, such as the Earl and Countess of Harewood (who exhausted all the resources of kindness in their consideration for his comfort), his old friend and curate, the Rev. L. G. Maine, Canon Worlledge, and others.[3] But, as his family had always feared, no sooner was his health partially re-established, than Mrs. Wordsworth, who had held up so bravely during the sad days at Riseholme, began to show symptoms of an alarming character. The Bishop and his family moved to Harrogate, chiefly on her account. By a strange coincidence the house they occupied was the one in which the late

[3] Canon Worlledge informs us that on this occasion the Bishop talked to him in a most lively manner about the Διαδοχὴ τῶν Ἀποστόλων and other matters.

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Rector of Lincoln had died,[4] and this added to the melancholy impressions of the time. Now and then, but rarely, a word or two betrayed the depth of feeling hid beneath that calm outside; to the last her dread of "giving trouble" seemed to make her reticent about her own sufferings, and her deep humility to make her very silent about her religious feelings, which she at all times rather "pondered in her heart" than openly expressed. She received the Holy Communion for the last time on S. Luke's Day. Up to that time she had always struggled to be dressed, and come downstairs; then she expressed her consciousness that she had done so for the last time. To an old Scotch friend she had written that "she was wearing awa' to the land of the leal." It is impossible to describe the sorrow of the week or ten days after this. Suffice it to say that she died on October 28th. Nothing could have been more peaceful than her end, or more heavenly than the expression of her upward gaze in those last hours. The 30th was her husband's birthday, an anniversary so often looked forward to with delight, and now the eve of his wife's removal to Riseholme. On All Saints' Day she was, as she herself had wished, buried in Riseholme Churchyard. The

[4] It was somewhat remarkable that the new Rector of Lincoln College, the Rev. W. W. Merry, went there to have an interview with the Bishop, as Visitor of that college, on his appointment. This was the last official act that Bishop Wordsworth performed, late in September or early in October, 1884.

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Bishop was unable to bear the journey. The coffin was placed on the night of the 31st in the private chapel, and before its removal there was a celebration of the Holy Communion on the All Saints' morning, and their eldest son gave a short address on the Beatitudes (the gospel for the day) as illustrated in her life. Meanwhile the Bishop, whose own health had greatly suffered at Harrogate, and for whom the place was full of painful associations, was eager to return to Harewood, and the move was made almost immediately. For a time hopes were entertained that he might recover lost ground, but the last shock had been one which rendered recovery all but hopeless. In losing his wife he had lost the sheet-anchor of his life.

At Harewood the Bishop's habits were almost mechanical in their routine. Every day, before he rose, one of his daughters read to him the psalms and lessons for the morning. Then followed dressing, coming downstairs, reading and writing, or perhaps dictating. He never seemed to recover his pleasure in general literature, and almost the only books in which he displayed any interest were, Izaak Walton's "Lives," Miss Arnold Foster's "Heralds of the Cross," the "Life of Ellen Watson," &c. But his reading of Holy Scripture was almost incessant, and the English New Testament, a large-print, square S.P.C.K. copy, which he used at this time, is crowded with his pencil-marks, page after page. It is scarcely necessary to

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add that the habit of prayer which had characterized him in his busiest days was, if possible, still more unremitting at this season of greater leisure. Much of this was intercessory prayer for others.

He was able to walk or drive to Harewood Church, nearly a mile off, on Sundays and occasionally on weekdays, and the one pleasure which seemed left him was strolling about the park, which even in severe weather he rarely failed to do. His muscular strength was surprisingly great. Now and then his grandchildren would be admitted to his room, and he never failed in his kindness to them, sometimes asking them Scripture questions, &c. During this winter he dictated a considerable portion of a Scripture History for the use of his grandchildren, which was left unfinished at the time of his death, and has now been published by the S.P.C.K.[1]

Hopes had been for some time entertained that he might recover sufficiently to resume the duties of his diocese, but as time went on, and it became evident that this would be impossible, he determined to send in his resignation. He had originally intended to do this at Lady Day, but when the document was once drawn up, he, with something of his old promptitude in action, anticipated the date, announced to the diocese his intention of resigning in December, and placed his resignation in Mr. Gladstone's hands, January 30th, 1885.

The death of the Bishop of London, his prede-

[1] Under the title, "How to read the Old Testament."

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cessor, early in January, 1885, could not fail to make a deep impression on him, and he felt also very deeply the condition of his old Westminster friend, Archbishop Trench, who did not long survive him.

It was with very great joy that early in 1885 he heard the news of the appointment of Dr. King to the vacant see. When one of his daughters went into his room with the tidings he remarked, "I was feeling so sad, and now you have come, like an angel, to bring me this good news." His first act was to repeat the Nunc Dimittis, and he telegraphed at once to the new bishop, "Deo gratias."

On the 10th of February, Dr. King paid a visit to Harewood, and had two or three conversations with the Bishop on diocesan and other matters, with which the latter was much satisfied and pleased. But even at this time he was losing ground, and felt himself to be doing so. He had kept up, on the whole, wonderfully well during the time of suspense which preceded the birth of a little granddaughter on January 21st, 1885; but it seemed as if he began to flag almost from that hour. In his case the nervous exhaustion of the summer, and the sad loss which followed it, had greatly interfered with his power of sleep, and this in its turn reacted on the mind, and was the cause, not unfrequently, of a depressed and melancholy state of spirits. It seemed as if this tendency, which had been hitherto balanced by the exercise of his remarkable talents and energies, as well as by the calmly cheerful influence of his wife, was

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likely to get the upper hand. We should not say thus much except that it may be a comfort to others who suffer similarly, either in their own persons or that of their friends, to know that the best men have not been exempt from these trials. And though it may be possible in some degree to account for them on physical grounds, yet that does not remove them. They seem often to be the sharpest and worst, because they are the last trial of God's saints—that going over a man's own life with a self-criticizing eye. "Was this ambition? Could it all have been ambition?" he was heard saying one day, when recapitulating his past life. Or again, the sense of utter unworthiness, the temptation to dwell on that rather than God's goodness, the scrupulous analysis, exacting from oneself more than a weary and exhausted nature can afford,—all these things may, as we have said, be treated from a materialistic point of view; but to assign a cause, or a partial cause, is not to remove the effect, and the language of some of the psalms is none the less pathetic because we, perhaps, are able to ascribe them in some cases to the working of a peculiar set of circumstances. Yet one thing may be noted of him with whose life we are now concerned. In all the phases of mental and spiritual trouble which he went through there was frequently distrust of self, but never for one moment distrust of God or the least shadow of doubt cast across his faith. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," was a text constantly on his lips.

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March 8th was his last Sunday at church, and as he walked home he stopped two or three times to repeat with the fervour that those who knew him can imagine, the verses which occur three times in the psalms for that evening, "Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? . . . put thy trust in God."

On the Friday before he died, March 13th, he walked to Harewood Church and back for a week-day service. The daughter who accompanied him can never forget the intense earnestness with which he exclaimed, "Good Lord, deliver us," following the petition of the Litany in reference to the hour of death and the day of Judgment. The church was unfortunately cold, and it seemed that he caught a chill from having overheated himself first in walking. In the course of the next few hours he had a sharp attack of pneumonia, from the effects of which he never wholly rallied. It was deemed necessary to summon the absent members of his family; most of them were able to have short interviews with him, and even then at the eleventh hour it was most remarkable how he continued to think of something to say to them about their own concerns. In that respect he was himself to the last. In the sick-room the shadows seemed deepening, and the end to have indeed begun. On one of his daughters coming into the darkened room, he called her by name, saying, "I know you by your beautiful cross" (a silver brooch in the form of an Iona cross). She placed it in his hands, and, after

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kissing it, he said, "May God pardon me, and help me to love the Cross for the sake of His dear Son, who died on the Cross for me."

On Wednesday, March 18th, he received, with his family, the Holy Communion for the last time. Then there came one of those awful times of struggle, of which it is difficult to say whether they are caused by the workings of an unusually active brain under morbid physical conditions, or whether they are not really the entrance on that mysterious borderland when the spiritual world displays itself with unwonted and unprecedented vividness. Those who have read the description of the deathbed of George Herbert, as given by Izaak Walton,[6] will remember the strange uneasiness and the "sudden agony" into which he fell just before the close, and how he replied to his wife, "that he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him by the merits of his Master Jesus."

After a restless night, the cry of his little granddaughter—an infant of a few weeks old—was heard from the adjoining room. "Is that dear baby?" he asked; "let me see her." She was brought to his bedside and her mother asked him to bless her, which, having done, he quickly added, "Now she must bless me." Presently he asked, "Has she said it?" "No," the mother answered, "she can't speak yet; but," guiding the baby hand to his forehead as she spoke,

[6] In the copy of "Walton's Lives" which the Bishop used at this time, this passage is the only one marked by his pencil.

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"see, she says it by my mouth." Surely there was something more than the wandering of a dying and enfeebled man in this instinctive movement of the mind which threw itself back, after a long life, on the innocency of childhood.

At length a calm succeeded, the time of rest seemed to begin. In reply to an inquiry from his son-in-law, the Bishop owned that he was "in no pain," adding, "God bless and keep us all; and now let us pray for the blessing of sleep." Later in the day he said to his son-in-law, "I have done all that you told me, haven't I?"

They were his last words. He composed himself to rest, and scarcely moved again. The hours went by, and as he lay there breathing gently, and almost imperceptibly, while the afternoon crept on into evening, and the evening into midnight, the expression of his face was as calm and placid as his family had often seen him when resting in his armchair by the fireside at the close of a long and arduous day. At length it was evident that the spirit had passed away, though the change was so slight as to be almost unnoticed, and those who were about him recited the Te Deum as they knelt at his bedside. Nothing else could so well express the sense of almost triumphant thankfulness which the close of such a conflict seemed to inspire. It was not without significance that on the very day of his death the Chapter of Lincoln had met to elect his successor. Such a coincidence would have pleased him if he had

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known it, and perhaps he did. He expired soon after midnight on Friday, March 20th, or, perhaps it might be said, early on the Saturday morning.

So closed a remarkable and varied life, a life conspicuous for its energy, faith, devotion, and single-mindedness.

As often happens on these occasions, when the last hours of conflict and suffering which have for a time inevitably absorbed the bystanders' thoughts, have come to an end, the life in its wholeness, the life in its grandeur and completeness seemed to assert itself; and there was something in the silence of the room—small and unpretending as it was—in which he lay, and in the motionless but noble figure dressed in his white rochet, on the bed draped in white, and strewn with ferns and flowers, which seemed almost to obliterate the memory of recent suffering, and to leave instead the sense of a solemn, holy, and majestic presence. Over his head hung a text done by the affectionate hands of one of his nieces, "Rejoice in the Lord alway."

By a touching coincidence a photograph of Gethsemane was in the room; this and a view of Athens were almost the only adornments; but all were in their different ways very appropriate to him and to the life which he had lived. His clasped hands held the small cross (given him by Archbishop Benson when at Lincoln, engraved with the emblems of the Four Evangelists) which he constantly wore.[7]

[7] During the whole of his illness at Harewood there was on

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On his hand was his wife's wedding-ring, which he always wore after her death, and often used to kiss affectionately. By his side was a Greek Testament; this also and the cross were buried with him, as well as a cedar-wood pastoral staff, which was placed in the coffin beside him.

To those who were present at that solemn season it seemed that just as the traces of pain and weakness faded away from the features, leaving behind the grand outlines of the face in all its old power and beauty, so the life rose up once more as he really was in all its many-sided completeness; he was no longer the sensitive suffering invalid, but the vigorous and saintly bishop of his best and happiest days. Yet if one dare in imagination to follow the liberated spirit into the world whither it now has travelled, a conviction strengthens in the mind that the last six months of his life, trying and sorrowful as they were, were necessary for the perfecting of his remarkable, and in many ways unique character. It is surely worthy of remark that one who had done so much official work, who had lived so much amid the externals of Churchmanship, who had been the principal figure in so many ecclesiastical ceremonies, and the centre of the

the chimney-piece in his bedroom a small oak Calvary cross, given him many years previously by the Chaplain of the Savoy, with this inscription at the foot of it: "Relic of the Chapel Royal, Savoy Street, Strand. Built by King Henry VIII. Partly destroyed by fire, 1864. Restored by Queen Victoria, 1865." But during the last few days of his life he could not clearly distinguish anything.

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life of a great diocese with its complex machinery, should have died apart from all these things in a secluded village in Yorkshire, and that his deathbed should have been as simple in its surroundings as that of many a poor man.

It seemed as if the character could not have been brought to its ultimate perfection without that personal experience of trial, that withdrawal from the outer world, and from almost everything that could lend an attraction to life, the studies and pursuits that once had delighted him, and even the society of her whom he best loved, in order to be for a brief space "alone with God." Some readers of his Commentary on Ezekiel (Introduction, p. 155) will remember a passage where he speaks of the great Prophet-priest, whose wife was to be taken from him, and who was in captivity on the banks of the River Chebar, seeing the glory of God, which had departed from the profaned Temple at Jerusalem, where he brings out very earnestly and forcibly the importance of the inner life and of personal religion, and reminds us "that each individual soul among us is to be brought singly, and one by one, into personal communion and contact with God, and to stand, as it were, face to face with Him, and to receive its own sentence from Him, for everlasting bliss, or everlasting woe, at the Great Day."

The Bishop's funeral took place in Lincoln Cathedral, on March 25th, the Feast of the Annunciation.

On the previous day the body had been carried

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from Harewood. Just before the coffin was removed from the chamber of death, a group of the village school-children, many of whom had known him well by sight, and for whom he had often had a kind word as he passed them in his walks, came and stood before the window, and sang the hymn, "Brief life is here our portion." The little grandchild already mentioned was among the travellers, taking her first railway journey under such strange and sorrowful circumstances.

On arriving at the cathedral the body was met at the south porch by the cathedral clergy, and carried by students of the Theological College, and the procession walked through the south aisle and down the nave to the "Morning Prayer Chapel" on the north-west, a beautiful little recess, where the coffin was placed. On the lid of the coffin being removed many old friends came to have one last look at his face. It was watched all night by relays of friends, some of them students of the Theological College for which he had done so much.

The service next day will long live in the memory of those who were present at it. In the morning there was the usual Festival Celebration; at two o'clock the funeral took place, both choir and nave being thronged, though it was the day of the Lincoln races,[8] with friends and sympathizing spectators. The body was first brought into the choir, where it stood

[8] Mr. Chaplin kindly made arrangements that the actual races should cease during the time of the funeral.

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surrounded by the chaplains of the late Bishop, who were pall-bearers. Among them, one who loved him with the tenderness of a very warm heart, and was loved by him in return, with the sincerest affection, the Rev. Canon Morse, soon followed him to a better world. His countenance that day had something in it that made a deep impression on those who observed it.

Another old friend, the Dean of Lincoln, whose own health, as has been said, was most precarious, was, we believe, present in the cathedral that day for the last time. His sympathy, and that of the members of the Chapter and their families, warm and deep as it was, could not fail to be a great comfort to the survivors.

The Bishop Elect of Lincoln was also present, as well as many other friends, among whom we may, perhaps, specify the young Bishop of Melanesia, the son of two old and dear friends, and at that time on a visit to England. Some months afterwards he referred to the service (in speaking to a member of the bishop's family), and especially to the hymn, "Hark! the sound of holy voices," then sung, and its wondrously uplifting power.

The lesson was read by the Archbishop, the hymn followed it, and then the procession turned westwards, the flower-covered coffin followed by the mourners two and two, passing between two closely-packed throngs of spectators, through the west door, to be conveyed to Riseholme, where the Archbishop

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completed the service in the little country churchyard, and the Bishop was laid, as he had wished, by the side of his dear wife, close to the pathway which they had trodden so often together.

By some happy instinct of friendship a cross, composed of ears of corn, with a bunch of grapes in the centre, was placed on the grave. Such a piece of symbolism he would have dearly loved.

A cross, erected by the members of his family, has since been placed over the two graves. It is of grey Irish limestone, and represents in medallions some of the more important types and antitypes of the Old and New Testament. Engraved on the steps of the cross, which is Runic in character, are the following inscriptions:—(East) "To the Glory of God and in loving memory of Christopher Wordsworth and Susanna Hatley, his wife." (West) "I look for the Resurrection of the dead and the Life of the world to come." (North) "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice." (South) "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

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CHAPTER XIV.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

When the grave has closed over those we love, the survivors instinctively begin to piece together, while the memory of the departed is still fresh, those little fragments and scattered recollections, which more perhaps than greater things, bring the man or woman vividly before us. At such times the merest trifles are cherished, and the idiosyncrasies and even the little failings of a character are affectionately dwelt upon. They may be worthless in themselves, like many other relics, but the associations and recollections they summon up are deservedly precious to us all.

The reminiscences contained in this chapter are, as will be seen, from different hands. We begin with the words of one of the late Bishop's children.

"Our very earliest recollections of my father are of some one who was always busy, always in earnest. I think my very earliest recollection of all is of coming down to dessert and being told stories by him out of the Odyssey. I still possess a copy of Pope's translation, given to me at the age of seven, which our grandfather had given to my father when the latter

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was five years old. Almost all our earliest recollections of him have a classical colouring, such as his explaining to us the Elgin marbles, &c. He was very fond of reading and discussing after meals, and on Sunday evenings especially, after tea we always had a kind of informal catechizing. One of my first recollections is his explaining the Epistle for Septuagesima Sunday—the Christian race—on some occasion of this kind.

"We had Shakespeare and Don Quixote put into our hands almost as soon as we could read, and it seems to us all, on looking back, that he never "talked down" to us, but always expected us to be interested in the things he was interested in himself. I remember as a child going to my bedroom ready to cry, because he was so distressed and talked so ominously about University reform. The secularization of the Clergy Reserves in Canada was another thing that stands out vividly in our childish memory as a source of great pain to him. And we can hardly remember a time when he was not keenly interested in French and Italian politics, especially as bearing on religion. In the Westminster days we were constantly having foreigners to breakfast with us.[1] My father spoke French, Italian, and modern Greek fluently. One feature that always struck us very much at the earlier time of which I am now speaking was the

[1] The learned Benedictine, afterwards Cardinal Pitra, was one of these guests.

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numbers of poor 'gentlefolks' to whom my father was in the habit of showing kindness.

"There was an even gravity and courtesy about his bearing that never varied. No hurry, no pressure of work could ever make him rude or forgetful of the feelings of others. Indeed, perhaps, he was *too* tolerant of weak or tiresome people.

"At all times of his life there was a dignity about him which was diametrically opposite to self-assertion. Those who have known most of the dignified clergy of this and the preceding generation will perhaps hardly be able to mention one who seemed more completely to belong to the heroic age, and to live so unconsciously and habitually at a high level. I sometimes think of him as the last of the Homeric people. His simplicity, his freshness of mind, was like that of an old ballad; his amusement with trifles, his pleasure in old jokes, one or two of which never seemed to lose their flavour at the hundredth repetition; his kindly interest in very small people, his goodhumoured forbearance with awkward or tiresome servants, his gratitude for some trifling attention from them, his intense delight in very simple pleasures would have made him charming if he had been an old country squire. And yet he could rise from things like these without an effort to the grandest themes, because he was always so perfectly real. Sometimes this resulted in his not saying "the proper thing" to people. I remember going with him to look at

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some church with the clergyman, when, instead of duly admiring the internal improvements, he walked to the door and exclaimed at the beauty of the view. A lady was telling me, only a few days ago, of a call she paid at Riseholme, and his coming in with a great bunch of gorse in his hand, so delighted with it 'that he hardly seemed to see we were in the room.'

"I have often thought since how very little use he made of his position as a Canon of Westminster, with a considerable reputation as a preacher and a literary man, to enable him to 'get into society,' as the phrase is. Never was any one who ran less after great people or celebrities; while you would meet constantly at his table people who had no claim on him beyond that of neighbourhood or common work. He for a long time would not belong to a lending library, seldom entered a club, rarely read any light literature, and used sometimes to say that he should advertise a sale of 'old and unpopular books' in order to counteract the taste for new and popular ones.

"It was impossible to be with him even for a short time without feeling that one great peculiarity of his character was its strong historical bias and his disposition to view the present in the light afforded by the past. If it was not true of him, as was said in later years, that three parts of him were in heaven and the other in the first century after Christ, yet it

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is certainly true that he never took anything merely on the judgment of contemporaries. Few lines in the English language were more frequently on my father's lips than the passage in 'Lycidas,' beginning

'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,'

and ending

"As *He* pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

"He was, even physically, extremely long-sighted as well as remarkably quick of sight.[2] Often, when walking with him, we were struck by the rapidity with which an advertisement on the opposite side of the street would catch his eye. His sensitiveness to colours, patterns, &c., was very noticeable, as was also his excellent memory for faces. One peculiarity about his eyes was their rapid horizontal darting to and fro when he was talking eagerly. This gave to the eye, naturally small, grey, and, except for its deep setting, almost insignificant, an extraordinarily vivid effect. It was an eye with an exceptional power of kindling with pleasure, amusement, or excitement; but it was also capable of expressing an amount of suffering, which, in his last illness at least, is one of the most painful

[2] His friend, the Archbishop, notices the extraordinary quickness of his movements. "Before people had their great-coats on, he was a quarter of a mile ahead; before they had them off again, he was seated in his study writing hard."

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of our memories. No eye could be at times more dreamy and meditative, at other times more alert, than his. And the physical long-sightedness of which I have spoken seemed to have some correspondence with his mental vision. No one knew better how to seize upon salient points. I remember Bishop Wilberforce once paying him a compliment on his skill in 'eviscerating a book.' Almost every book he read was underlined in all its most telling passages. In the same way in conversation he would be anxious to get people 'to the point.' 'Well, but now tell me about so-and-so,' I can fancy I hear him say, interrupting one in the middle of a long series of details. 'The great thing is to do this; to make sure of that.' A young newly-ordained clergyman once asked him about some rather abstruse point of Hebrew, I think. 'My dear D—,' was the reply, with a kind, fatherly smile, '*Hoc age*'—meaning 'attend to your parish work,' &c. It was this habit of mind that made him constantly on the look-out for general laws, for the great main lines of history, for the points of resemblance between one period and another, and that enabled him to strip off all that was irrelevant to the subject of which he was treating. Somewhat akin to this was the power which he had of seeing great ideas represented by, sometimes very obscure, individuals; a characteristic which he shared with his uncle, the poet. For William Wordsworth, a leech-gatherer became a prophet. He read into his utterances

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and saw in his bearing much more, we may be sure, than the old man was conscious of himself. So, *mutatis mutandis*, the nephew saw in his parishioners, and others with whom he came in contact, human souls which were the fit recipients of certain spiritual benefits. He knew them individually, he was by no means unobservant of their special characteristics; but, over and above all that, was his sense of the grand religious verities which they helped to call out, both in everyday life and at its more critical moments. He would feel deep sympathy for the sick person, but he would read the prayers in the Visitation of the Sick with an undercurrent in his mind of higher and wider reference. The large, the grand, the simple, the massive attracted him, and became him.

"One day I overheard my mother asking him if the aged relative of one of our servants might pay us a few days' longer visit. I think his reply was, 'Oh, yes, it will be nice to have an old woman's prayers,' or something to that effect. This at any rate will exemplify his way of looking at things. Women particularly were often idealized by him, and even their dress spoken of sometimes with a kind of poetical phraseology.

"His reading of the occasional offices was most beautiful. In the Burial Service as said by him the sadness seemed to dissolve itself into grandeur—the thought of the "dear brother" or "dear sister" to be merged in the glorious hopes of the general Resurrection. It was like looking at magnificent

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mountain scenery through one's tears. Still more affecting, perhaps, was the Baptismal Service, said under the tower of his parish church at Stanford, while the afternoon light gleamed through the deep-set little west window (which represented our Lord blessing little children). The group of Berkshire peasants, with their sunburnt, unemotional faces, was singularly contrasted with the strongly-marked head at once so intellectual and so spiritual, turned fervently to the east, as he held the infant in his arms and led up his hearers from the thought of the individual to that of the great doctrines illustrated in the Christian life.

"He was no musician, but his reading both of prayers and lessons was full of colour and light and shade. Who will ever forget his solemn reading of the first collect in the Communion Service, or of the exquisite prayer at the end about "the blessed company of all faithful people"? Some of us who have heard those prayers read as he could read them may be forgiven for feeling that even music itself could hardly touch or elevate or spiritualize with so subtle an influence as now and then resides in the tones of a speaking voice.[3] Who will ever forget the full,

[3] One of his sons adds: "Mr. Henry Bradshaw, the late Librarian of Cambridge, once stopped me, with a beaming countenance, after hearing him at S. Mary's, Cambridge, in an ecstasy of admiration at the perfect taste and emphasis with which he had delivered his sermon and said the Collect afterwards. A poor woman in my parish in Rutland declared that it was well worth going to church to hear 'Mr.' Wordsworth (Monsignor) christen the babies."

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deep-toned ring of his closing benediction, which seemed to quiver in the silent air like the final chords of solemn music?

"Certain passages of Holy Scripture seemed to gain a new meaning from his reading. Many of us will think of the 'Hast thou not heard long ago how *I* have done it,' following in so strange a contrast on the boasts of Sennacherib; of the ironical emphasis of the 'if it displease thee' in Balaam's speech; of the 'Have ye offered unto *Me?*' of S. Stephen; of the grand delivery of the song of Deborah, probably not without a bitter dwelling on the taunt 'to every man a damsel or two;' of the pathos of 'I have trodden the wine-press alone" in the Epistle for the Monday before Easter; perhaps of the 'and it was night', in S. John's account of the Paschal Supper. But to multiply instances would be to go through the Bible.

"I have said that he was no musician, but there were certain pieces of Church music which he listened to with the greatest pleasure. Kent's 'Blessed be Thou, Lord God of Israel' may be mentioned, and Purcell's "Rejoice in the Lord alway." This anthem he said reminded him of his first Sunday as a Canon at Westminster Abbey (third in Advent, 1844). As might have been expected, he preferred Handel to Mendelssohn. He often expressed a dislike of the sing-song phrase, 'Preach us the gospel of peace,' in a favourite anthem by the latter. But 'O rest in the Lord' was perhaps the song he loved best in all the

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world, and was never tired of hearing. He was very fond of Mozart's beautiful song, 'Qui sdegno non s' accende,' &c. But with all his love of art (he used often to say 'he should like to have been a painter'), what he really cared for in that, as in everything else, was the idea that lay behind it. He would rather, for instance, hear a good song indifferently sung, than a mediocre song sung very well. And this ran through everything. Had he been a reader of Browning, he would have fully entered into Andrea del Sarto's criticism of Raphael's imperfect drawing :—

"'He *means* right—that a child can understand.'

"He had a keen admiration for personal beauty, both in men and women, especially of the higher and more refined cast. I may mention here one or two pictures which were great favourites with him : some of the Ruysdaels in the National Gallery ; Claude's great picture, 'Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba,' which hangs by the Turners—he was always excessively fond of Claude ; Strange's engraving of Charles I., and of Salvator Rosa's 'Date obolum Belisario' (to whom in one of his sermons he compares the pauperized clergy) ; and of Coreggio's S. Jerome, Madonna, and other saints. A little oil-painting by Copley Fielding, of a Sussex plain with a gleam of light across it, was also a great favourite ; and he was fond of looking at his pictures with the morning sun upon them. He delighted in the mel-

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lowness of a good copper-plate; also in the soft tints of the paper of an old folio.

"His enjoyment of natural beauty of all kinds, even in the much-abused Lincolnshire landscape, was a marked feature in his character, and his habit of driving in an open carriage rather than going by rail about his large diocese, did much to prolong his life and preserve his health. But his delight in coming home and settling down even for a few days in the familiar haunts was always very great. It was partly the sense of throwing off for the moment the burden of responsibility. 'We can talk nonsense,' he would say to his wife, 'now we are in the bosom of our family." On coming home after a Confirmation tour, his first act before entering the house was to go round and pat the horses' heads[4] —a sort of silent thanks to them for having taken them so many miles; and he always had a kind word for the coachman. It may be added that he never omitted a few words of prayer and thankfulness, and the beginning verses of Ps. ciii., on first getting into his carriage after a railway journey. And many will recollect the sense of relief with which he used to exclaim, in the words of Catullus,—

O quid solutis est beatiùs curis
Cum mens onus reponit, et peregrino
Labore fessi, venimus larem ad nostrum
Desideratoque adquiescimus lecto?

[4] He had always a great tenderness for animals. A fellow-traveller with him in Sicily remembers his administering a severe thrashing to a muleteer who was ill-treating his beasts.

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lengthening out the long syllables at the beginning of the last line with the same instinct that makes the weary limbs stretch themselves on their accustomed couch."

"A glimpse of the interior of his study at Riseholme may perhaps interest the reader. It was walled with books, filled with tables covered with papers, and having beneath them tin boxes which contained more papers. Yet there was a wonderful method pervading this apparent medley, like the combination of clear-headed business habits with something of the free-handedness of genius, which characterized the owner. He had a photographic memory for 'where he had put things,' and in curious contrast with his rough-and-ready arrangements was his singular neatness of eye in some respects. A book topsy-turvy made him wretched —he used to say 'it spoilt its circulation.'

"His tastes and friendships and pursuits showed themselves in all parts of the room. On the mantelpiece hung Bishop Sanderson above a fine print of Charles I.; the Bishop's own father, wife, uncle, and brother were all represented; a long horizontal frame, which he called his 'angel choir,' contained all his children. A copy of Bellini's 'S. Jerome' and a print of the American Bishop White,[5] seemed to share his sympathy with the Greek Church as

[5] This print, which had originally hung at Rydal Mount, was afterwards given by the Bishop to the Missionary College at Burgh.

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represented by some mother-of-pearl carvings (the gift of Archbishop Lycurgus) and with a little bronze lamp from the Catacombs. Zanzibar had contributed a quaint bit of matting; Trinity a venerable old library table; a photograph of the Vatican MS., given by Dean Burgon, showed the space left for the missing verses of S. Mark."

"A little figure of an angel, almost a duplicate of one in Stanford Church, had been given by him to Miss Frere. After her death it was inserted in one of the square panes of the sash window[6] of the bishop's study, and he was fond of pointing out—probably to some child visitor—the symbolism of the six wings—'two for modesty, two for reverence, two for obedience.' Perhaps, as we are speaking of children, the picture of the study would not be quite complete without a glimpse of some little grandchild finding his or her way into the room for a good-night and a blessing, or possibly being entertained with a nursery rhyme or a picture out of one of the popular "toy-books" which latterly might have been seen in quaint and suggestive contrast with the severer literature of the bookshelves."

"Such was the outer aspect of the room: of its hallowed inner life, where the business of a great diocese and the studious pursuits of a theologian, each of them enough to occupy an ordinary man's time, were carried on with a thoroughness which

[6] He used to delight in the bright flowers kept in these windows, and in the scent of the sweet-briar hedge outside.

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few could have given to either, and yet seemed only like the pedestal on which the spiritual life stood with half-spread wings, always ready to soar away to the infinite and intangible world, it seems presumption to attempt to speak; but there must be many men and women still amongst us for whom a quarter of an hour in that room has been full of significance, of warning, of counsel, of comfort, of help. To them nothing written or printed could speak with half the force of their own recollections; to others little could be said without trenching on ground where it was the privilege of few to tread."

"A word or two may perhaps be added about the routine of the daily life at Riseholme. Breakfast was at eight, chapel at half-past eight, the Bishop usually taking the service himself, and very frequently giving an exposition of one of the lessons, which he made it his habit to read first in private. He always rose at six, and had done a good deal of work before the rest of the household was up."

"The chapel, a square room of somewhat unecclesiastical type, was adorned by him with woodwork at either end, and the two sides had the Beatitudes painted (four and four) with emblematical flowers, &c., surrounding them. Over the altar was in Greek our Lord's threefold charge to S. Peter. The altar was surmounted by a carved oaken canopy terminating in an oaken cross, and a simple pastoral staff rested beside the Bishop's stall."

After chapel service the Bishop devoted himself

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to his correspondence, much of which consisted in requests for help in Church work, in or out of the diocese. And here it may be said that, remarkably generous as he was, no man was more prudent in administering charity. He seldom gave much money to what were called 'popular' objects. 'Oh, you'll see every one will be sure to subscribe to *that*,' he would say, talking perhaps of some 'relief fund' in a time of exceptional distress. 'Every one can feel for physical needs like cold or hunger. The charities that really languish for lack of support are those which have to do with our spiritual wants.' Or again: 'Every one likes contributing to build a church; they can see direct results in such a case as that. But how very few comparatively will subscribe to its endowment. And yet it is the building up of the spiritual fabric that is wanted. If you once get that, the material one will soon follow.' Not the least trying part of his correspondence was that which had to do with the appointments to livings, and he was sometimes half amused and more than half annoyed by the interference of the lady friends of the various candidates in these matters."

"Of this it will be sufficient to say that he made a rule, from which he rarely departed, to give preferment whenever possible as an encouragement for good work already done in the diocese."

"There is" (he would say) "Mr. A——, who has been a curate for twelve years at B——; there is Mr. W——, who has had a most trying and diffi-

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cult task in charge of a sequestrated living at M——. I feel men like these have the first claim on me. Mr. So-and-so had much better go on working steadily in his own diocese, and then probably his own bishop will do something for him."

"He rarely employed a secretary. 'People like,' he used to say, 'to have something in your own handwriting; it gives them the feeling that you take some personal interest in them.' Having got through the morning's correspondence with his usual rapidity, he almost invariably went out for a walk, accompanied by wife and daughters. If Mrs. Wordsworth did not appear to entice him out, he would run up to her sitting-room and entreat her to 'put on her woodland dress' and come with him 'ad fraxinum,' referring to a fine ash-tree in the Riseholme grounds. This was the time when he would mark trees to be cut down, inquire after any sick outdoor servant, and get to know whatever was going on with regard to crops, lambs, new machines, &c., and have long talks with the labourers. Many of his interviews with his clergy were of this peripatetic nature. One of our last recollections is seeing him and his companion seated on the stump of an old tree, near the summer-house which he had built, engaged in important conversation, shortly before his fatal illness. Politics, especially as connected with the Church, were full of interest for him, and probably there is not a single question of the day—the Burials Bill, the Public Worship Regulation

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Act, the Deceased Wife's Sister agitation, Irish affairs, and other topics, which has not left its vibrations on the air which blows over the cornfields between Riseholme and Lincoln, or about the little clump of Scotch fir-trees and the scattered and picturesque hawthorns which adorn the high ground to the north of the house."

"His interest in the affairs of Europe, especially the religious condition of France and Italy, never slackened. But what made his conversation so different from that of most men was the simplicity and reality with which he spoke of what may be called the 'Bible world' almost in the same breath as he did of current events. One might say that his whole existence was like a volume of Holy Scripture with copious footnotes from life and scholarship and experience. The 'drawing all your cares and studies this way,' of which the Ordinal speaks, could never have been more fully exemplified than in him.

On Fridays, when not on Confirmation tours or on his autumn holidays, he was always at the Old Palace in Lincoln to have interviews with the clergy. Latterly, institutions to benefices, which frequently took place on those days, were made the occasion of a short but solemn religious service, joined with imposition of hands, before the altar of the cathedral, or in the chapel at Riseholme. The same was the case with the appointment of non-residentiary canons."

"As the winter evenings drew in he used to read a good deal to himself—old favourites, especially

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classical authors. In the last years of his life he must have retraced much familiar ground in this way; but how he continued to keep *au courant* in the way he did with the events and, to a great extent, the literature of the day was a source of never-failing surprise even to those who knew him best, and his power of reticence was perhaps even more remarkable. It was only now and then, and almost as it were by accident, that those about him could form an idea of how many painful subjects were brought before him on which it was impossible for him to speak. Doubtless one great help to him was his filling his mind and the minds of those about him with high and noble themes, but his sensitiveness was unusually great, and his desire for sympathy also strong, and it must have been something very remote from hardness or indifference that enabled him to do this."

He always made a point of putting aside work in the evening.[7] After his half-past six or seven o'clock dinner, he sat in his arm-chair and listened to reading or music till chapel at half-past nine, after which the family retired. It was giving this absolute rest to the brain during the hour or two before bedtime that enabled him to work so well on the morrow, and it need hardly be said that the

[7] It may be added, for the sake of other students, that he was very careful of his eyes, using them as little as possible by artificial light. "You can never get another pair," he used to say to any one whom he saw reading or working under difficulties.

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habit of prayer and trust which such a life tended to foster—of leaving everything in God's hands and committing all his cares to Him—was not without its effects on a highly-strung, eager, and somewhat anxious temperament."

"Next to the Bishop's deep religious faith, however, the most blessed influence on his life was undoubtedly that of the devoted wife who was never far distant, and who was so completely one with him. It seems almost impossible to write of her—a treason to that delicate, tender, and retiring nature. Yet unselfish and unobtrusive as she was, she possessed a character of unusual firmness, strength, and self-possession. It used to be said in the family in times of anxiety that things must be going badly because she was so cheerful; and one who did not know her well might almost have mistaken her tranquillity for coldness, though in reality few equalled her in the warmth and depth of her feelings, and in the tenderness of disposition which showed itself in a readiness to do good offices, even though of the humblest and least agreeable kind, to all who needed it. Deeply and habitually devout, she shunned every form of religious self-display. Absolutely and universally truthful and thorough, she was always gentle and womanly. Diffident and retiring, she never flinched from an acknowledged duty, or evaded a painful responsibility. With superiors, equals, and inferiors, she was always the same, incapable of small social ambitions, always looking out for the true realities of

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life, never superficial; quiet and reserved, yet making herself felt more than she knew, and the longer she was known, gaining more and more on others by that silent influence which she herself would have been the first to disclaim. Of personal vanity she had absolutely none, and it was part of the charm of the acknowledged beauty of her face that it was so simple, grave, and unconscious of its own attraction. Her beautiful soprano voice and faultless ear and her gift for music will long be remembered by those who knew her well, and her reading aloud was the delight of many a winter evening."

"An admirable portrait of her, just before her last illness, was taken by Mr. Eddis, at her husband's wish. It was characteristic of both husband and wife that the Bishop insisted on a representation of a lily (in allusion to the meaning of her name Susanna) being introduced into the picture. A more appropriate emblem could not have been chosen. He used often laughingly to say of his wife that he wished it put on their tombstone 'that they were never reconciled,' and, indeed, in the whole course of their married life, their union was so complete that the mutual understanding seemed like an instinct, and their children can never remember a day or an hour when even in surface matters the perfect harmony was infringed upon."

A few words may now be added as to the Bishop's literary tastes. A member of his family writes:—

"As might be expected, the classical element pre-

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dominated. His memory for Virgil from the time he was a Winchester boy was almost proverbial, and we believe he could at any time have repeated hundreds of consecutive lines. One of his favourite passages was the grand description of the storm in the First Georgic, and the signs preceding bad weather, especially the lines—

> Tum cornix plenâ pluviam vocat improba voce
> Et sola in siccâ secum spatiatur arenâ.

This last image he dwelt on with extreme pleasure. The description, I think, of the Scythian winter was another; so were the fine passages at the end of the First Georgic on the state of Rome, and the image at the close, of the runaway horses and the helpless charioteer. And I cannot tell how often he has handed me a proof-sheet to be looked over, with the line on his lips—

> Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem.

He preferred the Georgics, I think, to the Æneid —always excepting the grand historical Book VI. The beautiful picture of the Corycian old man was, especially in his own old age, most congenial to one who delighted up to the last in being in the open air, and 'seeing,' as he would often say in Hooker's words, 'God's blessings springing out of his mother earth.' But, taken as a whole, Virgil was less frequently on his lips than Horace. There was scarcely an incident in life that did not get capped with a Horatian quotation. He was strong in his

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conviction that Horace ought to be read chronologically according to the arrangement indicated by Bentley. He used often to talk of giving a lecture on Horace to the theological students at Lincoln—not without some feeling that the tact, humour, and knowledge of life and grace of style possessed by that poet were just the qualities in which the technical teaching of a seminary is likely to fall short. Horace was almost the only secular book he used to keep by him on his table, during his last serious illness. It is doubtful if he read it much, but he liked to have it there. I remember his having read aloud to him once —it must, I think, have been in the interval of a Confirmation tour—a large portion of Catullus' 'Marriage of Peleus and Thetis;' and one of the last pieces of classical poetry which he dwelt on with enthusiasm was Claudian's lines on the victory of Theodosius at Aquileia,—

> O nimium dilecte Deo, cui fundit ab antris
> Æolus armatas hiemes, cui militat æther,
> Et conjurati veniunt ad classica venti,—

quoted in his 'Church History,' iii. 63.

"Latterly Cicero, the 'De Officiis' especially, was much read and enjoyed by him. The very last book he had in his hand after church on the Sunday when his illness began, was an old quarto copy of Middleton's Cicero (the pencil lay in it long afterwards, just as he had left it). His sympathy with Cicero was very great."

"While speaking of Latin literature I cannot forget

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the spirit and enjoyment with which he once read to us the famous Fourth Satire of Juvenal. Perhaps there were no lines in the Latin language which he would quote with more fervour than the description of the old courtier (iv. 89—91),—

> Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
> Torrentem, nec civis erat, qui libera posset
> Verba animi proferre et vitam impendere vero.

How he would emphasize the last three words! They were indeed after his own heart, as well as (I need hardly say) the familiar lines,—

> Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori
> Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.[8]

Notwithstanding the distinctions he had early gained in the fields of Greek literature and topography, it always seemed as if his cast of mind was really more Roman than Greek. It was not so

[8] As a specimen of his own skill in Latin versification we insert the following lines suggested by a valuable old Greek helmet, at least 1600 years before the Christian era, inscribed in Archaic characters, Ζηνος Ολυντιο (Ζηνὸς Ὀλυμπίου), "of Olympian Zeus." This had evidently been a votive offering in a temple. It was found in the River Alpheus, and bequeathed by Mr. Bartholomew Frere to his nephew-in-law, Dr. Wordsworth. (It is now in the possession of the Bishop of Salisbury.) See *Boeckh.*, Corpus Inscr. Græc., i. 38—40, and *Rose*, Inscr. Gr. Vetust. p. 58. Camb. 1825:—

> "Cassis Olympiaco quondam sacrata tonanti,
> Post tempestates belli sævosque tumultus
> Pacis in hoc placido tandem requiescit asylo.
> Sic tu, post longæ discrimina bellica vitæ
> Militiamque bonam Christo sub Rege peractam
> Pacis in æternâ cœlesti sede quiescas!"

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much keen, subtle, and speculative or æsthetic, as lucid, practical and deductive; rather bold than delicate in handling, with singular organizing and constructive power, great rapidity of conception and action, but not quickly sensitive to fresh impressions, or peculiarly attentive to the minutiæ of style and graces of literary finish."

His deep reverence for authority, his strong hold on the actual facts of life, his high conscientiousness and singular uprightness and simplicity, his power of work and of protracted endurance, found something very congenial to themselves in the Roman character. Yet it is hardly necessary to say that Greek literature never ceased to occupy a prominent place in his affections."

"At one time he used to translate the 'Acharnians' and the 'Knights' to his children at Stanford, every day after luncheon. Of his love for Theocritus mention has been made elsewhere. The beautiful beginning of the Thalysia was, if I remember right, a favourite passage. He would perhaps during an April walk contrast the Greek love of spring in the light-hearted childhood of the world, as shown in such a description as that, with the deeper hopes and graver thoughts of Easter in our own day. I remember once his sitting over the fire in his room on a visit at the house of an old friend, where he missed many old faces, and quoting the beautiful lines, *αἰ αἰ ταὶ μαλάχαι*, &c., and pouring out his thoughts about the heathen and Christian views of death. Among the Greek dra-

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matists, Æschylus was the one from whom he quoted most. The grand opening of the 'Prometheus,' and the 'Seven against Thebes' might specially be mentioned. Probably from its closer connection with Biblical history, the narrative of Herodotus had, I think, a greater interest for him than that of Thucydides. Of Xenophon, especially his beautiful picture of family life,[9] he spoke with great admiration: also of Plutarch's Morals."[1]

"In English literature his tastes were of a similar kind. He preferred Shakespeare's historical plays, especially perhaps Richard II. and Julius Cæsar; and in Milton, the passages oftenest asked for were the historical book at the end of 'Paradise Lost,' and the descriptions of Athens and Rome in 'Paradise Regained.' He delighted in the Prologue to Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' the humour of which he thoroughly enjoyed. Pope he seldom read; Dryden occasionally.[2]' I remember his enjoyment of portions of Swift's poems, Warton's 'Progress of Discontent,' &c. Among later poets he really seldom opened any but Wordsworth, with whom he had not only the sympathy of close relationship, but

[9] Anab. v. 3.

[1] One or two favourite modern Greek proverbs, δρυὸς πεσούσης πάντες ξυλεύονται, or the untranslatable expression, βασιλεύει ὁ ἥλιος, would perhaps be recalled to his mind by a beautiful sunset, or the sight of some old woman picking up sticks in Riseholme Park the day after a gale.

[2] He once referred to the story of Baucis and Philemon in a catechizing in church, I think, to illustrate the text, "He came unto His own," &c.

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an affinity of mind which relationship does not always bring. Here again it was the ethical and deductive element which predominated. 'Tintern Abbey,' and the 'Intimations of Immortality,' were not nearly so often on his lips as the 'Happy Warrior' and the 'Ode to Duty.' Perhaps the 'Evening Voluntaries' and 'Sonnets' came next. The lines on 'Daffodils,' the 'Primrose of the Rock,' the fine translations from Michael Angelo, and, indeed, very many others might be mentioned."

"The 'Christian Year' he read very carefully, and his affection for it deepened as time went on, though its occasional carelessness of style annoyed him. A great favourite was the hymn for the First Sunday after Easter, 'First Father of the Holy Seed.' In his last illness he repeated almost daily,—

> When the shore is reached at last,
> Who will count the billows past?[1]

Also the opening lines of the Hymn for the Wednesday before Easter,—

> O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy Holy Will,
> I will lie still.

"Of later poets it must at once be frankly owned he had little cognizance. Like those of most other busy men, his tastes were formed early. To a mind brought up so much on Hebrew poetry, with its bold use of abstractions and magnificently fervid imagery,

[1] The word is "won," but the line is given as he quoted it.

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it will be easily understood that the beautiful though minute and subtle handling of the present day, or rather of the day whose evening lights are now suffusing our literary sky, would hardly appeal as it has done to those who have grown up under its influence. It ought to be recorded that he had a great admiration for some of Charles Turner's sonnets, notably the one on the 'Holy Emerald.' Mr. Addington Symonds' work on Michael Angelo's sonnets also gave him very great pleasure. It is hardly necessary to say that Browning's poetry was never assimilated by him (or perhaps by any of his contemporaries), yet it is pleasant to commemorate how once he returned from a visit to the late Lord Shrewsbury at Alton Towers, and told us in that half-amused, half-gratified way his friends will recollect, 'that everybody had been most kind and delightful, but the most delightful of all was Mr. Robert Browning.' The poet, it seems, had entered into conversation with him without any formal introduction, had gone out walking in the same party, and it was only by an accidental inscription in a 'visitors' book' that the Bishop learnt who his extremely congenial companion was."

"Coming to prose writers, it may be said that he never wearied of Bacon's Essays, and the 'Advancement of Learning;' that Barrow's Sermons were in high favour, also Walton's 'Lives,' also the writings of Burke, especially 'On the French Revolution,' and Bishop Burnet. Gibbon's style

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irritated him very much. I remember his pointing out to me, half laughing, half provoked, the monotonous endings of the sentences. Dr. Mozley's Essays were much read and admired by him. He once told us that Manzoni's 'Promessi Sposi' was the only book he ever cried over. From time to time we tried to convert him to a taste for modern novels, but perhaps were never wholly successful, save in the case of 'Cranford,' into the fun of which he entered heartily. He was, however, keenly alive to the humorous side of real life and character, and I regret that it will be almost impossible to illustrate this for reasons sufficiently obvious. It was part, however, of his large and kindly way of dealing with what to many men would have proved trying and irritating situations, that he could be amused where others would be merely annoyed."

"Perhaps I may be allowed to sum up this imperfect sketch by saying that his was almost without exception the most completely synthetic nature that it is possible to imagine. If there be 'a spirit that evermore affirms,' that spirit must have taken up its abode with him. His religious faith appeared to rest on objective historical ground, and his whole life to be based on that simple and absolutely unquestioning faith. Having made up his mind once for all about the claims of Christianity, he went straightforward to practical duties and results. Taking, for instance, his treatment of such great doctrines as those of the Trinity and the Incarnation, every reader of his

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works will be struck by its largely *deductive* character, and by the practical teaching which is based on those doctrines."

"It may well be believed that such a personality as his had a special and important work to perform for the age in which he lived, and seemed intended to afford an illustration of what strong religious faith could do. If such a phrase may be used, it emphasized in a most remarkable way the *à posteriori* evidence for Christianity. It displayed to the world a character of rare beauty, strength, simplicity, and lovableness, and it gave that character a power of acting on others which had in it something perfectly distinct from the effect produced on us by mere ability, learning, talent, kindliness, and the like. It brought men into the presence of one who lived in a constant sense of the presence of God, and whose very countenance and manner bore the tokens of it. His *character*, as a whole, was the first and the last thing that one thought of in being with him. The result of life and education had been, in his case, not to produce some one who *knew* a great deal, nor even who *did* a great deal, but who *was* many-sided, earnest, far-seeing, deep-feeling, and noble, a man with an unusually strong sense of proportion, and for that reason one with whom the paramount idea was the thought of Eternity." [4]

[4] During his last illness a Christmas card was sent him, which he placed on his mantelpiece. After his death it was restored to the giver; the one word ETERNITY in capital letters had

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Scholar as he was, he never let the details of erudition preponderate over the *raison-d'être* of scholarship. Ecclesiastic as he was, he never let the minutiæ of ceremonial preponderate over the inner life of worship. Tender-hearted and loving as he was, he never let private feeling interfere with public duty. Vividly as he felt the present, keen as was his interest in politics, no one knew better how to discern between what had, and what had not, a permanent historical significance. Excellent man of business as he proved himself to be (and this, perhaps, was one of the most surprising parts of his character), he knew exactly when to be just and when to be generous. With unusual clearness of head, and rapid power of mastering details, he seemed to live in an ideal world. The way in which he could keep 'in solution' at one time a number of ideas and interests which would mostly be considered as conflicting elements, was astonishing."

"Some of this was due to natural gifts, but he himself, had he been capable of speaking on such a subject, would have been the first to own that it was still more largely due to the way in which religion had penetrated every corner of his being. Constant communion with the Invisible and Eternal, that calm dignity of a mind set free by its perfect faith and trust from all mean and fretting anxieties;

been written across it with his own hand, so as hourly to meet his eye; while he remarked "that we never ought to lose sight of the thought of Eternity."

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that large way of looking at things which comes from perpetually feeding the mind on Holy Scripture and on History as illuminated by it; that exquisite feeling for little things which we see in Nature, and which is fostered by the spirit of Christianity; that instinctive perception of what is really important and what is not, which such a habit of mind bestows; that energy which is due to the conviction that it has found a cause and a Master worth labouring for (like the S. Christopher whom in many respects he resembled); that joyousness of heart which sees in every fellow-creature, whether animate or inanimate, a work of the Heavenly Father; and, lastly, I may add, that considerateness and high breeding which can only really come from looking upon our fellow-men as immortal beings with an eternal future before them;—all these things wrought together to form a whole as impressive and venerable as it was winning and lovable. May it not be added that a character which might have been ambitious and self-asserting, or at least self-contained, derived from its Christianity (what it could have derived from nothing else) a humility, teachableness, and tenderness, which gave just such a grace to its grander virtues as the delicate, mellowing weather-stains and softened outlines of a venerable building bestow on its mighty proportions and commanding height?"

His old friend Dean Burgon writes, after speaking in warm praise of his other works:—

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The work by which Christopher Wordsworth will be most gratefully and, as I think, *longest* remembered, is his Commentary on the whole Bible. It may be questioned whether ordinary readers are aware what it precisely is which constitutes the characteristic merit of that astonishing performance. "Astonishing," I call it; for although others besides C. W. have in past years achieved a Commentary on the whole Bible, no other Anglican divine has executed his task with nearly the same learning, —grasp of the subject,—profound theological instinct. Moreover, not one of his predecessors aspired as he did, to *interpret* Scripture. Now, the unfolding of the mysterious depth and fulness of the written Word, is a very different thing from appending a series of desultory notes, enlivened with a few moral reflections,—which has been the way of many. In what, then, consists the especial merit of Bishop Wordsworth's commentary? It is the *homogeneousness* of the texture of the "Annotations," resulting from their having all proceeded from one and the same pen. The importance of this feature of the Commentary only becomes apparent when it is remembered that the Old and the New Testament, though consisting of (39+27=) sixty-six several writings, constitute but one book ("*The* Bible"), and that *that* book is equally inspired throughout by one and the same HOLY SPIRIT. In order, therefore, that a Commentary on the Bible shall be truly helpful, it is manifest that it must be throughout the work of one and the same hand. Else, it may—rather, it *must*—appear to unlearned readers that the mystical texture which is claimed for one part, for Genesis and Exodus (suppose), does not belong in equal degree to another part,—suppose Joshua and Judges. In like manner, if the spiritual method of interpretation which has been insisted upon in the Gospels be not persevered in throughout the Acts, what else *can* be inferred by the ordinary reader but that the same law of Interpretation is no longer applicable in the later book?

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And so throughout. A believer in predictive Prophecy has commented faithfully (suppose) on the utterances of Isaiah and Jeremiah. But let the book of Daniel fall into less faithful hands, and it will be made to appear that "Daniel the prophet" was a less distinguished member of "the goodly fellowship" than his predecessors. Similar inconveniences must of necessity be of perpetual recurrence. The symbolism of the earlier and of the later books will be out of harmony. Opinions hazarded in one place will scarcely admit of reconciliation with opinions hazarded in another: the discrepancies of the Critics will be freely laid to the charge of the inspired penmen. All this is escaped when the same interpreting voice is listened to throughout.

But C. W.'s most attractive side was certainly that which presented itself to as many as enjoyed the blessing of his private friendship, and knew him in his domestic relations,—knew him as he appeared in the bosom of his family. He was indeed the most devoted of husbands,—the tenderest of fathers,—the most warm-hearted and affectionate of friends. Still a learned divine, still full of lofty aspirations, and occupying himself with the problems of his own special science,—he raised his household (as far as that was possible) to his own level; made his wife and children (or sought to make them) partakers of his own enthusiasm; communicated to them at least the portion of the Bible on which he was from time to time commenting, and the substance of the inquiries on which he was engaged. All this imparted a divine flavour (if I may so express myself), to his table-talk, from which it was impossible not to rise a gainer.

I recall with singular pleasure certain visits I paid him when he was Vicar of Stanford-in-the-Vale, a modest village in Berkshire, not far from Faringdon. Bishop Edmund Hobhouse on more than one of these occasions was my companion, and remarked to me (as well he might) on the characteristic graces of what struck us both

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as a pattern household. Wordsworth himself so pious, instructive, entertaining: the dear delightful wife so truly a helpmate to her husband; and the charming daughters of the house, vying with one another in dutiful sweetness to their parents, and in loving kindness towards one another. In the afternoon of a certain Sunday, he catechized them all; and delightful it was to me to hear them, one by one, standing up to repeat collect, epistle, or gospel, as the case might be, and to receive a few words of affectionate commendation afterwards, perhaps to be further questioned as to the teaching of the Prayer-Book portion they had severally got by heart.

A little incident belonging to one of those occasions was sufficiently diverting. It was Christmas time, and the Bishop had been catechizing his household. After taking a brief survey of the mystery of our LORD'S Incarnation,[5] he referred to the central wonder of the prophetic announcement.

"Now, my love" (turning kindly to his wife), "how does *that* stand in the Greek?" The sweet woman, with a child's simplicity, said softly,—(evidently making *a shot* in order that her husband's dissertation might proceed without interruption),—that she 'supposed it was *ho parthenos*' [ὁ παρθένος.] The catechist was taken aback. With a quaint smile,—'Not exactly, my love. *He* [ἡ] not *ho* [ὁ] *parthenos*." The dear woman corrected herself, "O yes, I suppose it was *he parthenos*." . . . The rest of the youthful womankind were sitting round paying due attention to the progress of the lecture, evidently not a little mystified by the conflicting claims of "*ho*" and "*he*;" when one of the girls thought it high time to come to her mother's rescue. "Well, really, papa, I must say it seems very strange that *a virgin* should be called a '*he*.'" . . . The discomfiture of the learned catechist was now, of course, complete. With the most grotesque look of

[5] Isaiah vii. 14. Cf. S. Matt. i. 23.

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mingled perplexity and good-natured amusement, he turned to me, threw up the whites of his eyes (as much as to say, "Did you ever!"), and proposed a walk.

Now, a walk with C. W. was a great treat; for he had inherited from his illustrious uncle an ardent love of nature, and took genuine delight in whatever natural objects met his eye. That Man, in his unfallen state, held mysterious communing with the Author of his being at every survey of His works in creation, I nothing doubt; and that Nature (as we call it), was to Adam a kind of sacramental witness to the invisible GOD, I am fond of believing. But I never before, or since, have known any one who, like C. W., would expatiate on leaf and bud, fruit and flower, with a kind of rapture, inspired (as it would seem) by the most familiar furniture of a garden in early spring. For, in his account (as in mine), there was no need to wander forth in search of scenery. The narrow limits of his own homestead at Stanford-in-the-Vale furnished all that his heart seemed to require.

A confused image of one short delightful walk (but it was in fact a mere scamper) round the little kitchen-garden at his country cure aforesaid, in which all the younger members of his family took part, is as much as I am able, at the end of so many years, to recall. It was a Sunday, I think. We had all returned from church, and he was explaining to me his views of one of St. John's Apocalyptic visions. The garden walks were narrow, and he walked fast, so that there was need of a perpetual skipping and jumping on the part of the girls in order to keep within ear-shot of their father. Every now and then he would halt before a gooseberry bush, or a *parterre* of cabbages, in order to win our assent to his estimate of their beauty. He was as much in earnest over the Book of Nature as concerning the Book of Life; and although, on the occasion referred to, none of us could maintain decent gravity, I am sure we were all greatly delighted, and

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edified too. I can at least answer for one of the party, on whom the incident has left an indelible, as well as a most agreeable impression.

Of all the divines I everknew (and I have enjoyed the friendship of many excellently learned and thoughtful men, of exemplary orthodoxy and great personal holiness), Christopher Wordsworth was the one between whom and myself I ever seemed to recognize the most entire agreement. His reverential estimate of the sacred volume knew no bounds. He recognized the entire *symmetry* of Revelation, —was alive (which so few men seem to be!) to its method of self-interpretation by the use of significant words and phrases; knew that its occasional reticence is as much inspired as any of its actual disclosures. For the very least of the latter he cherished the profoundest deference. Nothing would he know of possible partial error. The mysterious *texture* of Holy Writ, no less than its supernatural *structure*, he was at all times prepared to uphold. When the Lectionary of our Church was submitted to a remodelling process, while we freely admitted that many of the proposed changes were a distinct gain, and were grateful for them, we were also entirely at one (and here Dean Goulburn was with us) in deploring not a few of the innovations as changes for the worse.

In like manner, in 1881, when the Revised Version of the New Testament made its appearance, he was among the most uncompromising in denouncing its manifold imperfections; its clear inferiority, *all things considered*, to the grand Version which it was intended to supersede and supplant.

The venerable President of Magdalen offered, in 1853, Christopher Wordsworth his "thanks for the many services he had done the Church."

Truly, his equal as a "good and faithful servant," it has fallen to the lot of none of us, in these last days, to know. His "praise is in all the Churches." His "*Theo-*

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philus Anglicanus; or, Manual of Instruction in the Principles of the Church Universal and of the Church of England," has built up thousands in the fundamentals of the Faith, and will build up thousands more. His vigorous exposure of the errors of modern Romanism has brought a famous controversy fully down to our own times, and disposed effectually of the amiable but baseless imagination that "Union with Rome" is among the things any longer possible. He has taught our English parochial clergy (would to GOD that they may lay his example to heart, and profit by his teaching!), that the ordinary claims of a pastoral cure need be no hindrance to exertion on behalf of sacred science; constitute no valid excuse for inactivity on the part of those whose University career afforded proof of their literary ability and classical attainments. He showed by his own beautiful "life and conversation" how entirely consistent with intellectual eminence are the sacred charities of domestic life, and the fulfilment of every parental duty. . . . In a volume of "Poems" published two or three years ago appeared the following stanzas addressed (in 1858) to the dear friend of whom I am now writing.

J. W. B.

Deanery, Chichester,
Advent, 1887.

"Ask me to draw thy likeness true,
Dear Wordsworth! and I'd never tell
Of one whose words like lightning fell
On Romish errors, old and new:

"Nor yet of one, who holds enchain'd
The wondering abbey, and recalls
The days when in those ancient walls
'Tis said that Christian learning reign'd.

"Rather would I relate of one
Who seem'd a grave and stern divine
To common eyes, but unto mine
Was gentle as his little son:

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"The man who loved his country nest,
His wife and children's artless talk;
And thought that in his garden walk
Each flower that blossom'd was the best:

"And loved, on Sunday afternoon,
To ask his children what they knew;
While little Dora, question'd too,
Stood blushing like a rose in June.

"Call me thy friend, dear Wordsworth! mine
Be such a lot beneath the sky;
To leave a name that will not die,
Above, eternally to shine!

"Call *us* thy friends! we long to hail
Thy pastoral roof, to grasp thy hand,
And greet once more the shining band
That gladdens Stanford-in-the-Vale."

J. W. B.

Easter, 1858.

We proceed now to give one or two of the Archbishop of Canterbury's (Dr. Benson's) recollections.

One morning, early before breakfast, I was in his study, and speaking to him of some bad signs of the times.

"Yes," he said, "we must do all we can to make the Christian Church witness prevailingly against all evil; and if God's wish is that His enemies should prevail, then the Church will be more glorious still. It mayn't be in my time, but it may in yours; and then the noble days of the Maccabees will be back again, and the wives and children will die for Christ, as well as you all, and the world will be all won for Him once more by His martyrs."

His resolute face flashing, and wrinkled with smiles, showed how glad he would be to die.

One day, walking with John and him, John asked him, "Do you expect from prophecy a return of the Jews to Palestine?"

He lifted both hands into the air, and paused, and

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brought his umbrella down swiftly on the ground, saying, "Not in the least, my dear John—not in the least."

We were both surprised. To him the old Israel had passed into the living Israel of God.

When I was made a prebendary, I suddenly found myself asked to swear to observe the "Novum Registrum" and the "Laudum of Wm. Alnwick," and I said to him, I was not easy at having done this unexpectedly, and I must know what they were.

A short time after at dinner he said, "I wish you would carve some rather old venison which has been sent me—every one will take some. Put the venison before Dr. Benson."

When the cover was lifted there was on the dish a folio manuscript in a very bad condition. A fellow-prebendary ejaculated, "O musty! musty!" But it was actually an ancient copy which he had found among his muniments of the old cathedral statutes, and with it was a fairer copy of last century of the wanted "Novum Registrum" and "Laudum." This led on step by step to the study of the statutes (of which half a century ago the Residentiaries reported that "no one here is able to read,") in those and other copies, and so to the publication by the Bishop of that most interesting document with all its lights on the organization and work of cathedral bodies, and to the resumption of a more living sense of what great work is still before them. To him also may be traced the really immense work done in the most skilful and beautiful way by Canon Wickenden in the restoration and arrangement of all the Chapter muniments.

"I hope" [the archbishop adds] "his skating and walking have been mentioned."

On the former subject we may say that both he and the Bishop of S. Andrew's were remarkably good skaters. "Will it bear?" was generally his

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first question on a frosty morning, and till quite within the last few years of his life, many of his neighbours will remember seeing him mingling in the crowd of skaters on the lake at Riseholme.

We conclude with an extract from the present Bishop of Salisbury's touching memorial sermon entitled "Love and Discipline," which was preached in Lincoln Cathedral on the Sunday after the funeral.

"I am the true vine, and My Father is the husbandman. Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

My father's was a very happy, and, I cannot doubt, a fruitful life; but, thank God, it was also one which bore clear signs of His pruning and directing hand—the proof that the fruit he has borne in this life, is to be continued and increased in the service to which God will call him in another state of being. When quite a child he lost a very loving and tender mother. As he grew up he passed through a singularly successful career at school and at the university; then followed a period of travel in Italy and Greece, the results of which at once gave him a distinguished place among that small band of scholars who combine book knowledge with independent observation of ancient sites and monuments. Then, when not yet thirty years of age, he passed to Harrow, with very high and noble aims, with a longing to unite religion and scholarship in education, as he felt that he had the power beyond most men of his time to do. But owing to a complication of causes, into which it would not now be possible to enter, the numbers of the school much diminished, his ambition, such as it was, received a severe check, and his house also was accidentally destroyed by fire. The same period of his life was also marked by another disappointment, the greatest I believe which he ever experienced as regards himself, his failure to

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obtain the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge. In all this it is easy now to trace the good providence of God. At Harrow, though the number of boys was small, his influence on individuals was remarkably strong. He was enabled to train several most distinguished pupils, and to build the first chapel in which the school had ever worshipped together, and to leave a much easier task of reform to his honoured successor. Then, at the time when my first dim recollections begin, he was appointed Canon of Westminster, and after six years he joined to it the charge of a difficult country parish in Berkshire. From the first my remembrance is of one to whom the welfare of the Church, as he understood it, was the chief, I might say the absorbing, thought; of one who was truly, in the sense in which Milton wrote it, "a public soul;" of one who felt anxiety and disappointment as to cherished hopes for the good of others more keenly than any other form of pain; who was frequently engaged in struggles with those whom he thought to be in the wrong, but who never said a bitter word in the hearing of his children, or allowed others to say one, about those with whom he differed most profoundly. I need not speak of the good works which he was enabled, by God's grace, to share with others (such as Lord Hatherley) in that period of his life; of the Westminster Spiritual Aid Fund, the Foundation of St. John's House and Sisterhood, the revival of Convocation, the petition against the Divorce Bill, and many others. Nor could I give you a just idea of that power and grace which accompanied him in his ministrations of the Blessed Sacrament, and in the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. Many persons of different kinds and professions have told me, quite unexpectedly, of the influence exerted by those sermons on their lives. They not only gave them a methodical application of Christian doctrine to great public questions and to daily life, but they impressed a character upon them. Those who heard him felt that they were listening to a

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man who lived by the truths he preached. They caught from him a high, and noble, and dignified—in one word, a truly Catholic—way of looking at life. Joined to all this public activity was the private ascetic life of the student and the scholar, and in his parish the ministry of the earnest, affectionate pastor, who learnt more wisdom, as he often said, by the bedsides of the sick, and in converse with simple village folk, than in all his books of divinity. Amongst them he learnt, too, to preach familiarly and plainly, having first exercised himself to explain, and them to understand, Christian doctrine by alternate daily catechizing, first in school, and then publicly in Church. All this was plainly God's training for his future work as Bishop of this Diocese. It was a constant round of labour, pleasant no doubt, and natural to his character; but it was one which left few minutes of the day unused, and made the work of the Episcopate, with its necessary journeyings and absences from the study, almost a relief and a refreshment.

From the moment of his appointment he strove to become your father as well as ours. He had learnt from his connection with Bishop Wilberforce at Stanford, in the Diocese of Oxford, as well as from Bishop Blomfield of London, and others, what a Bishop's work and influence might be. You know, some of you, better even than I do, what he was in his outward life here. Of his inner life it is no secret to tell you that it was made up of constant, careful prayer, at stated times, and during many intervals of leisure throughout the day, for all the work in which he was engaged, and all the persons, of whatever estate, with whom he came in contact, and of the constant study of Holy Scripture. I believe that he never preached a sermon without preparation before it on his knees, and private prayer after it, before he took off his robes (and that throughout his life), that God would forgive its imperfections, and prosper what was good and true in it. So it was

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when coming from a Confirmation; he knelt down at once in the house, with his constant companion on his journeys, whose prayers were so closely linked with his, and prayed for those to whom he had been administering the rite. It was the same with Holy Scripture. He rarely, if ever, read the lessons, even in his own chapel at Riseholme, without first going through them and meditating on them in private. Unless you could see the books which we have the privilege of now turning over, you could hardly believe the thoughtfulness and minuteness with which all this side of his life was marked.

I will only read a specimen, evidently written just at the time when he first entered upon the work, of objects which he set before him:—

AGENDA σὺν θεῷ.

Improve Small Benefices.
Institute Theological Seminary.
Restoration of Wesleyan brethren to the unity of the Church.
Lay Representation of Diocese.
Diocesan Synod.
Improvement of Hospital Chapel.
Chapel for the Training School.
Patronage of Grimsby and Boston.

Then follow the names of several books to be printed.

Then—

N.B.—Never to say *my* Diocese, *my* Clergy. They are not thine, but Christ's.

Most of these objects, and many others, he was able to carry out. The revival first of the Order of Suffragan Bishops, and then the division of the Diocese, for which he had long and earnestly prayed, will occur to all of you as the most remarkable of those which were not at first written down. The one most important of all yet remains. May God of His infinite mercy speed on the blessed day

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when the re-union not only of the Wesleyans, but of all others who love the Lord Jesus Christ outside the communion of the Church of England, may become, like these other hopes of his, a fact of history!

The life here was a very happy one, cheered by the love and respect of hundreds of kind friends, by intercourse with many from a distance—from Greece and France and Italy and Germany, and especially with our own Colonial and Missionary Bishops, and our loving brethren from across the Atlantic. One scene, seven years ago (July, 1878), dwells fresh in my memory, when two Bishops of the Canadian Church, and three from that of the United States, met in this Church and in the Old Palace hard by for affectionate converse. Such a life had many encouragements, many gleams of hope, and many sunny hours of steady success. Yet it had its many hours of weariness too, many bitter seasons of disappointment. Some of these were known to all men, others were troubles occasioned by the failure in holiness and truth of some of those committed to his care. How deeply he felt these failures when they occurred, how earnestly he prayed for the restoration of the fallen, none but God can know.

Then came the sudden cutting down by illness; the painful season of anxiety between life and death; the slight restoration, followed by the great sorrow which made us, for the first time, mourners in the circle of our own fireside. The five months that followed were for him nothing else but a preparation for death. I would willingly tell you all about them. It could not but strengthen your faith to know of his patience, and of the reality with which the unseen world was ever present to him. But some things are too sacred and tender to be spoken of even in such a gathering of friends as this. Through it all he was filled with a deep sense of his own unworthiness, with a consciousness, often expressed in words, that nothing he had ever done or said could be acceptable to God but

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through the merits and for the sake of His Saviour. His great solace was in meditation on the Passion, and on those types of it in the world of nature of which the vine is one of the most striking. Amongst his last words, "novissima verba," I find in several forms this thought appearing, both in English and Latin, which he called the "Law of suffering in nature." The pruned Vine bearing purple clusters, the Grape crushed beneath the feet that tread the wine-vat, the Olive in the press, the Corn upon the threshing-floor, the Grass cut down and turning into fragrant hay, the Bread that supplies man's food when the corn is ground, the Lightning flashing from the darkest clouds, Gold tried and bright from the furnace, Gems that are brought to light and polished when rocks are broken up—all these were comforting images to him. But there were many hours of great exhaustion and pain, many seasons of spiritual conflict. For he who felt the nearness of the divine presence, and the blessedness of the ministry of holy angels so profoundly, could not also but be conscious of the unseen powers of evil. But God be thanked that this season of struggle passed away. "Thank God! that is over," he said at the close of such a conflict. Then came by God's mercy a season of peace and calm. His last conscious words, I believe, were, "God bless us and keep us all, and give us sleep." Being asked if he was quite comfortable, he said "Yes," and so after some hours' quiet sleep, as the *Te Deum* was being said by dear ones kneeling round his bed, he passed away soon after midnight, at the end of the day when another had been chosen to take up his work.

A beautiful monument has now been placed in Lincoln Cathedral, near the north door, and not far from the site of S. Hugh's shrine. It represents the Bishop reposing under a canopy on an altar tomb, the base of which is decorated with arches containing

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statues of the Apostles. The canopy is surmounted by a figure of our Lord in the act of benediction, and holding the sacred Scriptures. The Bishop is in his robes, with his pastoral staff at his side, piercing a dragon at his feet. The inscription on the monument runs thus: CHR. WORDSWORTH S.T.P. XVI. A(NNOS) EP. LINCOLN: SCRIBA DOCTUS IN REGNO CAELI. CATHOLICAE VERITATIS PROPUGNATOR. SCHOLARUM INSTAURATOR. GREGIS ET PASTORUM PATER. N(ATUS) OCT. D. XXX. A.S. MDCCCVII. OB(IIT) D. MART. XXI. MDCCCLXXXV. VENI DNE. JESU. AMEN.

The face is an excellent likeness. The monument was unveiled on February 11th, after a short service, by Lord Winchelsea, who, in a speech full of warm feeling, expressed in the name of the laity of the Diocese, their gratitude to and reverence for the late Bishop. The Bishop and Dean of Lincoln made a happy and suitable response, the Bishop dwelling especially, with all his wonted grace and earnestness, on the "singleness of eye" which had characterized his predecessor, and which pastors and people alike might well strive and pray to imitate. The service closed by singing the touching anthem (by Spohr) "Blest are the departed."

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